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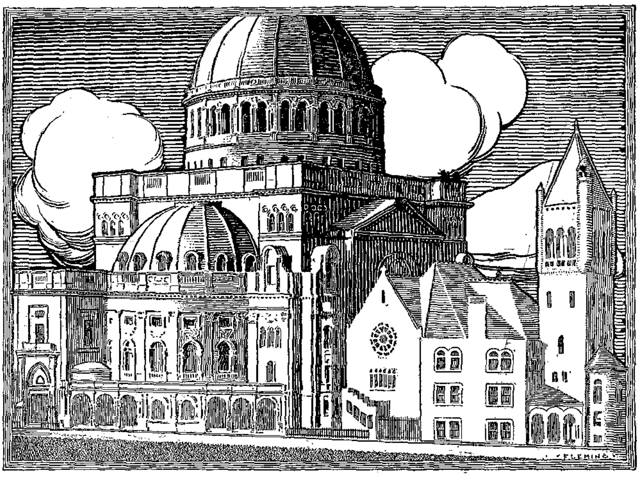

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY GEORGINE MILMINE

X

THE SCHISM OF 1888, THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING, AND THE APOTHEOSIS OF MRS. EDDY

> Mary B. G. Eddy has worked out before us as on a blackboard every point in the temptations and demonstrations — or so-called miracles — of Jesus, showing us how to meet and overcome the one and how to perform the other. *Christian Science Journal*, April, 1889.

THE first five years of Mrs. Eddy's life in Boston had been years of almost uninterrupted progress. Her college — which she had founded in the spring of 1882, before Mr. Eddy's death — had, by 1887, grown to be a source of very considerable income. Her classes now numbered from thirty to fifty students each, and a class was instructed and graduated within three weeks' time. Although some students were received at a discount and paid only two hundred dollars for their instruction, the usual tuition fee was still three hundred dollars — a husband and wife being regarded as one student and paying but one fee. The course which was formerly the only one taught at Mrs. Eddy's college was now called the "primary course," and she added what she termed a "normal course" (being a review of the primary), a course in "metaphysical obstetrics," and a course in "theology," in all of which she was the sole instructor. If the student took all the courses offered, his tuition fees amounted to eight hun-

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dred dollars.* By 1887 there was such a demand for Mrs. Eddy's instruction that she could form as many classes a year as she felt able to teach, and her classes netted her from five to ten thousand dollars each. In 1883 Mrs. Eddy had founded her monthly periodical, the *Christian Science Journal*, of incalculable service in spreading her doctrines. In 1886 she had, with the assistance of the Rev. James Henry Wiggin, got out a new and much improved edition of "Science and Health." Between 1880 and 1887 she had published four pamphlets: "Christian Healing," "The People's God," "Defence of Christian Science," and a "Historical Sketch of Metaphysical Healing." Promising church organizations were being built up in New York, Chicago, Denver, and in dozens of smaller cities.

In the Christmas holidays of 1887 Mrs. Eddy moved from her dwelling on Columbus Avenue to a more pretentious house at 385 Commonwealth Avenue. The *Christian Science Journal*, under the head "Material Change of Base," announced her removal in the following enthusiastic language:

"At Xmastide Rev. Mary B. Glover Eddy began to occupy the new house which she has purchased on Commonwealth Avenue, No. 385. The price is recorded in real estate transactions as $40,000. It is a large house in the middle of the block and contains twenty rooms. . . . The spot is very beautiful and the house has been finished and furnished under the advice of a professional decorator. The locality is excellent. For the information of friends not acquainted with Boston, it may be stated that Commonwealth Avenue is the most fashionable in the city. Through the center of it runs a slim park with a central promenade, leaving a driveway on each side of the main thoroughfare. Within a few yards of Mrs. Eddy's mansion is the massive residence of his Excellency, Oliver Ames, the present Governor of Massachusetts. To name the dwellers on this avenue would be to name scores of Boston's wealthy and influential men. On Marlboro' Street, which is the next toward the river, are many more families of note; while everybody knows that Beacon Street, which is next in line, claims the blue blood of Boston for its inheritance, especially on the water side."

The fact that some of the members of Mrs. Eddy's own Boston church began to murmur texts about the foxes having holes and the birds of the air having nests, and that Mrs. Crosse, the editor of the *Journal*, felt it necessary to print an apologetic explanation of this notice, augured ill for the year that was just beginning. Indeed, a great discontent had been growing in the Boston church, and for more than two years there had been really two factions in the organization: those who were absolutely loyal to Mrs. Eddy, and those who merely conformed — who believed in the principle she taught, but who, as she often put it, "tried with one breath to credit the Message and discredit the Messenger."

Tenets of the Loyal Eddyites

Both factions believed in the supremacy of mind over matter, and in the healing principle which Mrs. Eddy taught. But the loyal were those who believed:

In the Fall in Lynn and its subsequent revelation.

That the Bible and "Science and Health" are one book — the Sacred Scriptures.

That sin, disease, and death are non-existent and will finally disappear under demonstration.

That Malicious Animal Magnetism can cause sickness, sin, and death.

That Mrs. Eddy has interpreted the Motherhood, or feminine idea of God, as Jesus Christ interpreted the masculine idea.

That the feminine idea of God is essentially higher than the masculine.

"Immaculate Conception"

The loyal disciples did not hesitate to make the claim that Christian Science was the offspring of Mrs. Eddy's direct communion with God, just as Jesus was the offspring of Mary's communion, and that the result of this second immaculate conception was a book rather than a man, because this age was "more mental" than that in which Jesus Christ lived and taught. An article entitled "Immaculate Conception," in the *Journal* of November, 1888, elaborates this idea at great length.

"Let us come in thought to another day, a day when woman shall commune with God, the eternal Principle and only Creator, and bring forth the spiritual idea. And what of *her* child? Man is spiritual, man is mental. Woman was the first in this day to recognize this and the other facts it includes. As a result of her communion we have Christian Science.

"You may ask why this child did not come in human form, as did the child of old. Because that was not necessary. . . . As this age is more mental than former ages, so the appearance of the idea of Truth is more mental."

From the first year of its establishment, the *Christian Science Journal* insisted, as indeed Mrs. Eddy's own writings insist, upon making for her a place among the characters of sacred

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* Primary Class, twelve lessons (afterward seven lessons)	$300
Normal Class, six lessons	200
Class in Metaphysical Obstetrics, six lessons	100
Class in Theology, six lessons	200
Total	$800

history. In November, 1885, we find the following outburst:

"What a triumphant career is this for a woman! Can it be anything less than the 'tabernacle of God with men'— the fulfilment of the vision of the lonely seer on the Isle of Patmos — the 'wonder in heaven,' delivering the child which shall rule all nations? How dare we say to the contrary, that she is God-sent to the world, as much as any character of Sacred Writ?"

Mrs. Eddy herself wrote that the following verse from the Apocalypse "has special reference to the present age":*

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." Mrs. Eddy says that the child which this woman bore was Christian Science. In the Mother Church at Boston there is a resplendent window representing this star-crowned woman.

Mrs. Eddy and the Holy Family

These comparisons did not stop with the Virgin Mary and the star-crowned woman. Throughout the first ten years of the *Journal* there is a running parallel between Mrs. Eddy and Jesus Christ. This comparison was continually heard from the pulpits of Christian Science churches. The Rev. George B. Day, "M.A., C.S.B.," in a sermon delivered before the Chicago church and afterward approvingly printed in the *Journal*, declared that "Christian Science is the Gospel according to Woman." He went on to say: "We are witnessing the transfer of the gospel from male to female trust. . . . Eighteen hundred years ago Paul declared that man was the head of the woman; but now, in 'Science and Health,' it is asserted that 'woman is the highest form of man.'"

Mr. Day called his sermon "Sheep, Shepherd, and Shepherdess," and he considered, in turn, the disciples, Christ, and Mrs. Eddy.

The Christian Scientist held that Jesus, the man, was merely a man; that "the Christ" which dwelt within him was Divine Mind, dwelling more or less in all of us, but manifested in a superlative degree in Jesus and in Mrs. Eddy. In an unsigned editorial in the *Journal* of April, 1889, called "Christian Science and its Revelator," we are told that Jesus demonstrated over sickness, sin, and death, but that his disciples did not comprehend the principle of his miracles, since neither the Gospels nor the Epistles explain them. It was left for Mrs. Eddy, in "Science and Health," to supplement the New Testament and to furnish this explanation. "The Christ is only the name for that state of consciousness which is the goal, the inevitable, ultimate state of every mortal," and Mrs. Eddy has shown mankind how to reach that state of consciousness. The writer continues: "To-day Truth has come through the person of a New England girl. . . . From the cradle [!] she gave indications of a divine mission and power which caused *her* mother to 'ponder them in her heart.'" The writer further says of Mrs. Eddy that she has done good to them that hated her, blessed them that cursed her, and prayed for them that despitefully used her; that she has been led as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb before his shearers is dumb, so she has opened not her mouth.

Eve's Frankness Rewarded

It is because Eve was the first to admit her fault in the garden of Eden, Mrs. Eddy says,† that a woman was permitted to give birth to Jesus Christ, and that a woman was permitted to write "Science and Health" and to reveal the spiritual origin of man. It is because woman is more spiritual than man, the Christian Science writers in the *Journal* explain, that a woman perceived the nothingness of matter, though Jesus did not, and that she was able to interpret the feminine idea of God, which is essentially higher than the masculine. In answer to an inquiry concerning the edition of the Bible upon which "Science and Health" is based, the editor of the *Journal* replied: "Would it not be too material a view to speak of 'Science and Health' being *based* upon any edition of the Bible? . . . The Chosen One, always with God in the Mount, speaks face to face." In other words, "Science and Health" is a first-hand revelation. When this statement by the editor, Mr. Bailey, was criticized, he replied that he meant no disparagement of the Bible, but that he considered "the Bible and 'Science and Health' as one book — the Sacred Scriptures."

When Mrs. Eddy's following consisted of but a handful of students, her divine assumption passed unnoticed; but, as time went on, less credulous critics were heard from. She had created a wide and lively interest in mind-healing, and many people began to look into the subject. In 1882 Julius Dresser, her old fellow-patient and pupil under Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, returned from California, and began to practise Quimby's method of mental healing in Boston.

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* "Science and Health" (1906), page 560.

† "Science and Health" (1906), pages 533, 534.

The Quimby Controversy

With Mr. Dresser's return the "Quimby controversy" began. In a letter to the Boston *Post*, February 24, 1883, Mr. Dresser presented evidence which went a great way toward proving that Mrs. Eddy got her principle of mind-healing from his old teacher. He published that soaring article upon Quimby which Mrs. Eddy had written and printed in the Portland *Courier* twenty-five years before. He republished also Mrs. Eddy's poem, "Lines upon the Death of Dr. P. P. Quimby, who Healed with the Truth that Christ Taught," in which she declared that "All matter mourned the hour with dewy eyes." Mr. Dresser now published, too, that letter which Mrs. Eddy wrote him after her memorable fall in Lynn. It was on February 1, 1866, the reader will remember, that Mrs. Eddy fell upon the ice; and on the third day she received her revelation and was miraculously healed. Those dates had become fixed in the minds of her students. Yet here was a letter, written two weeks after the accident, twelve days after the revelation, in which Mrs. Eddy said that when she recovered consciousness after her fall she awoke "but to find myself the helpless cripple I was before I saw Dr. Quimby." She went on to say that she feared a return of "the terrible spinal affection from which I have suffered so long and hopelessly." She begged Mr. Dresser to treat her, and urged him, as the most promising of Quimby's pupils, to step forward and carry on the dead healer's work.* The tone of the letter was one of fear and apprehension, and it seemed to be the cry of one who had lost an old hope rather than found a new. Mr. Quimby's death had occurred during the previous month, and, plainly enough, Mrs. Eddy feared that she might altogether lose her hold upon the principle which she believed had done so much for her.

To these unguarded utterances of that long-forgotten woman, Mary M. Patterson, Mrs. Eddy replied by repudiating her own effusions, prose and verse, and saying that if she ever wrote them at all she was "mesmerized" when she did it; that Quimby was an ignorant mesmerist, etc.

Dr. Evans and the "New Thought" School

But Mrs. Eddy's controversy with Mr. Dresser set her less infatuate students to thinking. Many of them decided to investigate this Quimby claim, and bought the works of the Rev. Warren F. Evans,† who had been treated by Quimby a year after Mrs. Eddy's first visit to Portland, who had practised Quimby's method of healing both in New Hampshire and in Massachusetts, and who had published two books upon mental healing before the first edition of "Science and Health" appeared — "The Mental Cure" (1869) and "Mental Medicine" (1872).

Dr. Evans' early works had a mildness of tone which strongly appealed to such of Mrs. Eddy's students as were interested in the principle of mental healing alone, and were somewhat repelled by all the garnishings which she had added to it. Evans did not deny the existence of disease, much less of matter; he simply affirmed the power of mind. His work "The Mental Cure" is little more than a study of the reactions of mental states upon the organs of the body. After reading Dr. Evans, a number of Mrs. Eddy's strongest students quietly dropped out of her Christian Scientists' Association and began to investigate the subject of mental healing from another side, helping to form the nucleus of what was later to become the "New Thought" movement.

Mrs. Eddy at once saw the danger of liberal study and investigation on the part of her students. As a direct rebuke to those who had become interested in the writings of Dr. Evans, she issued instructions to the members of the Christian Scientists' Association that they should read no other works upon mental healing than those written by herself, and she printed in the *Journal* a set of rules to the effect that all teachers of Christian Science should require

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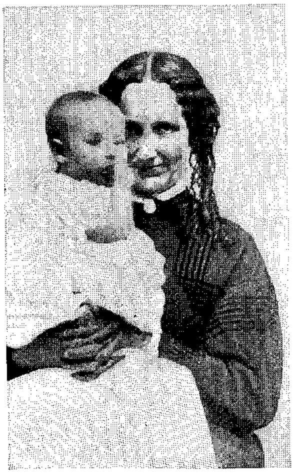
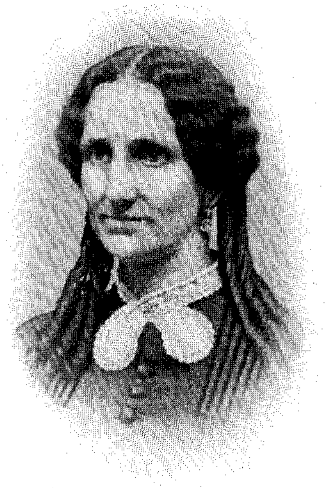
* For the full text of this letter, see McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, February, 1907.

† The Rev. Warren Felt Evans, M.D., was born in Rockingham, Vermont, December 23, 1817. He was educated at Chester Academy, Middlebury College, and Dartmouth College. Later he was granted a diploma from a chartered board of physicians of the Eclectic School, which entitled him to the degree M.D. Mr. Evans left Dartmouth in the middle of his junior year and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. For about twenty years he remained in the ministry, holding charges in various towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He had been frail since his youth, and during the later years of his ministry was ill much of the time. It was in those years of broken health that he began to study the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, and came to believe in the possibility of curing physical disease through "the power of a living faith." About the year 1863 Dr. Evans went to Mr. Quimby for treatment. He was able to grasp Quimby's theories almost immediately, and became so much interested in Quimby's work that he soon returned to Portland upon a second visit. Dr. Evans then told Mr. Quimby that he felt he could himself practise Quimby's method of mind cure. Receiving cordial encouragement, he returned to his home at Claremont, New Hampshire, and at once began to practise. He later conducted a kind of mind-cure sanatorium, known as the "Evans Home," at Salisbury, Massachusetts. The later years of his life were chiefly devoted to his literary work, and he published a number of books upon mental healing. They were "The Mental Cure" (1869); "Mental Medicine" (1872); "Soul and Body" (1875); "The Divine Law of Cure" (1881); "The Primitive Mind Cure" (1885); and "Esoteric Christianity" (1886).

Dr. Evans died September 4, 1889. Personally he was devout and modest, a thinker and a reader rather than a propagandist. His endeavor was to prove that mind cure is one of the old rectifying forces of the world, and he made no claim to discovery or to especial enlightenment. His great desire was to arouse other people to thinking and writing upon the subject of metaphysical healing.





MARY BAKER G. EDDY*

MRS. EDDY STUDIED UNDER MR. QUIMBY, WHO FIRST BROUGHT MENTAL HEALING OUT OF COMPARATIVE OBSCURITY, BUILT UP A STRONG ORGANIZATION TO ADVERTISE AND PUSH IT, AND, AS "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE," MADE IT FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

that their students read no literature upon the subject of mind cure but her own. To prevent liberal discussion and possible "conspiracy," she introduced a by-law that no two of the members of the Association should meet to discuss Christian Science or mental healing without inviting all members of the Association to be present at their discussion. Her idea, seemingly, was that one of her personal representatives should always be on hand to direct the discourse into safe channels. These restrictions cost her the allegiance of thoughtful students like Dr. J. W. Winkley and his wife.

Mrs. Eddy was now facing the gravest problem which had confronted her since the founding of her church. How was she to keep Christian Science from having a literature? How was she to prevent all these people whom she had stirred and had interested in metaphysical healing from writing books upon it which might prove as satisfactory and become as popular as her own? Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld, of Chicago, who had been a student in the class Mrs. Eddy taught in that city in April, 1884, and who was one of the most intelligent and able persons ever associated with the Christian Science movement, in 1888 wrote a book which she called "A Statement of Christian Science," adding upon the title-page that it was "An Explanation of 'Science and Health,'" and giving Mrs. Eddy all possible credit as the originator of the basic ideas of her book. Mrs. Gestefeld's work was an intelligent and intelligible presentation of the fundamental ideas contained in "Science and Health," without Mrs. Eddy's disregard of logic and order, and free from her confusing and tawdry rhetoric. Any natural scientist would have welcomed such a clear and careful statement of his ideas. But Mrs. Eddy branded Mrs. Gestefeld as a "mesmerist"† of the most dangerous variety, and had her expelled from the Chicago church. The *Journal* declared that the "metaphysics" of Mrs. Gestefeld's book "crawled on its belly instead of soaring in the upper air," and bade her beware, as "only the pure in heart should see God." Mrs. Gestefeld then published a pamphlet, "Jesuitism in Christian Science," in which she explained her position and said that if "Science and Health" merely contained Mrs. Eddy's personal impressions, if it were a work of the fancy or imagination, then she had a right to object to its being used as the basis of another book. But if Mrs. Eddy's work announced the discovery of a principle and a universal truth, she could no more keep other people from writing and thinking upon it than she could keep people from affirming that twice two are four. Was there ever a physicist, chemist, or biologist who tried to keep his discoveries for himself and prohibited his brother scientists from enlarging and writing upon them? But, with Mrs. Eddy, obtaining recognition for her truth was always secondary to keeping it hers. Since she first began to teach her "Science," the story of her public life is simply the story of how she kept her hold on it. The very way in which she had come by her discovery made her always afraid of losing it, and she was forever detecting some student in the act of making off with it. Even in Lynn, she slept, as it were, with her hand on the cradle.

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* Both of these photographs were taken during Mrs. Eddy's stay in Amesbury, about 1870. Mrs. Eddy, then known as Mrs. Glover, went into the photographer's studio and found him vainly trying to quiet a baby before his camera. She picked up the child and held it while the photographer made the picture reproduced above.

† Probably one cause of Mrs. Eddy's excessive indignation was that Mrs. Gestefeld, in her book, had ignored "Malicious Animal Magnetism." Mrs. Eddy would not have this doctrine slighted. It was her own, and nothing angered her so much as any seeming neglect of it.

Later, when a Christian Science periodical was being printed in German, Mrs. Eddy would not permit "Science and Health" to be translated into that language, or into any other. She was not a linguist, and, knowing that she would be unable to pass upon the text of a translation, she feared to trust her gospel to the shadings of a foreign tongue. How she has done it let him declare who can, but she has absolutely sterilized every source that might have produced Christian Science literature, and to-day a loyal Christian Scientist would be as likely to think of dynamiting the Mother Church as of writing a book upon the theory or practice of Christian Science.

Dr. Evans' school—if it is not misleading to call his patients and sympathizers by so formal a name—was a rival which caused Mrs. Eddy a good deal of alarm. It drew from her her more thoughtful students, and, though they were seldom her most loyal and tractable followers, she realized their value in giving her sect a certain standing in Boston. The Evans following had hitherto been entirely without organization; they were simply people who were interested in the metaphysical treatment of disease, each thinking in his own way and working out his own problem. Now, however, they began to meet together more systematically, to organize in groups here and there, and to publish books and periodicals, encouraging liberal discussion and investigation. In their new activity they were doubtless influenced by Mrs. Eddy's stimulating example. Whatever the more conservative school of mental healers might have to say for themselves, or even for Mr. Quimby, it was Mrs. Eddy who had brought mental healing out of comparative obscurity, who had built up a strong organization to advertise and push it, and who had sent out scores of missionaries and healers to establish it. It was as a religion, not as a way of thinking or a manner of living, that the new idea could be made to take hold, and Mrs. Eddy had seen this when the mental scientists had not. Indeed, had they realized this fact, it is doubtful whether they would have taken any earlier action, since they believed more in untrammeled individual development than in organized effort.

Although Mrs. Eddy viewed with alarm this growing body of independent writers and investigators, she had really very little to fear from an unorganized body of theorists who, however they might worst her in argument or distance her in reasoning, were certainly not her equals in generalship. Mrs. Eddy was a good fighter, and she knew it. In 1897 she wrote from her peaceful retirement at Concord: "With tender tread, thought sometimes walks in memory, through the dim corridors of years, on to old battle-grounds, there sadly to survey the fields of the slain and the enemy's losses." This from solitude and the peace of age; but there was no tender treading in the years when the battle was on. As soon as she saw signs of activity and consolidation among the people who had been influenced by Dr. Evans, Mrs. Eddy began vigorously to attack them, realizing that such an organization as theirs must inevitably draw recruits from the dissatisfied element in her own church. By the beginning of 1888 there was discord even in that inner circle of students who shared Mrs. Eddy's councils and who were in daily attendance upon her at her new house on Commonwealth Avenue. This growing unrest she attributed solely to the mesmeric influence of the mental scientists. In reality it arose from several causes.

Causes of the Schism in the Boston Church

Some of the students were disappointed in Mrs. Eddy personally; some, like Mrs. Sarah Crosse (for several years editor of the *Journal*), had lost faith in Mrs. Eddy after long service; some, like Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Troupe, were displeased with the arbitrary way in which she conducted the Christian Scientists' Association; others were dissatisfied with her instruction in the obstetrical course which she had recently introduced into her college. The first class in obstetrics was a large one, and each member had paid one hundred dollars tuition. Of the six lectures which Mrs. Eddy gave them, five were devoted almost exclusively to a discussion of Malicious Animal Magnetism, and in the sixth she merely instructed them to "deny" premature birth, abnormal presentation, hemorrhage, etc.[*]

It seems, however, to have been Mrs. Eddy's action in the Corner case which brought all this dissatisfaction to a head. In the spring of 1888 Mrs. Abby H. Corner, of West Medford, Massachusetts, a student of Mrs. Eddy's and a member of the Christian Scientists' Association, attended her own daughter in childbirth, with the result that the mother and baby died. Mrs. Corner was prosecuted, but was finally acquitted on the ground that her daughter's death had occurred from a hemorrhage which might have been fatal even had a physician been present. The case was widely discussed in the newspapers, and aroused a great deal of indignation and animosity toward Christian Science. It seemed the time of all times for Christian Scientists to stand together, and for the students of Mrs. Eddy's college to meet the issue squarely. They did so — all except Mrs. Eddy and those whom she directly controlled. Hundreds of Mrs. Eddy's students were then practising who knew no more about obstetrics than the babes they helped into the world. Mrs. Eddy's obstetrical course, which was a recent innovation, consisted of instructions to "deny" everything except the child itself. Fifteen years before, students had gone out from her classes in Lynn and had taken confinement cases, in which they were said to be particularly successful. Mrs. Eddy had never hinted, until she introduced her obstetrical course, that any special preparation was needed in that branch of metaphysical treatment. Mrs. Corner had acted not only according to the custom of Mrs. Eddy's students, but according to Mrs. Eddy's instructions for fifteen years past. Nevertheless, now that there was actually a question of Christian Science and the law, Mrs. Eddy completely withdrew her support from Mrs. Corner, and had a statement denouncing her printed in the Boston *Herald*. This article intimated that Mrs. Corner was a quack, and stated that she had received no authority from the Metaphysical College to attend confinement cases.

"To the Editor of the Herald: The lamentable case reported from West Medford of the death of a mother and her infant at childbirth should forever put a stop to quackery. There has been but one side of this case presented by the newspapers. We wait to hear from the other side, trusting that attenuating circumstances will be brought to light. Mrs. Abby H. Corner never entered the obstetrics class at the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. She was not fitted at this institute for an accoucheur, had attended but one term, and four terms, including three years of successful practice by the student, are required to complete the college course."[*]

The members of the Christian Scientists' Association, in the main, felt that Christian Science practice itself was being tried before the courts in the person of Mrs. Corner, and lent her their cordial support. Mrs. Corner had incurred an expense of two hundred dollars in defending her case, and the members of the Association wished to pay this out of the Association funds, thus distributing the burden among the flock. Mrs. Eddy objected to this, ruling that if the members wished to aid Mrs. Corner financially, they could do so by personal contribution. In the end, however, Mrs. Corner's lawyer was paid from the Association treasury.

There was certainly a kind of wisdom in Mrs. Eddy's policy. By repudiating Mrs. Corner as a quack she averted any reproach which, as a result of the scandal, might have attached to Christian Science practice, and left Mrs. Corner to meet as best she could the consequences of the method she had been taught.

Mrs. Eddy Charged with Pulling Mr. Frye's Hair

On June 6, 1888, the Christian Scientists' Association held a stormy meeting in the old Tremont Temple. At this meeting William B. Johnson was elected secretary of the Association, Charles A. Troupe having refused to hold the office any longer — because, he said, attempts had been made to make him change the records. At this meeting Mrs. Eddy's conduct in regard to Mrs. Corner was severely criticized. Indeed, the discussion became very personal, one of the members rising to state that Mrs. Eddy had been seen in the act of pulling Mr. Frye about by the hair of his head. Mrs. Eddy, who was present, remarked: "There is Calvin Frye. He has a good head of hair; let him speak for himself." Mr. Frye, however, sitting in his usual imperturbable silence, made no reply. Five weeks later he sent out the following explanation in a stylograph letter, dated July 14:

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[*] This course in obstetrics, as taken down by a student of that first class from Mrs. Eddy's dictation, is now in possession of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. It covers less than a page of letter-paper, and consists of the "denials" that the practitioner is to use at the bedside of his patient.

The practitioner is first to take up in thought the subject of premature birth, and to deny the possibility of such an occurrence in the case he is then treating.

He is to deny one by one some of the dangerous symptoms which may attend childbirth. Mrs. Eddy takes these symptoms up at random and with no consideration for their relation to each other.

It was her exceedingly informal and unsystematic treatment of her subject in her obstetrical course, as well as the fact that most of the lectures were devoted to the subject of Demonology, that caused dissatisfaction among Mrs. Eddy's students.

[*] Boston *Herald*, April 29, 1888. This notice was signed, "Committee on Publication, Christian Scientists' Association," but it was published without the knowledge of the Association and has many of Mrs. Eddy's turns of phrase.

"A student and a Free Mason gives out this report of the widow of a Free Mason and his hitherto much honored Teacher, Rev. Mary B. G. Eddy, that in a fit of temper she pulled a handful of hair out of my head.

"About two years ago, I was having much to contend with from the attacks of malicious mesmerism, by which the attempt was made to demoralize me and through me to afflict Mrs. Eddy. While under one of these attacks, my mind became almost a total blank. Mrs. Eddy was alone with me at the time, and, calling to me loudly without a response, she saw the necessity for prompt action and lifted my head by the forelock, and called aloud to rouse me from the paralized state into which I had fallen, this had the desired effect, and I wakened to a sense of where I was, my mind wandering, but I saw the danger from which she had delivered me and which can never be produced again. This malpractice, alias demonology, I have found out, and know that God is my refuge. 'When ye shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand) then let them which be in Judea, flee to the mountain,' where I have found my refuge.

"Fraternally yours,

"C. A. FRYE."

At that meeting at Tremont Temple Mrs. Eddy saw trouble enough ahead. She had the new secretary, Mr. Johnson, send out a general call to the Association to meet her at the college June 14; but, meaning to have matters well arranged before that, she sent telegrams to a few of her most zealous partizans, asking them to meet at her house on June 9, five days before the day set for the general meeting. The telegram which she sent to New York read: "Come to the college Saturday, June 9th. I will be there. I have a message from God that will do you good." When Mrs. Eddy learned that word of this first meeting had got out among the members of the Association, she sent another telegram to New York, saying: "The message will be delivered in Chicago. Go there." (The annual convention of the National Association was to convene in Chicago June 13, and Mrs. Eddy went there with Mr. Johnson, Mr. Frye, and a number of her faithful students from Boston.)

Withdrawal of Thirty-six Members

What the rebellious students wanted was simply to leave the Christian Scientists' Association, but that was not so easy as it might seem. There were two by-laws of the Association which were very formidable obstacles to withdrawal. They read:

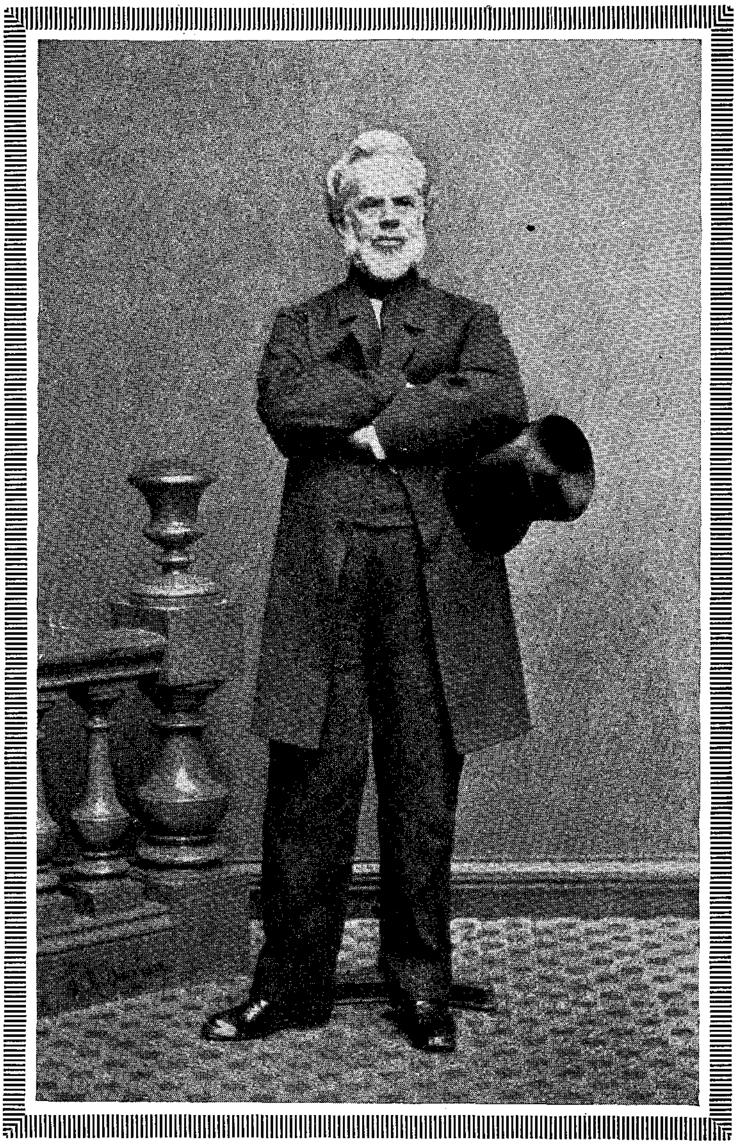
"*Resolved,* That every one who wishes to withdraw without reason shall be considered to have broken his oath.

"*Resolved,* That breaking the Christian Scientists' oath is immorality."

From time to time members had asked to have their names withdrawn from the roll of membership, and had been expelled for "immorality." This dissenting faction had no mind to risk such dismissal, and, in the absence of Mrs. Eddy, and of Mr. Johnson, the secretary, they resorted to high-handed measures. Calling at Mr. Johnson's house, they persuaded his wife to give them the Association books. These they put in the hands of an attorney, and then told Mrs. Eddy that the books would not be returned to Mr. Johnson until she directed him to give them a letter of honorable dismissal from the Association. Mrs. Eddy attempted to patch matters up, and had Mr. Johnson send out to all the members a circular letter, in which she asked them to meet her and state their grievances. This letter reads, in part:

"Our self-sacrificing Teacher, Mrs. Eddy, says: '. . . After learning a little, even, of the good I have achieved and which has been demanded and been associated with all of my movements since God commissioned me to bring Christian Science into this world of iniquity, they will learn how to estimate their [her movements'] wisdom instead of traducing them. . . . At the first special meeting called in behalf of Mrs. Corner I was absent, not because unready or unwilling to *help her*, but that she needed no help, and I knew it. I was not at the second special meeting, because it was impossible, if I got ready for the trip to Chicago; also I wanted this conspiracy to come to the surface, and it has, and now is the only time for us to meet in Christian love and adjust this great wrong done to one [Mrs. Eddy] who has given all the best of her years to heal and bless the whole human family.'"

The dissenters, however, stood firm; refused to go to the Association meetings or to surrender the books. The matter dragged on for about a year, until they finally received their letters of dismissal, signed by Mrs. Eddy as president of the Association, and William B. Johnson as clerk. Thirty-six members withdrew at this time, at least a score of whom had been among Mrs. Eddy's most promising practitioners and efficient workers. As the



PHINEAS PARKHURST QUIMBY

THE MAINE HEALER WHO WAS THE DISCOVERER, IN AMERICA, OF THE PRINCIPLE OF MENTAL HEALING

entire membership of the Boston church was considerably less than two hundred even before these thirty-six withdrew, their going made a perceptible decrease in the size of Mrs. Eddy's congregation. Some of those who left had been like members of Mrs. Eddy's own household and enjoyed her confidence. If, after their disaffection, they were disposed to talk unguardedly, they might easily stir up jealousy and ill feeling.

Remarkable Strength of the New Church

But sedition among the Boston students no longer meant jeopardy to Mrs. Eddy or to her cause. If there was disloyalty in Boston, hundreds of converts in New England, the middle West, and the far West waited but the word to rally to her support. Christian Science was an established faith, and was no longer at the mercy of any group of people. It had been established by those indefatigable missionaries, the healers; with Mrs. Eddy always behind them, and their devotion to her holding them together, inspiring them with one purpose, and enabling them to work for one end.

After Mrs. Eddy herself, the most remarkable thing about Christian Science is its rapid growth. When the National Christian Science Association, formed at Mrs. Eddy's house in Boston, January 29, 1886, was little more than a year old, one hundred and eleven professional healers advertised in the pages of the *Christian Science Journal* and twenty-one academies and institutes taught Mrs. Eddy's doctrines.

In April, 1890, the *Journal* contained the professional cards of two hundred and fifty healers, men and women who were practising in all parts of the country, and nearly all of whom were depending entirely upon their practice for a livelihood. (To-day the *Journal* contains the professional cards of more than three thousand healers.) Thirty-three academies and institutes were then teaching Christian Science. These "academies" were very unpretentious — simply a room in which the teacher met her classes. In some institutes there were two teachers; usually there was but one. The "graduates" of these institutions sometimes went on to Boston to take a normal course under Mrs. Eddy, but oftener they went immediately into practice. By 1890 there were twenty incorporated Christian Science churches which announced their weekly services in the *Journal* and which met in public halls and school-houses, while ninety societies not yet organized into churches were holding their weekly meetings. The first Christian Science church building was dedicated at Oconto, Wisconsin, in 1887.

When Mrs. Eddy established herself in Boston in 1882, there was but one Christian Science Church, a feeble society of less than fifty members, which had been already shattered by dissensions and quarrels. It is certainly very evident that such an astonishing growth in the space of eight years can be accounted for only by the fact that Mrs. Eddy's religion gave the people something they wanted, and that it was presented to them in a very direct and effective way. "Demonstrate, demonstrate," was Mrs. Eddy's watchword. "Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out demons." Thus read the seal of Mrs. Eddy's college, and such were the instructions she gave her students when she sent them out into the field. She never took cases herself, but she made her students understand that they were to be proved by works, and by works alone, and that if they were children of the new birth at all, they must heal.

The Healer's Professional Preparation

To appreciate the work of the healers, one must understand something about their preparation. Many of the students who left Mrs. Eddy's Metaphysical College and went out to practise knew much less about physiology, anatomy, and hygiene than the average grammar-school boy knows to-day. They had not been taught how to tie an artery or to set a broken bone, how to take a patient's temperature or how to administer the simple antidotes for poisons. Spinsters who had never even been present at a confinement went bravely out to attend women in childbirth. The healers' instruction had been after this manner:

"Tumors, ulcers, tubercles, inflammation, pain, deformed joints, are all dream shadows, dark images of mortal thought which will flee before the light."*

"Have no fears that matter can ache, swell, and be inflamed. . . . Your body would suffer no more from tension or wounds than would the trunk of a tree which you gash, were it not for mortal mind."†

"A child can have worms if you say so,— or any other malady, timorously holden in the beliefs, relative to his body, of those about him."‡

"The treatment of insanity is especially interesting. . . . The arguments to be used in curing insanity are the same as in other diseases: namely, the impossibility that matter, brain, can control or derange the mind, can suffer or cause suffering."§

"If a crisis occurs in your treatment, you must treat the patient less for the disease and more for the mental fermentation."‖

"When the unthinking lobster loses his claw, it grows again. If the Science of Life were understood, it would be found that the senses of Mind are never lost, and that matter has no sensation. Then the human limb would be replaced as readily as the lobster's claw."¶

The healers were recruited from every walk of life — school-teachers, milliners, dressmakers, music-teachers, elocutionists, mothers of families, and young women who had been trained to no vocation at all. Among the male practitioners — they were greatly in the minority — there were even a few converts from the regular schools of medicine, but their contributions to the *Journal* are so disorderly and inexact, and in some cases so illiterate, as to indicate that their success in the practice of medicine was very questionable. In the first years of her college, Mrs. Eddy's consulting physician in instrumental surgery was, the reader will remember, Charles J. Eastman, afterward imprisoned for criminal practice. There were, however, among her early practitioners, honest and worthy men. One of the most successful of these was Captain Joseph S. Eastaman, for many years a leading Christian Science practitioner in Boston, and who is still practising in Cambridge.

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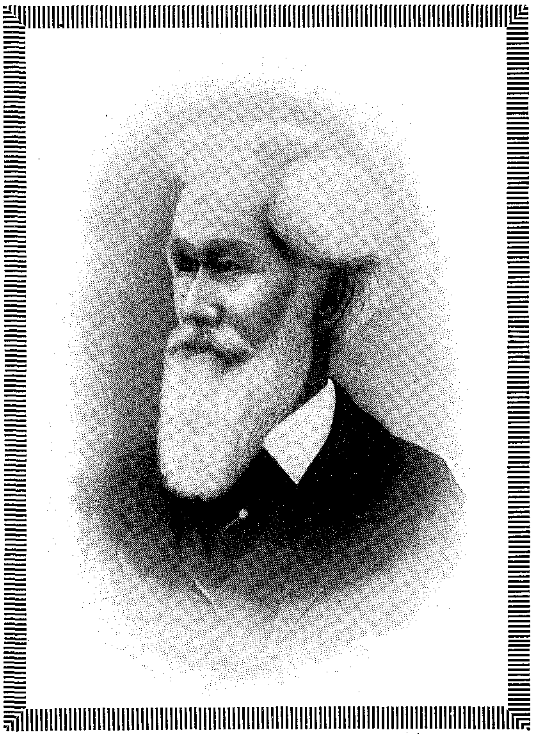
* "Science and Health" (1906), page 418.
† "Science and Health" (1906), page 393.
‡ "Science and Health" (1906), page 413.
§ "Science and Health" (1906), page 414.
‖ "Science and Health" (1906), page 421.
¶ "Science and Health" (1906), page 489.

The Making of a Healer

When he went to Mrs. Eddy to lay before her the case of his sick wife, Mr. Eastaman had been a sea-captain for twenty-one years, having begun his apprenticeship to the sea when he was thirteen, as cabin-boy on board an English brig. If the old seaman soon became docile like the other men about Mrs. Eddy, he had at least learned obedience in a hard and manly school. The story of his life at sea, which he contributed in several articles to the *Christian Science Journal*, is a vigorous and sturdy piece of narrative-writing, full of wrecks and typhoons and adventures with cannibal tribes, which make his subsequent career seem all the more remarkable. Concerning his first meeting with Mrs. Eddy in 1884, and his conversion to Christian Science, he writes at length. His last voyage, from Peru home to Boston, was made for the purpose of joining his invalid wife.



THE REV. WARREN FELT EVANS, FATHER OF THE "NEW THOUGHT" SCHOOL

MR. EVANS WAS A *PUPIL OF QUIMBY; HE PRACTISED* MENTAL HEALING IN MASSACHUSETTS AND NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND PUBLISHED TWO BOOKS UPON MIND CURE BEFORE "SCIENCE AND HEALTH" WAS WRITTEN

> Upon my arrival [he says], I found her much lower than I had supposed, and the consultation of physicians immediately secured only made it evident that she could not live long. In anxiety and distress, I then added my own knowledge of medicine — of necessity considerable to have enabled me for so many years to care properly for both passengers and crew. . . . One evening, as I was sitting hopeless at my wife's bedside, a friend called and asked, "Captain, why don't you get a Christian Scientist to treat your wife?"

The captain visited a healer, and learned for the first time of the existence of Mrs. Eddy. He thought, "If the healer can do so much, his teacher must heal instantly." In his narrative the captain says:

> So, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, with alternating hopes and fears besieging me on the way, I went to the college. In answer to my request for a personal interview, Mrs. Eddy kindly granted me an extended audience, though to my appeal for help she made the gentle announcement that she herself did not now take patients. At this my heart failed utterly, for I felt that none less than the founder was equal to the healing necessary in my case. As I was about to leave, she turned to me and said with much earnestness, "Captain, why don't you heal your wife yourself?" I stood spellbound. I did not know what to say or think. Finally I stammered out, "How can I heal my wife? Have I not procured the best medical aid? What more can I do?" Gently she said, "Learn how to heal." Without hesitation I returned to the parlor for particulars. It seemed to me that it must require years of studying to learn Christian Science — and she whom I was trying to save would not long be here. But when I heard that the entire term required but three weeks, I gathered courage. In twenty minutes more I had arranged to enter a class.

The captain's wife was averse to his new plan. She was unwilling that he should add this tuition fee of several hundred dollars to the already heavy expenses of her long illness. Moreover, she was afraid that this Christian Science was some new kind of Spiritualism. But the captain never committed himself halfway. In that first interview Mrs. Eddy had won him completely. He had escaped typhoons and coral reefs and cannibal kings, only to arrive at an adventure of the mind which was vastly stranger. Into the class he went. He says:

> The class included many highly cultured people, all more or less conversant with the rudiments of Christian Science; while I, a sailor, with only a seaman's knowledge of the world, and not the faintest inkling of the field to be opened up before me, felt very much out of place there. To that first and last and most important question "What is God?" the students replied variously. When the question came to me, I stammered out, "God is all, with all and in all. Everything that is good and pure." The teacher smiled encouragingly as my answers followed one another, and I was encouraged to go on. Every day during the term questions were asked and answers were made that puzzled me not a little. But to all my own simple earnest queries the patient teacher replied clearly and satisfactorily. The many laughs enjoyed by the class at my expense did not trouble me, therefore, for my teacher knew that I would not profess to understand when I did not. The simpler my questions, the more pains she took to explain clearly.
>
> How much was due to my own changed thought I cannot tell, but after Christian Science was recognized in our home, *even before I entered the college*,* my wife began to recover. As soon as I understood the rudiments, I began to treat her, and so quickly did she respond to the treatment that she was able to avail herself of the kind invitation of the teacher to accompany me to the final session.

The captain's conversion was a thorough one. He gave up his little bit of grog — to which he had never been much addicted — and his Havana cigars, of which he had been very fond. He began to practise a little among his old friends — ship-owners and sailors. After his wife had fully recovered he began to look about for work, and decided to accept an offer which had been made him by the Panama Railway Company.

> I accordingly engaged passage to Aspinwall, but on the last day I was reminded of a promise made my teacher. I at once wrote her of my plans, asking if they were wise, and received immediate counsel not to go. Packed and passage taken, here was a dilemma. Still, I was ready to be rightly guided, and wrote again asking what I should do. The reply came, "Take an office." This certainly was the last thing I should have thought of doing, for I could see no way to clear my personal expenses, much less meet the added rent of a central location. However, the time had come, and the birthright in Christian Science required obedience, even though it looked like throwing away time and means. I could not disobey, so I set about office-hunting. At first I wished to take a place on trial, but a voice kept telling me that I would do better to take a lease for at least a year. And it was well I did, for mortal mind soon tried to drive me away, and at times apparently only the obligation of the lease held me firm.

Whatever unfortunate examples of the professional healer one may have seen, one believes Captain Eastaman when he says that in his practice of twenty-two years he has worked harder than he ever did at stowing cargoes in the West India service. His account of his cures is as straightforward and convincing in its style as is his story of his life at sea. No one who reads it can doubt that the captain actually cured, or actually believes he cured, a woman of five tumors on the neck, and a working-man of cataract of both eyes.

The businesslike methods which have always been so conspicuous in the operations of the Christian Science Church had their effect in its early proselyting.

The Healer at Work

The healer had no Board of Missions back of him; he was thrown entirely upon his own resources. His income and his usefulness to Christian Science alike depended upon the number of patients he could attract, interest, influence, and heal. While this condition must have had its temptation for the healer of not very rugged integrity, it was wonderfully advantageous to the cause as a whole. Never, since religions were propagated by the sword, was a new faith advertised and spread in such a systematic and effective manner. When the healer went to a new town, he had first to create a demand for Christian Science treatments, and, if he could demonstrate successfully enough to make that demand, not only was his career assured, but he had laid the foundation of a future Christian Science church. The files of the *Journal* abound in letters from healers which show exactly how this demand was created.

Take the case of Mrs. Ann M. Otis, a healer at Stanton, Michigan. She was called to Marquette to treat a young man who was suffering from a heavy cold on his lungs. As his father and brother had both died from "quick" consumption, his mother and sisters were in frantic alarm and his friends had already consigned him to go the way of his family. Under Mrs. Otis' treatment he recovered. The cure was noised about the town by his grateful relatives, and so many patients poured in upon the healer that she had to remain there for weeks.

Wherever the new religion went, it had the advantage of novelty. It was much talked about, was discussed at social gatherings and in women's clubs. Josephine Tyter, a healer at Richmond, Indiana, writes in the *Journal*, September, 1888:

"It is one year next month since I came to Richmond. I knew no one here, and no one knew me. Christian Science they knew nothing of. People thought they did not want it.

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* The italics are the editor's.

I knew they did, but they could not see in darkness. The physicians paid but little attention to me at first, but now they are thoroughly aroused. At the regular meeting of the Tuesday Evening Literary Club, to which all the high order of minds of Richmond are supposed to belong, one of the physicians of this city read a paper on Christian Science." Miss Tyter then relates her own success, enumerating among her cures cases of the delusions of pregnancy, nervous prostration, lung and brain fever. She says, "Have had some fine cases of spinal curvature," and tells how she brought one man "out of a plaster cast into Truth."

Mrs. A. M. Rigby, a school-teacher at Bloomington, Illinois, writes that her health, broken down by many years of service in the schoolroom, was restored by Christian Science, and that she then began to practise. When she had eighty cases, she resigned from her school, and for two years she has had from twenty-five to fifty new cases a month.

Emma A. Estes, a healer at Grandledge, Michigan, writes exultantly of her trip to Newark: "My stay of three days lengthened into one of three weeks, and I was kept busy every day. Had forty-nine patients, and found my work greatly blessed. . . . Mother joins me in sending love, and adds, 'May God bless dear Mrs. Eddy for her kindness to my own little girl.'"

Mrs. Harriet N. Cordwell, Berlin Falls, New Hampshire, writes that she has but recently become a healer, has healed one case of spinal trouble in sixteen absent treatments, a case of scrofula in thirteen treatments, case of lame back, fifteen years' standing, one treatment, etc.

L. W. P. writes from Piqua, Ohio, that over three hundred cases were treated within five months by an incoming healer, that four classes were organized for the study of "Science and Health," and a Christian Science Sunday-school organized (July, 1890).

Ella B. Fluno, a healer then in Lexington, Kentucky, writes that she was painlessly delivered of a child, got up the next day and did her housework, carried water from the well and walked on the icy sidewalk in low slippers. She did not have the blinds in her bedroom lowered, and the sun shone daily in the baby's eyes, with no ill effects.

Some of these communications from healers are extremely entertaining, attesting to the efficacy of Christian Science in increasing the patient's worldly prosperity, and giving examples of how "demonstration" may be made useful in despatching housework. One woman writes:

"My husband came from the stable one morning with word that a valued four-year-old colt had got into the oats-bin, had been eating all night, and was as 'tight as a drum.' I met the error's claim with an emphatic mental denial. . . . As soon as possible, though not immediately, I went to the barn-yard, laid my hand on the horse's head, and said in an audible voice: 'You are God's horse; for all that is He made and pronounced perfect. You cannot overeat, have colic, or be foundered, for there is no power in material food to obstruct or interfere with the perfect health, activity, and freedom of all that is real and spiritual.' . . . Previous to my treatment he stood with head down and short, rapid breathing. At noon he was all right, and I am delighted to know how to realize for the good of animals."

In the healer's effort to arouse interest and get business in a new field there can be no doubt that he was sometimes overzealous and disregarded those uninspiring facts of which mortal mind must still take account. The more conservative and honest workers felt the bad effects of these extreme methods, and in the *Journal* of June, 1892, one healer writes:

> All healers have some instantaneous cures, but if we mention only these, does it not imply that we have no lingering cases? I call to mind a lady Scientist who wanted to make an impression in a new field where she hoped to get business. After talking of the many wonderful cures which she had effected, she added that she herself was cured in three treatments of a lifelong malady. Now, while that was substantially correct, the shadows of her belief [symptoms of her illness] were not wholly effaced for over two years, and this was known to others in Science. Would it not have been better had the Scientist qualified her statement as to the time required?
>
> Do not Scientists make a mistake in conveying the impression, or, what is the same thing, letting an impression go uncorrected, that those in Science are never sick, that they never have any ailments or troubles to contend with? There is no Scientist who at all times is wholly exempt from aches and pains or from trials of some kind. Neither pride of knowledge nor practice nor the good of the cause require that Scientists disguise or withhold these facts.

The Healer's Compensation

The question of the compensation which it was proper for the healer and teacher to receive was from time to time discussed in the

Journal. At the various institutes and academies where Christian Science was taught, the charge for a term of lessons was from one to two hundred dollars. The healer's usual charge was a dollar a treatment, or daily treatments at five dollars a week.

One healer writes, May, 1890: "To allow the patient to decide the price would certainly be unselfish on the part of the healer. But such laxity might allow selfishness with the patient."

Another practitioner protests that the customary fee is too little: "It is a low plane of thought," he says, "that goes through the community and *itself* erects a barrier against generosity or even fair compensation. The Science is lowered in the public estimation, the healer humiliated, if not weakened, and the chances of success in doing good greatly lessened. Selfishness still remains to imprison the patient unless his thought, in this, as in other directions, be changed."

Mrs. Buswell, a healer at Beatrice, Nebraska, was once summoned before the court under charge of practising medicine unlawfully. She objected that her treatments were in the nature of a religious exercise and did not come under the jurisdiction of the medical laws of the state. When, upon question, she admitted that she accepted money for these treatments, the judge cited to her the reply of Peter to Simon the sorcerer: "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money." But the Christian Scientist's God is not at all the God of Christian theology. He is, as Mrs. Eddy ceaselessly reiterates, Principle. There was really no more irreverence in Mrs. Buswell's realizing the Allness of God for money than there would have been in her realizing the truth of a proposition of Euclid.

How New Churches were Formed

Every patient healed was practically a new Christian Scientist made. If he were to keep well he must do so by studying "Science and Health." The new converts always became immediately estranged from their old church associates, and very often from their oldest friends. They met together at one another's houses to discuss Christian Science and to hold services. These circles were, indeed, very much like that first one which used to meet in Mrs. Damon's parlor in Lynn. As soon as such groups of believers were able to do so, they formed a society and held regular Sunday services in a school-house or public hall. If this society grew and prospered, which it was almost sure to do, it became an incorporated church. A Christian Science reading-room was often established, where Mrs. Eddy's works and copies of the *Journal* might be obtained. If a community happened to be slow in taking up the new faith, the missionaries sometimes attributed public disasters to the prevalence of Error over Truth. One worker in an untoward field writes in the *Journal* of November, 1890:

"The result of their closed eyes and ears has been demonstrated in a startling railroad accident and sudden deaths in our midst. On the night of the fourteenth a cloudburst caused a deluge of destruction of property in the lower streets of this village and imperiled many lives. Just now is a favorable time for work."

While the growth of Christian Science must be attributed primarily to its stimulating influence upon the sick and discontented, the low vitality of the orthodox churches undoubtedly facilitated its advance. Mrs. Eddy's teachings brought the promise of material benefits to a practical people, and the appeal of seeming newness to a people whose mental recreation was a feverish pursuit of novelty. In the West, especially, where every one was absorbed in a new and hard-won material prosperity, the healer and teacher met with an immediate response. This religion had a message of cheer for the rugged materialist as well as for the morbid invalid. It exalted health and self-satisfaction and material prosperity high among the moral virtues — indeed, they were the evidences of right living, the manifestations of a man's "at-oneness" with God. Christian Science had no rebuke for riches; it bade man think always of life, of his own worthiness and security, just as the old religions had bidden him remember death and be mindful of his unworthiness and insecurity. It contributed to the general sense of self-satisfaction and well-being which already characterized a new and thrifty society.

Mrs. Eddy at the Chicago Convention

Probably Mrs. Eddy herself was not aware of the headway which her sect had made until she attended the third annual convention of the National Christian Scientists' Association, held at Chicago in June, 1888. Mrs. Eddy went on from Boston, personally attended by Mr. Frye and Ebenezer J. Foster, who was soon to become her son by adoption. Crowds of Mrs. Eddy's Western followers here for the first time beheld her, as they put it, "face to face," and she achieved a most gratifying personal triumph.

This was the first and last annual convention Mrs. Eddy ever attended, and a *coup de théâtre* could scarcely have been better planned. On the morning of June 13, Mrs. Eddy delivered an address to an audience of more than three thousand people, eight hundred of whom were Christian Science delegates. When she stepped upon the platform the entire audience rose and cheered her.

Her address, which is said to have thrilled every listener and which was termed "pentecostal," seems, at this distance, rather below Mrs. Eddy's average. She closed with the following tribute to her church militant:

"Christian Science and Christian Scientists will, must, have a history; and if I could write the history in poor parody on Tennyson's grand verse, it would read thus:

"Traitors to right of them,
M. D's to left of them,
Priestcraft in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Into the jaws of hate,
Out through the door of love,
On — to the blest above —
Marched the one hundred."

Such sentiments as these wrought her audience to a feverish pitch of excitement. A letter to the Boston *Traveller,* afterward reprinted in the *Christian Science Journal,* thus described the outburst of feeling which followed Mrs. Eddy's address:

"The scenes that followed when she had ceased speaking will long be remembered by those who witnessed them. The people were in the presence of the woman whose book had healed them, and they knew it. Up they came in crowds to her side, begging one hand-clasp, one look, one memorial from her whose name was a power and a sacred thing in their homes. Those whom she had never seen before — invalids raised up by her book, 'Science and Health' — attempted to hurriedly tell the wonderful story.

"A mother who failed to get near her held high her babe to look on their helper. Others touched the dress of their benefactor, not so much as asking for more.

"An aged woman, trembling with palsy, lifted her shaking hands at Mrs. Eddy's feet, crying, 'Help, help!' and the cry was answered. Many such people were known to go away healed. Strong men turned aside to hide tears, as the people thronged to Mrs. Eddy with blessings and thanks.

"Meekly and almost silently, she received all this homage from the multitude, until she was led away from the place, the throng blocking her passage from the door to the carriage.

"What wonder if the thoughts of those present went back to eighteen hundred years ago, when the healing power was manifested through the personal Jesus?

"Can the cold critic, harsh opposer, or disbeliever in Christian Science call up any other like picture through all these centuries?

"What was the Pentecostal hour but this same dawning of God's allness and oneness, and His supremacy manifested in gifts of healing and speaking 'with tongues'? Let history declare of Mary Eddy what were the blessings and power which she brought!"

It was while Mrs. Eddy was thus making material for legend in Chicago that "conspiracy" was afoot in Boston, and the enthusiastic writer just quoted was forced to take this into account, and to add: "Is there no similarity between the past and present records of Christ, Truth, entering into Jerusalem, and the betrayal? Is the bloodthirsty tyranny of animal magnetism the Veil of the Temple, which is to be rent from top to bottom?"

THE WAYFARERS*

BY

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF COURTSHIP," "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

VI

JOSEPH LEVERICH proved unexpectedly kind and sympathetic when Justin approached him on the latter's return from the West. Justin had written to him, and then had been incidentally reinforced by the assistance of Mr. Angevin L. Cater. Bullen, the foreman, was versed in practical knowledge of the machinery, and how to go to work about repairs. Different portions had to be sent for to all parts of the country. Justin pored over catalogues, and checked off and figured, and tried to find ready-made substitutes wherever he could for those they ordinarily manufactured for the typometer. Here Cater, who had worked up gradually into the manufacturing of his own machine, was of great use.

"You never can find anything just as you want it," he conceded, encouragingly, to Justin, "but you can whittle off here and there, and make it do. I had to get along that way at first. It does pretty well, only there isn't any real certainty to it. I got sort of weary"— he pronounced it "weery"—"of sending for steel bars to fit, and then getting a consignment of 'em just two sizes too large, with a polite note saying that they were out of what I wanted, but thought it was best, at any rate, to send me what they had. You don't want to buck up against that kind of thing too often — not for your own good. So I started up the machinery, and even that goes back on you sometimes."

"Mine has," said Justin grimly.

"Oh, I don't mean that way — it's in the way it turns out the stuff. You get so cussed mi-nute; nothing seems quite right to you. You get kinder soured even on the material in the rough; the grain is wrong in this, and that hasn't been worked sufficient, and that t'other weighs too light."

"How long do you guarantee the typometer for?"

"For a year."

"We stake out ours for two,— go you one better,— but it's all rot. You can't guarantee nothin' in this world. I know that isn't grammar, but it kinder seems to mean more'n if 'twas. You can't guarantee nothin', not unless you could have the making of the raw material, and then you couldn't. And you can't guarantee your workmen, especially when you have to keep changing. I reckon human imperfection's got to step in somewhere. Talk of skilled labor! That's what takes the blood out of a man, the everlasting wrench of trying to get 'skilled labor' that *is* skilled. Some of it is so loose-jawed it can't even chew straight."

"You're a pessimist," said Justin, smiling.

The other broke into a responsive grin.

"Yes, I reckon that's so. But I don't even guarantee to be that, steady. Sometimes I get kinder mushy and pleasant, and think the world ain't a closed-up oyster,— Shakspere,— but just nice soft cream-cheese that's ready to be spooned up when you want it. Those are the sort of spells a man's got to look out for, or he's likely to find himself up against the rocks, without even an oyster-shell in sight."

"That's a bad position," said Justin, and Cater nodded confirmatively. After a moment he said:

"Well, I'll guarantee *that*. I've been there." As he was going, he asked: "How's Miss Dosia? Pretty well shook up, I suppose."

"Oh, she's all right now," said Justin. "She's been resting for a couple of days. You must come and see her. She will be glad to see a face from home."

"I reckon I'll wait awhile," said Cater, "till a face from home's more of a novelty. She ain't hankering for a sight of mine now." And, indeed, Dosia, on being informed of the prospect, showed no great enthusiasm. Balderville and the people there were so far away in the past that she had lost connection with them.

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* The first instalment of this novel appeared in the December McClure's.

And, after all, Leverich met Justin's explanation cordially.

"Oh, you couldn't help a thing like that," he said. "Don't know yet how the fire started, do they? Accidents are bound to occur when you least look for them. The loss was fully covered, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'm glad the orders came in, anyway. Just bluff those fellows off a bit — tell 'em you've got a lot more orders on and *they've* got to wait; that's the way to do it."

"Oh, yes, I know that; the only thing I want is to be sure, myself, when the orders can be filled. I'm trying to get the machinery at work as soon as possible, and we're sending all over the country for what we need. Cater — he's the manufacturer of the timoscript, across the street, has told me of a place where they make small steel bars such as we use. I've brought the catalogue with me. I sent for a consignment of them yesterday; Bullen says they'll do."

"Yes, that's all right," said Leverich. "Oh, you'll get along, you'll get along. I knew you wouldn't sit down and wait until I came home to get on your feet. Don't mind drawing on us for extra money if you need it — and we want to get in for the export trade. What do you think of this?" He took some papers out of his desk and began explaining them to Justin, who listened attentively before making suggestions. His mind, although not unusually quick, was singularly clear and comprehensive; he brought to Leverich's aid, if not the intelligence of the expert, something which is often harder to get, and which Leverich was experienced enough to appreciate at its full value—the intelligence which sees the matter from the standpoint of the big outer world, and not only from the inner radius of a little circle. Justin's vision was not, as yet, impeded by the technicalities and preconceived opinions which often obstruct the fresh point of view even in very clever men whose talent it is to see clearly.

"We haven't made any mistake in getting you," he said to Justin, as they parted.

The belated fifty dollars were carried to Lois that night, with a subdued joy in the glad provision of more to come. They were still to live on as little as they could, but the idea of the limit stretched to include those extra fives and tens whose expenditure was in the interest of true economy.

For a few days after her arrival Theodosia had kept her bed, in a reaction from the strain of the journey that made her too weak to care to do anything but lie in a half-drowsing and peaceful condition, hearing the sound of the children's voices as if they were very far off. Lois brought up the dainty meals herself, and talked the little talk women use on such occasions, and at four o'clock each afternoon Zaidee appeared with a tiny lacquered tray on which stood an egg-shell cup filled with fragrant tea, and a biscuit, and watched Dosia, as she ate and drank, with benignant satisfaction. The younger children were afraid of Dosia, and were lured near her bedside only to rush off again; but with Zaidee there was a loving comradeship.

It was well that she had even lost interest in Mr. Barr's call the next afternoon, for he did not come, and afterward she grew ashamed that she had harbored the interest at all. Mr. Sutton, after sending more flowers, had departed for Boston.

But, after this convalescence, by the end of the week Dosia emerged, eager, alert, with pink cheeks and gleaming eyes, having passed through some subtle transformation, and bent on pleasure. She was rather silent, indeed, except when carried away by sudden excitement, but she was rapturously happy at the prospect of a concert and a card-party and a large bazaar to be given soon. The concert and the bazaar were both for charity, and she was already engaged to serve at the flower-booth in the latter. There was to be dancing after the closing of both entertainments.

Clothes were the first requisite, after a definite arrangement had been made to begin the music lessons in two weeks' time. Every little preparation was a source of delight to Dosia, who thought Lois wonderful as a designer and adapter of fashions suitable to her purse, and the older woman threw herself into this work with a sort of fierce ardor.

Dosia had never seen so much ready money spent in her life, and had never heard so much talk about it — why should she, in a place where no one bought anything, where long-outstanding bills for tiny sums were paid for mostly in lumber, or chickens, or cotton? Here the price of daily living and clothing and amusements was one of the stock topics in the intimate round of suburban dwellers. Women came to visit her cousin Lois who at times made it their sole subject of conversation, incidentally submitting the very garments they wore to appraisal, for the pleasure of springing an unexpected price in her face like a jack-in-the-box, at which she was to jump admiringly. Lois declaimed against the habit, even while she sometimes fell a victim to it, and Dosia found herself drawn into the same ways, after a delightful revel in shopping for new clothes with Aunt Theodosia's money. The chief requisite in any article bought was that it should look to be worth more than was paid for it.

What most impressed Dosia in the big city was, not the size of it, or the height of the buildings, or the magnificence of the shops: she accepted these wonders, indeed, with the provoking acquiescence which dwellers in outlying sections of the country display when confronted with the reality they have seen so often depicted. It was the crowd, the rush of the people, the tense expression on the faces, that struck her with amazement. Every one looked in grim haste to get somewhere, and forged ahead untiringly, with set and definite purpose, as if there were not a minute to lose. Dosia had been used to sauntering aimlessly, and to seeing every one else saunter. There was no hurry at Balderville, except in Northern people on their first arrival, and they soon lost it. Dosia clung to Lois' arm on their first excursion, but the next time she suddenly dropped the arm and forged ahead breathlessly, being caught, as she was crossing a street, by a policeman just in time to escape being run over by an electric car. When Lois came up to her, horrified and indignant, the girl was laughing in wild exhilaration.

"Oh, it's such fun!" she said. "I'm going to walk like the other people after this. But I'll stop when I get to the crossings, so you needn't mind." People turned around to look at the pretty girl with the hair blown back from her face, standing still in the street and laughing. The excitement was all part of the first intoxication of the new life.

In the intervals of going to town, there were calls to be received, some from married women, and some from young girls who were asked especially to meet Dosia, and who expressed pleasure that she was to spend the winter with them. She was asked to join a book club and a card club, and to pour tea at the next meeting of the Junior Guild — proceedings that at the first blush appeared radiantly festive. It was understood that she was to be of the inner circle.

When the other functions took place, Dosia was a success both at the concert and the bazaar. A score of youths were introduced to her, with whom she laughed and chatted and promenaded and danced. She danced every time. The society of a new place is apt to appear extraordinarily attractive until one begins to resolve it into its component parts, when it is seen to differ but little from that one has hitherto known. Of these dancing youths, Dosia was yet to realize that half of them were younger even than she. Some who seemed to take a great fancy for her were the bores whom all the other girls got rid of, if possible; others were just a little below the grade of real refinement. The really nice fellows were not there at all, with the exception of a stray few, and those who were attendant on their fiancées. Just at present the rhythm of the music and the joy of motion were all in all to Dosia. Her honest and artless pleasure shone so plainly from her face that for the moment it was a compelling attraction in itself — for the moment; for neither good looks, nor honesty, nor the artlessness of joy in one's own pleasure, serve as a power of fascination: it takes a subtler quality, combined of both sympathy and reserve — something always given, something always withheld.

This happiness of healthy youth, which as yet depended on no individual note, could last but such a brief time! When she looked back upon it, it seemed like a little sunny, transfigured place that somebody else had lived in — the Dosia who was just glad.

Lois watched her enjoyment, half preoccupied, yet smilingly, pleased with the girl's prettiness and success. Dosia thought, "How kind she is!" and yet, when another woman came to her and said, with warm impulsiveness, "My dear child, it's a pleasure to look at you!" she felt that she had now the one thing she had missed.

She went to the last evening of the bazaar clad in a floating blue gown that matched her eyes. The curve of her arms, bare to the elbow, the way the tendrils of her hair fell across her forehead, her sudden dimpling smile, the glad, unconscious motions of her beautiful youth, would have made her, to those who loved, the personification of darling maidenhood, with that haunting tinge of pathos which is the inheritance of the woman-child.

She sold more flowers than any other girl at the bazaar that night, and there she met Mr. Sutton, who had, indeed, called upon her, but at a time when she was out. This guaranteed man was rather short, stocky, and commonplace-looking, with a large, round, beardless face, and a long, newly shaven upper lip. But his appearance made no difference; Dosia's radiant happiness flowed over on him with impartial delight. And if she sold many flowers, it was he who bought most of them, presenting them to her again afterward, so that one corner of the room was heaped up with her spoils, and her arms were full of roses. She trailed around the crowded room with him in her blue gown, as he had insisted on her advice in buying, and received gifts of books and candy, in the interests of organized charity. It was like being in the

Arabian Nights to have inconsequent gifts showered upon one in this way, but she succeeded in dissuading him from offering her a large green and pink flowered placque of local art, and was relieved when he gave it to the lady who had it for sale.

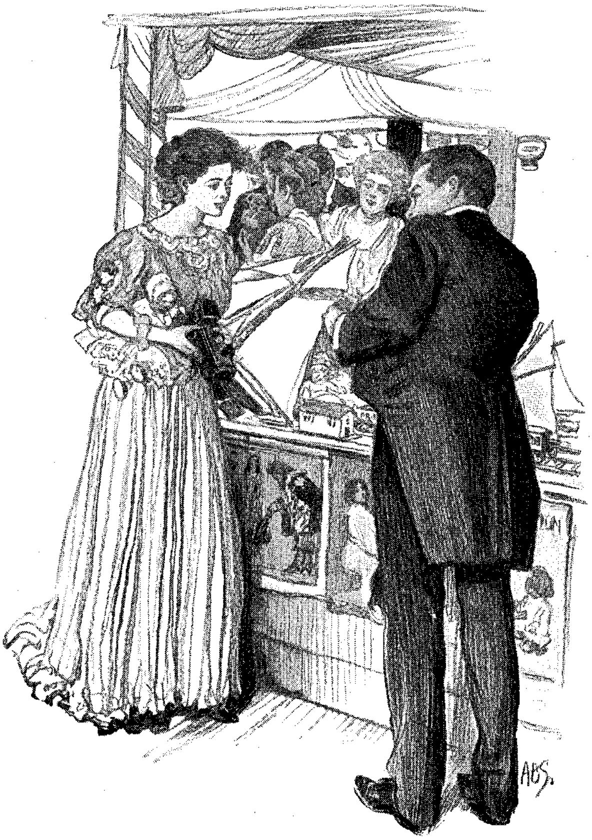
"A bachelor has use for so few things, Miss Linden," he said apologetically. "Each lady makes me promise — weeks beforehand — to come and buy from her especial table. If they would only have something I *could* want,"— he looked at her humorously,— "it would be easy enough to keep my word. Why don't they ever sell things a man can use? But look for yourself, Miss Linden — it's charity to help me out." He paused irresolutely by a yellow-draped table. "Might you like some sewing-bags, now, or this piece of linen with little holes in it, or any of these — plush arrangements?"

"No!" said Dosia, laughing and shaking her head, "I mightn't."

"Or a doll, now?" He had strayed a step farther on. "Would you like a doll for Mrs. Alexander's little girl, and some of these charming toys?"

"Oh, how *lovely* of you!" said Dosia, touched in the sweetest part of her nature, and turning up to him a face of such childlike and fervent gratitude that it was like a little rift of heavenly blue let in upon the scene. George Sutton's seasoned heart gave an unexpected thump. He was used to feeling susceptible to the presence of a pretty girl; it had been his normal condition ever since he first grew up, when a girl had been a forbidden distraction in an existence devoted to earning and living on eight dollars a week; when he slept in the office, and studied Spanish in a night class. He had given a dozen or more years of his life to amassing a comfortable fortune before he felt himself at liberty to give any time to society. He had always cherished an old-fashioned idea that a man should be able to surround a woman with luxuries before asking her to marry him, and now that he had money, it was no secret that he was looking for a wife to share it. There was hardly a young woman in the place who had not been the recipient of the ardor of his glances, as well as of more substantial tokens of his regard; his sentimental remarks had been confided by one girl to another. But further than this, much as he desired marriage, George had not gone. Susceptibility has this drawback: it is hard to concentrate it permanently on one person. George Sutton's heart performed the pleasing miracle of always burning, yet never being consumed. Under all his amatory sentiment was the cool streak of common sense that showed so strongly in his business relations, and kept him from committing himself to the permanent selection of a partner who might prove, after all, to have no real fitness for the part. He was fond of saying that he had never made a bad bargain.

Dosia's grateful and sympathetic eyes raised to his opened up a sweet vista of domestic joys. She did not notice his growing silence as she gaily accepted the engines and dolls and sail-boats that he bought for the young Alexanders. She insisted on carrying them herself to be deposited near Lois, and then afterward went off again with him, to be



"SHE GAILY ACCEPTED THE ENGINES AND DOLLS AND SAIL-BOATS" fed on ices, and have chances taken for her on everything. She did not notice that she was the recipient of his whole attention, although every one else smilingly observed it. Dosia was only filling up the time until the dancing began.

Then Mr. Sutton stood against the wall and watched her. He had not learned to dance in the days of his youth, and heroic effort since had been of no avail. He had, indeed, after humiliating and anguished perseverance, succeeded in learning the correct mathematical movements of the feet in the two-step and the waltz, and he knew how to turn, without tuition; but to take the steps and turn as he did so he could not have done to save his immortal soul. If the offering up of pigeons or of lambs could have propitiated the gods who presided over the Terpsichorean art, Mr. Sutton's domestic altars would have been reeking with sacrifice. Girls never looked so beautiful to his susceptible heart as when they were whirling past him to the inspiriting dance music. It seemed really pathetic not to be able to do it too! He would have liked in the present instance, in default of greater skill, to have symbolized his lightness of heart by taking Dosia by her two hands and jumping up and down the room with her, after a fashion he had practised as a little boy.

It was at the end of the evening that Dosia saw Lawson Barr standing in the doorway by one of the booths, with his overcoat on and his hat held in his hand. He was not looking at her, but talking to another man. She watched him under her eyelids, as she had done once before, and rather wondered that she had thought him attractive. He looked thinner and darker than she had thought, and more worn, and he had more than ever the peculiar effect of being unlike other people: his overcoat hung carelessly on him, and his necktie was prominent when almost all the other young men were in evening dress. He gave somewhat the impression of an Oriental in civilized clothing. She disclaimed to herself the fact that he had lingered in her thought of him at all.

He had been the subject of Lois' conversation on one of the afternoons of Dosia's convalescence, and she had since heard him spoken of by others, and always in the same tone. When she asked particularly about him, she was met by the casual answer, "Oh, everybody knows what Lawson is." He was liked, she found, to a certain extent, by every one; but he carried no weight, and there seemed to be social limitations which it was an understood thing that he was not to pass.

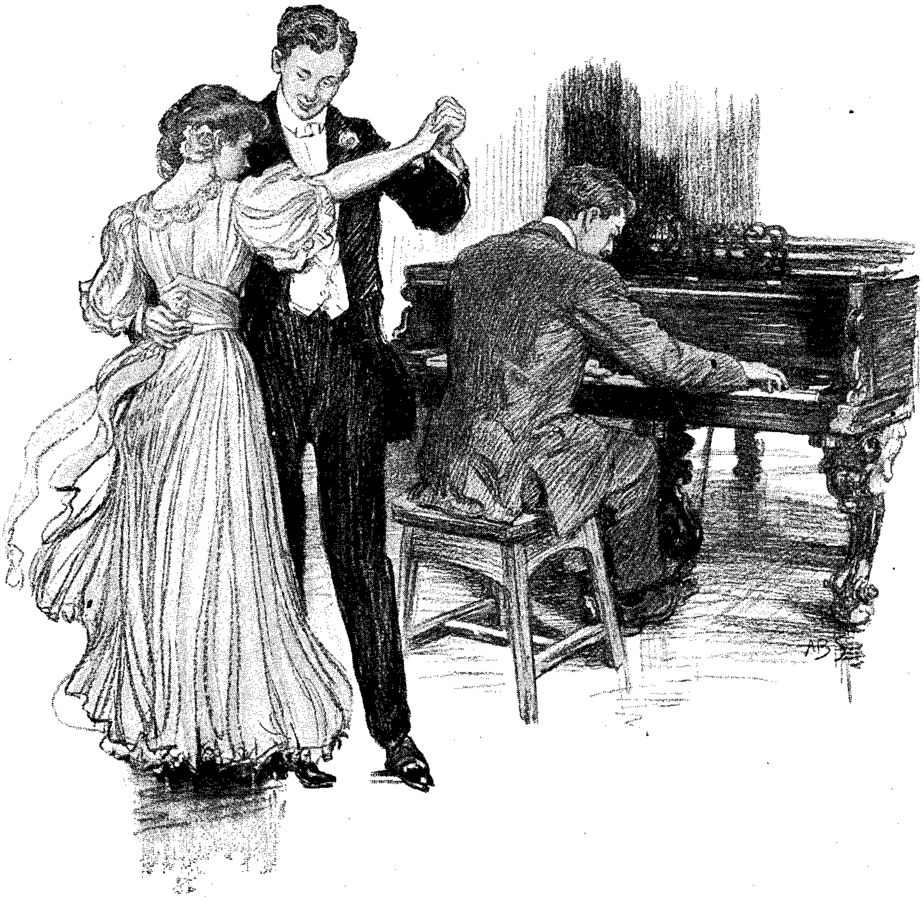
Seven or eight years before, he had come from the little country town of his birth with a past such as places of the kind are too fatally apt to fasten upon the boys who grow up in them. Witty, talented, good-hearted, Heaven only knows to what terrible perversions Lawson Barr's idle youth had been subjected, and nobody in his new home had cared to hear. Scandal may be interesting, but one instinctively avoids filth. It was an understood thing, when he first came to Woodside, that his brother-in-law, Joseph Leverich, had lifted him out of "a scrape" in response to the appeal of a weeping aunt, and had brought the boy back with him to get him away from village temptations and substitute the more bracing conditions of city life, where entertainment that was not brutally vicious could be had.

The experiment had apparently worked well. In the eight years which Lawson Barr had passed in Woodside, no one had anything bad to tell of him. He was more inclined to the society of men than of women, and shared the imputation of being fond of what is called "a good time"; but he was never seen really under the influence of liquor. Shy in general company at first, he became rather a favorite afterward, in a certain way. He was fond of sports, and was very kind to women and children. He was also witty and clever, and played entrancingly on the piano when he was in the mood. He was one of those gifted people who can play, after their own fashion, on any instrument. When he felt pleasantly inclined, no one was more amiable; in another mood, he spoke to no one. He had become engaged to a girl in good standing, after a summer flirtation. The girl had come there on a visit, and the engagement lasted only until her return and the revelation of his prospects to parental inspection.

For Lawson never had any prospects — or, at least, they never solidly materialized. He never kept his positions for more than a few months at a time. There was always a different reason for this, more or less unimportant on each occasion, but the fact remained the same. Strangers whom he met invariably took a great interest in him, and, captivated by his undoubted cleverness and charm, were enthusiastic in finding new openings for him, ready to champion hotly his merits against that most galling of all criticism, which consists in the simple statement of adverse facts.

"You will never be able to make anything out of him," was a sentence which his relays of friends were sure to hand on to one another.

One summer Lawson had come down so far as to keep the golf-grounds in order — a position, however, which he filled in such a well-bred manner, and with so many niceties of consideration for every one's comfort, that to



"DOSIA WAS DANCING WITH BILLY SNOW"

have him around considerably enhanced the pleasures of the game, and the players were sorry when he bought a commutation-ticket once more and started going in to town as one of them mornings.

Part of the time he boarded at a small hotel in the village, and part of the time he stayed with the Leverichs. Rumor said that Leverich alternately turned him out or welcomed him, as he lost or renewed patience; but the relations of the two men, as seen by outsiders, always appeared to be friendly.

Welcomed at the outset kindly by a society willing to forget the youthful faults of the handsome, clever boy, and let him in on probation to the outer edges of it, it was a singular fact that after all these years of apparent respectability he had made no further progress in it.

There are men who come out of crucial youthful experiences with a certain inner purity untouched; with an added reverence for goodness, and a strength of character all the greater for the sheer effort of retrieval; whose eyes are forever ashamed when they look back on the sins that were extraneous to the true nature, leaving it, save for the painful scars, clean and whole. With poor Lawson there had been, perhaps, some inherent flaw in which the poison lodged, to a deterioration, however delicate, of the whole tissue. It is strange — or, rather, it is not strange — that, in spite of respectability of life, with nothing whatever that was tangible to contravene it, this should have been felt of Lawson Barr. An individual impression is the one thing each person is bound to make, irresponsive of what he does, and the combined judgment of the members of an intelligent suburban community is very keen as to character, no matter how it differs in regard to actions. The standard of morality in such a section is high. It may indulge occasionally in the witticisms and literature of a lower scale, but in social relations the lesser order must go. "Shadiness" is damning. Lawson was not exactly "shady," but he might be. No girl was ever supposed to fall in love with him, and a young man who was seen too intimately with him received a sort of reflected obloquy.

Strangers whom he impressed favorably always asked, as Dosia did, "Why, what has he *done?*" And received the same reply Lois gave her: "Oh, nothing."

"Isn't he — nice?"

"Yes, nice enough, as far as that goes. He can't seem to make a living; I don't know why — he's clever enough. There's really nothing against him though, except that he was wild when he was a boy. I have heard that when he goes away on trips he — drinks. But Justin wouldn't like me to say it; he hates to have people talked about in this way. Still — it's just as well that you should know all about him."

"Oh, yes," said Dosia, in a tone personifying clear intelligence, yet in reality mystified. She felt at once indignant at the imputations thrown on Mr. Barr, and yet a little ashamed of having liked him, as something in bad taste.

As she saw him now in the doorway, she rather hoped that he wouldn't come and speak to her at all; but the hope was vain, for, without apparently seeing her, he made his way through the room, at the cessation of the dance, and held out his ungloved hand for hers.

It is in one of George MacDonald's stories that Curdie, the hero, tests every one he meets by a hand-clasp, which unconsciously reveals the true nature to his magic sense. Claws and paws and hoofs and the serpent's writhe are plain to him. Since the walk in the darkness, Dosia involuntarily tested the feeling of palm to palm by the hand that had held hers then. The dreaming yet deep conviction was strong within her that some day she would meet and recognize her helper by that remembered touch, if in no other way. Mr. Barr's hand was smooth, with long fingers, and a lingering, intimate clasp. Dosia drew hers away quickly, with a flush on her cheek, and then felt, as she met his coolly appraising eyes, that she had done something school-girlish and ill-bred.

"You did not come to see me, after all," she said, when the first greeting was over, and could have bitten out her tongue for saying it.

"I regretted very much not being able to," he replied, in a tone of conventional politeness. "I went West the next day, and have only just returned. You have been enjoying yourself, I hope?"

"Oh, immensely," said Dosia, with exaggerated emphasis; "I couldn't have had a better time, possibly." Her eyes roved toward the people in front of them with studied inattention, although she was strangely conscious in every tingling fiber of the presence of the man by her side.

"You have been to town, I suppose?" he pursued.

"Yes, indeed, several times."

"Would you care to come out in the corridor and walk?" he asked abruptly, as the music struck up again. "I'm not in evening dress, you see; I only returned from my trip half an hour ago. Or would you prefer to dance?" he added.

"Oh, I prefer to dance!" said Dosia, with the first natural inflection her voice had possessed in speaking to him.

"Then I will ask you to excuse me. I see Billy Snow coming over for you. Good night."

"You are not going to leave *now?*" exclaimed Dosia, with disappointment too quick to be concealed.

"In a few moments. I may not see you again." He did not offer his hand this time, but bowed and was gone.

It was the last dance. Billy Snow, slim and young, was a good partner, and Dosia's feet were light; yet, for the first time that evening, she did not feel the buoyancy of dancing; the flavor of it was lost. As they circled around the room, she saw that the booths were being dismantled of their blue and crimson and yellow draperies, the decorations were being torn from the walls, and cloaks and boxes routed out from under the tables. The receivers of money were busily counting up the piles of silver. A few children ran up and down at the end of the room, on the smooth floor, unchecked, and a small boy lay asleep on a bench, while his mother lamented her husband's prolonged absence to every one who passed. Each minute the crowd in the room thinned out more and more, going out by twos and threes and fours, leaving fewer couples on the floor and a scattered line of chaperons against the wall. But the dancers who were left clung to their privilege. As the clock struck twelve, and the musicians got up to leave, a cry of protest arose:

"One more waltz — just one more! This is the best part of the evening. Lawson — Lawson Barr, give us a waltz! Ah, no, don't say you're too tired — play!"

Young Billy Snow stood with his arm half withdrawn from Dosia's waist, looking questioningly down at her.

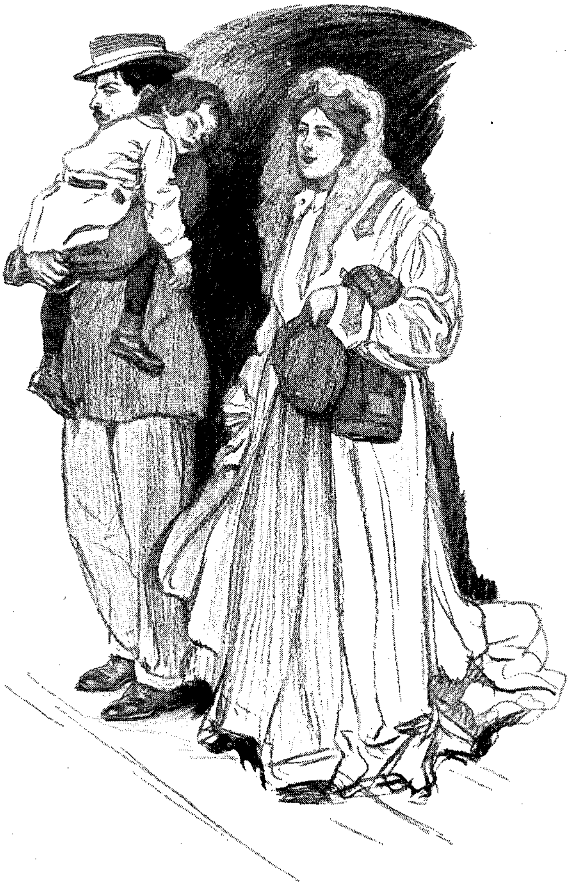
"I think I'd better go," she murmured uncertainly, loath to depart, yet with a glance toward Lois, who, with Justin now standing beside her, was plainly expectant of departure. Lois had had no dancing — yet she was young, too. But at that moment the music struck up again. There was a crash of chords, and then a strain, wildly sweet, to which Dosia found herself gliding into motion ere she was aware. She knew before she looked that Lawson Barr was at the piano. His intent face, bent upon the keys, seemed remote and sad.

The big room was nearly empty. One of the high windows had been opened for air, revealing the shining of the stars far up above in the bluish-black sky. Below it a heap of tall white chrysanthemums stood massed to be taken away. There were barely a dozen couples on the polished floor. These had caught the white fire of a dance played as Dosia had never heard one played before; there was a wild swing to it that got into the blood and made the pulses leap in unison. The dancers flew by on swift and swifter feet, with paling cheeks and gleaming eyes. Dosia was dancing with Billy Snow, it was his arm around her on which she leaned; but to her intense imagining it was with Lawson Barr that she whirled, with closed eyes, on a rushing and delicious air that swept them past the tinkling shivers of icy falls into a white, white garden of moon-flowers, with the silver stars above. From the flowers to the stars she swung in that long, entrancing strain — from the flowers to the stars! From the stars — ah, whither went that flight of ecstasy — this endless, undulating, dreaming whirl? Down to the flowers again now — back to the stars; beyond, beyond — oh, whither?

A chord, sharp and strong, rent the music into silence. It brought Dosia to the earth, awake and trembling, with parted lips and panting breath. But her eyes had the wonder still in them, her face the whiteness of the flowers, as, with head thrown back, her bright loosened hair touching the blue of her gown, the trailing folds of which had slipped unnoticed from her hand, she walked across the floor with Billy. Her loveliness, as she smiled, brought a pang to the woman-soul of Lois, it was so plainly of the evanescent moment; she felt that it was filched from the future possession of some dearest lover, who could never know his loss.

"I hope I haven't let you stay too long, Dosia," she said practically, and Justin hurried her into her wraps, after she had given Billy the rose he asked for. Everybody was leaving at once in couples, laughing and chattering, with the lights turned out behind them as they went.

The last thing which Dosia saw as she left the hall with Justin and Lois was a side view of Lawson Barr going down the stone steps, carrying in his arms the child who had fallen asleep on one of the benches. The light head rested on his shoulder, and the long black-stockinged legs hung down over his arm. Beside him walked the mother, voluble in thanks, with the child's cap in her hand.



"BESIDE HIM WALKED THE MOTHER, VOLUBLE IN THANKS"

VII

Mr. William Snow was at present in that preparatory stage of existence known locally as "going to Stevens." In other words, he was a daily attendant at the institute of that name, situated on the heights of Hoboken, in the State of New Jersey, and was destined to become one of that army of young electricians who, in point of numbers, threaten to overrun the earth. He wended his way to the college by train each morning as far as the terminus, from thence taking the convenient trolley. His arms were always full of books, from which he studied fitfully as he journeyed.

Mr. Snow was slim and tall, being, in fact, as his mother and sisters admiringly noted, six feet one, with long legs, narrow shoulders, and a small round face of such an open, infantile character that his mother often averred that it had changed in nothing since his babyhood, and that a frilled cap framing his chubby visage would produce the same effect as at that early stage. His name seemed to typify the purity of his nature, as seen through this countenance so fair and fresh, so blue-eyed and guileless, accentuated by the curls of light hair upon his round white forehead. Mrs. Snow was wont to discourse upon her William's ingenuousness and his freedom from the usual faults of youth in a way that sometimes taxed the gravity of the listener. For, in point of fact, Billy was a young scrapegrace whose existence ever since he was in short clothes had been devoted to mischief and levity as much as the limits of circumstance would allow. No one could tell how he had suffered from his mother's exalted belief in him. She had forbidden him to play with naughty boys whose mischievous pranks he had himself instigated; she had accompanied him to school to point with tense indignation at the injuries he had received from stones thrown by playmates at whom he had had the first convincing "shy"; she had complained untiringly to parents by letter, by his sisters, and by interview, of indignities offered to the clothing and the person of her unoffending son. If Billy hadn't been the whole-souled and genial boy that he was, he would have been made an outlaw and an object of derision among his kind; but it was an understood thing that, far from being responsible for his mother's attitude, he writhed under it with an extorted obedience. A certain loyalty to his parent, and also the tongue-tied position of youth toward authority, made it impossible for him fully to state to her how far below her estimate of him he really was; he bore it, instead, with the meekness of an only son whose mother was a widow.

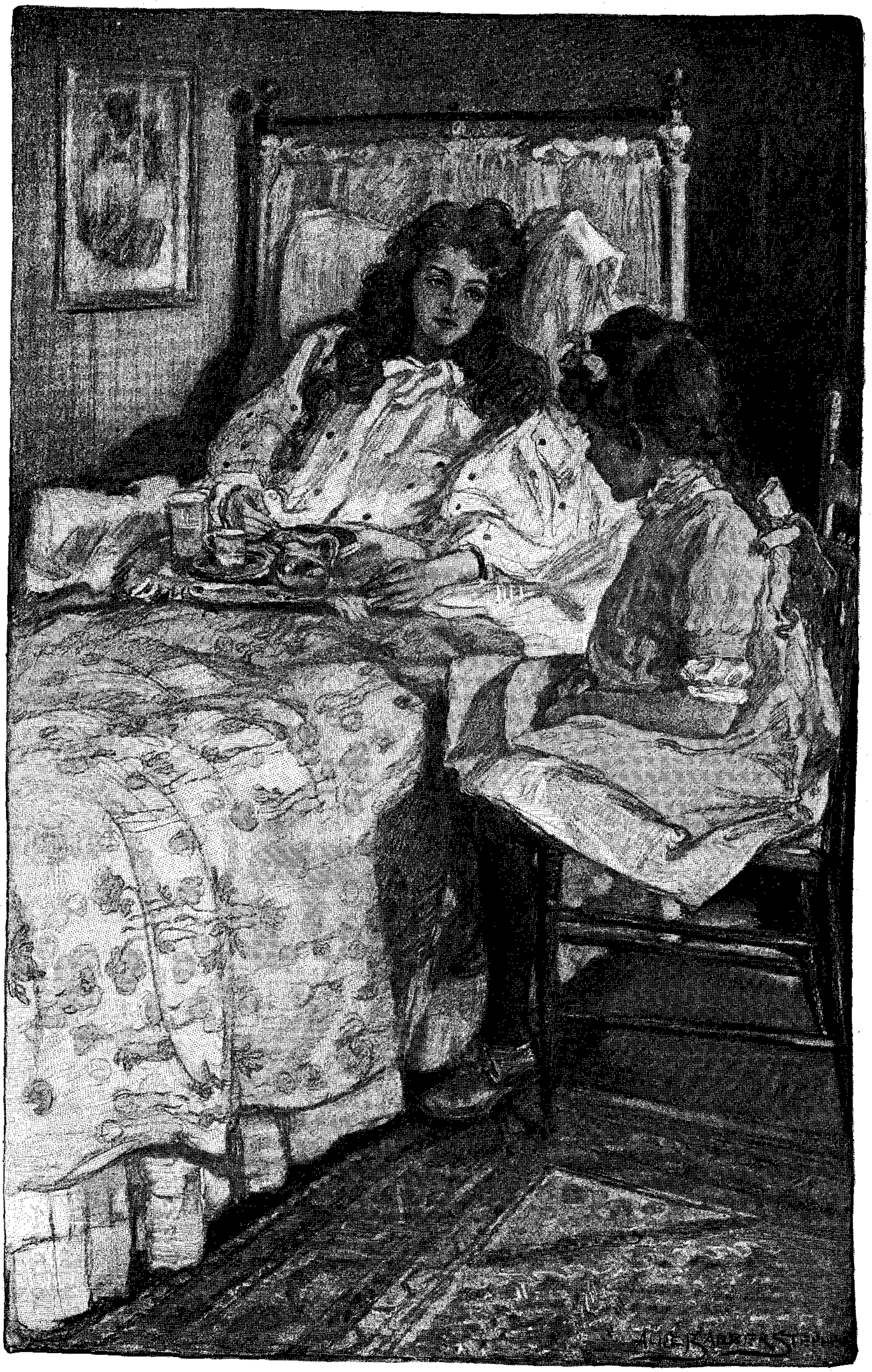
The fact that he was a born lover and had been intermittently experiencing the tender passion since the age of seven, she regarded only as an additional proof of his gentle disposition. She would have liked him to be always in the society of girls instead of those rude boys.

With added years Billy's outward demeanor had changed in his daily journey toward education. He no longer had scrimmages in the train with school-fellows, in which books of tuition served as weapons of warfare; he no longer harried the brakeman or climbed outside on the ferry-boat, or was chided for outrageous noisiness by long-suffering commuters. But the happy expression of his countenance was usually such a fixture that its marked absence attracted the attention of his fellow-passengers one day in the latter part of January. His face was gloomy and averted. He would not talk. To cheerful questions as to what had disagreed with him, or whether he was "up against it again" at Stevens, his replies were unexpectedly brief, and evinced his desire to be let entirely alone. The change had, in truth, come over him since entering the car, and was caused by the sight of two figures in a seat ahead of him.

The figures were those of a man and a girl and their conversation had a peculiar air of absorption which seemed to make them alone together in the crowd. Billy could see only the backs of this couple, save when one turned a little sideways to the other, and the round curve of a cheek and a fluff of fair hair became visible, or the bend of an aquiline nose and a dark mustache—the nose and the mustache turned sideways much oftener than the fairer profile. Once or twice Billy caught sight of a pink throat and ear; on such occasions the girl bent her head and fingered nervously at a music-roll she held upright in her hand, and Billy swore under his breath.

When the train had rolled into the station, he went with the other passengers as far as the door of the ferry-house to see — yes, they were going over the same ferry together, he still bending toward her as they walked, she with a charming, shy hesitancy in her manner, as of one unaccustomed to her position. Bill said bitterly, "The gall of him!" and walked away to the humiliating trolley which showed that he was still "going to Stevens." If he had been out of bondage, he would have been quick to follow and take his place on the other side of the girl, and show to all men that she was not making one of an intimate duet.

It was after this that his mother noticed that on certain days his accustomed spirits flagged. Her keen ear detected that he no longer whistled cheerily all the time he was dressing, but only when he heard her foot upon the stairs; and although he still chaffed his admiring sisters at dinner, there was a bitter and realistic strain in the jesting that made them all sure that Willie could not feel well. He found fault with his food, also a thing unprecedented. His mother brought him pills which he refused to take, towering above her — she was a little woman —tense and aloof. When she taxed him with having something on his mind, he admitted it at once, in a tone that bade her go no further.


ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"ZAIDEE WATCHED DOSIA WITH BENIGNANT SATISFACTION"

SEE "THE WAYFARERS"

"It is nothing to do with myself," he conceded, with the spirit of a man looking at her from his baby-blue eyes. The woman in her bowed to it as she went down-stairs, with pride in him rampant in her heart, to deliver her report to the two sisters waiting below.

The Snow family had been settled in the town from its beginning as a suburb, some thirty years back, Mr. Snow having died — after losing money largely on his real-estate investments there — twelve years later, when Billy was an infant, leaving many unproductive tracts of land with large taxes appertaining to them. The Snows knew everybody in the place, rich and poor, and were consequently regarded somewhat in the light of a directory. The woman by the day, the cheap dressmaker, and the handy man or boy could always be achieved by applying to them, for they had an invariable acquaintance with respectable persons temporarily forced into filling these positions. They themselves, while adding to their own finances in various ways, neither concealed nor obtruded the fact; their affairs could interest no one but themselves. They lived in a very small old-fashioned white frame house with a narrow entrance-hall nearly level with the street, and the little low-ceiled parlor and sitting-room, with their narrow doorways and slightly uneven floors, were crowded with large mahogany and walnut furniture and bedecked with the birthday and Christmas gifts of the family for the last thirty years, from the cherry-stone basket once carved by Father to the ornamental hanging calendar of the past season. In the autumn, the ladies potted plants with such accumulative energy that the rooms became more and more a jungle of damp pots and tubs, topped by overflowing showers and spikes and flat blobs of green. Only the family knew exactly where to sit without encroaching perilously on these.

The Snows had the recognized position in society of being Asked to Everything. When they went to entertainments, it was in the dark, quiet garments of every-day life, or the one often-remodeled state robe belonging to each, irrespective of what other people wore. Their circumstances and their birth were too well known to need pretense.

Ada, the second daughter, taught in a school. She was twenty-seven, tall like her brother, and with a fair, babyish face like his. It seems to be the rule in the pages of fiction, even at the present day, to depict unmarried women of this age as both feeling and looking no longer young. As a matter of fact, a girl of twenty-seven is rarely distinguishable from one of twenty-three, and is often more attractive. Ada Snow had been, besides, one of those immature young persons who grow up late, and become graceful and natural in society only after long custom. At twenty, shy and awkward, she had usually been mistaken for sixteen. She was her brother's favorite, secretly aiding and abetting him in many evasions of the maternal law. She tied his cravats for him now, and got up little suppers for him, and he posed as her elder, in view of his height and large experience.

The other sister, Bertha, was a delicate and much older woman, dark-haired, lined and sallow, given to intermittent nerve-prostrations and neuralgia, yet keeping a certain sanity and strength of mind hidden beneath an accumulation of small interests. She seldom went out, but sat by a window in the sitting-room all day, screened by the steaming plants, embroidering on linen, and keeping tally of the persons who went up and down the street, the number of oranges bought out of a cart, and the frequency of the meetings of two servants over a boundary fence — incidents of note in themselves without further connection. She seemed almost inconceivably petty in conversation and idea; but if one were strong enough to speak only to the truth that was in her, she could answer. She was honest and she was loyal; she knew a friend. She had worked hard for her mother in her early youth — that little mother who now looked almost younger than she, as she came into the room from her interview with William, and sat down by her daughter to say, in the tone of the mother who believes no secret is hid from her: "William won't tell me what's the matter, but I know it's something to do with that girl at the Alexanders'. Willie is growing up so fast!"

"Oh, yes, if you mean Miss Linden," said Miss Bertha, in comfortable corroboration. "That's been going on for some weeks."

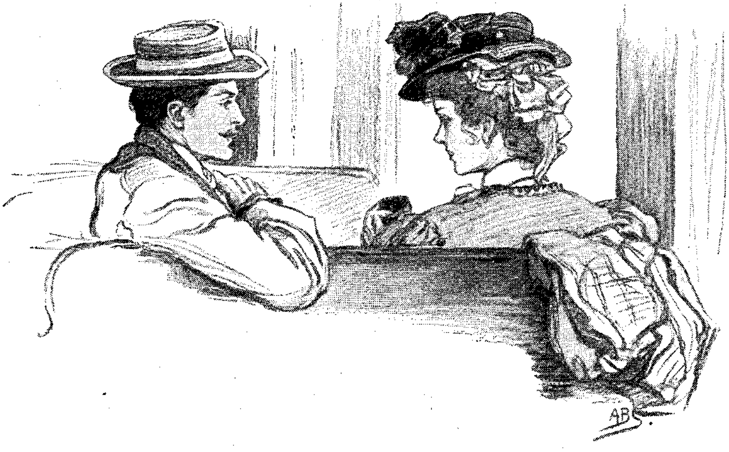
"Yes, I know; but he acts differently this time. Perhaps she's snubbed him in some way."

"No; he was there the other night, and he is to take her skating Saturday. I saw the note open on his bureau. Maybe, after all, it's just being in love that upsets him."

"Yes, I really think that's all."

Miss Bertha put her work down on her lap, and smoothed it out with slender, nervous fingers, before rolling it up in a thin white cloth. The daylight was beginning to go.

"He's got a rose she gave him,— never mind how I know,— and he keeps it wrapped up in tissue" — she pronounced it "tisher" — "paper in his waistcoat pocket. He leaves it in there sometimes when he changes his clothes. And Ada says — you know that picture in the magazine that we all said looked so like Miss Linden?



"THE SIGHT OF TWO FIGURES IN A SEAT AHEAD OF HIM"

He's got it in a little frame. Ada says that it tumbles out from underneath his pillow once in a while when she's taking the covers off; I suppose the child puts it there at night and forgets it in the morning. Ada just slips it half-way back again when she makes up the bed, as if she'd overlooked it. He never says anything, and of course she doesn't, either."

"I hope the girl will not take his attentions seriously," said the mother, alarmed. She had known all this before, but it was a fashion of the family to talk over and over what they already knew. "I *hope* she will not take him seriously."

"Mother! They're both so young." Ada, who had been leaning forward with her face in her hands and her chin upturned at a statuesque angle, spoke for the first time.

"Oh, that's very well!" Mrs. Snow tossed her head as one with experience. "He is, of course, nothing but a mere boy at nineteen, but a girl of twenty is years older. When a girl is twenty, she goes in society with women of *any* age. I was married myself at eighteen — not that I should wish either of my daughters to do so."

"Well, you can feel safe about that, mother," interpolated Ada.

"William is very attractive, dear boy, and I could not blame any girl for being somewhat captivated by him. I should be sorry if she allowed her affections to be engaged. She may not know that his career is mapped out before him. William will not be in a position to marry before he is thirty-six. William is ——"

"The people are coming from the train," interposed Miss Bertha, waving back one thin hand to stop her mother's discourse — which she could have repeated backward — and scanning the hurrying file in the dusk across the street.

"Now you can tell how long the days are getting. Ada, come here. Mrs. Leverich has on her new furs — the ones her husband gave her. Don't they make her look stout? There are the Brentons. I think that's a bag of coffee he's carrying. He has a long, narrow package, too, with square ends — perhaps *she's* been buying corsets; if not, it must be a bottle of whisky. And there — who is that? Oh, I thought it was Mr. Alexander in a new coat; of course it's too early for him — they say he's been making money hand over hand lately. And here comes — why, it's George Sutton! Ada, Ada, bow! he's looking. He sees us waving — ah!"

There was a pause, in which an interested flush appeared on the cheeks of both sisters.

The mother murmured apprehensively, "They say *he* is devoted to Miss Linden," but neither answered. Ada had benefited, like the other girls, by his attentions; she had been given candy and flowers and made one in his theater-parties — but it was the secret conviction of all three women that all his general attentions were simply a cloak for his real devotion to Ada. The others were just a circle — she was the particular one; and Heaven only knows how many girls in this circle shared the same conviction. His smile and nod now seemed to speak of an intimacy that blotted out all his preference for Miss Linden.

"You had better pull down the shade now," said Mrs. Snow, after a few minutes. "It's time to light the lamp."

"No, wait a moment — there's another train in." Miss Bertha's eyes pierced the gloom. "The Carpenter boys, those new people in the Farley house, and that's all. No, there's somebody 'way behind — I declare, it's Miss Linden! She's ever so much more stylish-looking than she was at first. I wonder she didn't come on the train ahead. Who can that be with her? Why —" There was a pause. "I suppose he must have just happened to get off with her at the station," said Miss Bertha in an altered voice.

"Oh, yes; I'm sure that's it," said Ada.

VIII

"What is all this that I hear about Dosia and Lawson Barr?" asked Justin abruptly, one evening when he and his wife were at home alone together, a rather unusual occurrence now. Either he was out, or there was company, or Dosia was sitting with them by the table on which stood the reading-lamp. Just now she was staying overnight with Miss Torrington, at the other end of the town, "across the track," practising for a concert.

Justin had dropped his collar-button that morning in the process of dressing, and the small incident was productive of unforeseen results. The hunt for it had delayed him to a later train and a seat by Billy Snow.

"What is this I hear about Dosia and Lawson Barr? They say she has been going in with him on the express nearly every morning this month. She may have been coming out with him, too, for all I know."

"Who says so?" asked Lois, startled, but contemptuous.

"Billy, for one."

"I do not see what business it is of his."

"That hasn't anything to do with it, Lois. As a matter of fact, the boy wouldn't have told me at all if I hadn't happened to sit with him to-day. He's heard plenty of remarks on it, though, and he's cut up about it. They sat in front of us, some seats down, entirely oblivious of everybody; it might have been their private car. It gave me a start, I can tell you, when Billy said it was not the first time. Has she said anything to you about it?"

"Yes, I think she has mentioned once or twice that she had seen him on the train; I know he brought her home one afternoon when she was late. But I haven't paid any particular attention; and, after all, there's no harm in it."

"Oh, no; there's no *harm*, if you put it that way — only she mustn't do it. You know what I mean, Lois. Dosia ought not to want to be with him."

"I suppose he comes and talks to her, and she doesn't know how to stop him."

"Perhaps."

"And you sent her out in his care that first night," said Lois. She felt unbelieving and combative. Lawson was so unattractive to her that she could not conceive of his being otherwise to any girl.

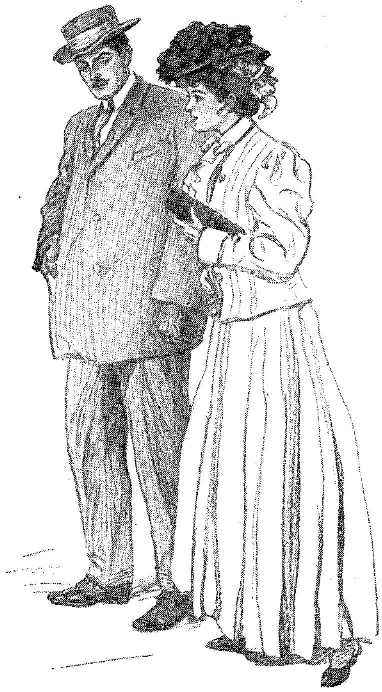
"Of course; and I would do so again under the same circumstances—that was an emergency. But that's very different from making a practice of it. You must tell Dosia, as long as she can't see it herself. Let her get her lesson changed to another hour and that will settle the thing. Does she see much of Barr at other places?"

"No more than anybody else does. Of course, he is more or less around. But she knows *just* what he is like, Justin; I told her all about him the first thing, and she hears it from everybody. I am sure you are mistaken about her liking his society. She told me once that it always made her uncomfortable when he was near her. I really don't think you need be afraid of anything serious."

"All right, then. Probably a hint will be sufficient. But don't forget to give it, Lois. She is very much of a child in some things."

"Yes, she is," said Lois, resignedly.

This having Dosia with them had turned into one of those burdens which people sometimes ignorantly assume under a rose-colored impulse. It had seemed that it must be necessarily a charming thing to have a young girl in the house. But to have a young girl who was always practising on the piano, to the derangement of Reginald's sleep or to the inconvenience of visitors in the little drawing-room, one who had to be specially considered in every



"'THE PEOPLE ARE COMING FROM THE TRAIN'" plan, and whose presence took away all privacy from Lois' daily companionship with Justin, was a doubtful pleasure. Even this rainy evening with Justin and herself cozily placed together was, after all, not hers, but invaded, if not with the presence, at least with the disturbing thought of Dosia.

There were all the little grievances which sound so infinitesimal, and yet count up to so much when sympathy is lacking. Dosia had lived in a Southern atmosphere and in a home which had no regular rule. She invariably wanted to play with the children at the wrong time, and yet perhaps did not always offer to take care of them when it would have been a help. If Lois was busy when Justin came home at night, she would invariably find afterward that Dosia had swiftly poured into his ears — in nervous loquacity at being alone with him — all the domestic happenings of the day, so that every remark that Lois made was answered by a "Yes; Dosia has already told me." These slight threads, which Lois had treasured up from which to spin a little web of interest for her beloved, would thus be broken off short. Dosia also had a fashion of ensconcing herself unthinkingly in Justin's particular seat by the lamp, in which case he sat patiently and uncomfortably in an attitude out of the radius, or else went up-stairs to the untidy sitting-room to read by himself, leaving Lois, with her teeth on edge, to keep company perforce with Dosia, to whom he would not allow Lois to make protest, avowing that he was not inconvenienced at all. He had an unvarying kindness and sense of justice regarding the girl.

It was the night after Justin's charge to her that Lois nerved herself to broach the subject of Lawson to Dosia, who was copying some music by the table. Both her hair and her dress were arranged with a little new touch of elegance, but there was a droop to the corners of her mouth that had not been there before — a suggestion of hardness or melancholy or defiance, it would have been difficult to say which.

Justin was getting ready to go out, and Lois could hear his footsteps as he walked up and down above. She hated to begin, and her very reluctance gave a chill tone to her voice as she said temporizingly, "Dosia, please don't keep Reginald out so late again as you did this afternoon. It is too cold."

"We only went to the post-office; he said he was warm."

Dosia, who had generously curtailed her practising to take the mother's place, felt ill-used.

"I know; but it was too late for him. His feet were as cold as ice. I am *so* afraid of croup."

"I'm sorry," said Dosia, in a low voice. "I won't do it again."

"Well, never mind that now." Lois hesitated, and then took the plunge: "I want to speak to you about Lawson Barr, Dosia."

Dosia's color, which came and went so prettily when she spoke, always left her when she was really moved, or at the times when girls ordinarily blush. She turned pale now and her eyes became defiant, but she did not answer.

The other stumbled along, sorry and ashamed, as if she were the culprit:

"People have been commenting — I hear that he has been with you a great deal lately."

"Where?" The girl's voice was hard.

"On the train."

"He went in to town with me twice last week, and twice the week before — yes, and yesterday. And he came out with me once." She counted out the times as if it were a contravention. "I don't see how I am going to help it if people speak to me. I can't *tell* them to go away. *I* don't want him to do it! Mr. Sutton took me over the ferry one day; was that commented on, too?"

There was a passion of tears in her voice, called forth by outraged modesty — and there is no modesty that feels itself more outraged than that of the girl who knows she has given some slight cause for reproof.

"Dosia, be reasonable," said Lois, annoyed that her talk was being made so hard for her. "I know it's horrid to be 'spoken to,' but Justin is very particular, and he feels that we are responsible for you. And, besides, you wouldn't want it thought that you liked Lawson's society. I am to go in to town with you tomorrow, and we will get the hour for your lesson changed." She paused for some answer, but none came, and she went on: "I told Justin that he need not worry; there was no danger of your caring too much for *Lawson!* That's nonsense. Why, you know all *about* him, and just what he amounts to. But, of course, if you are seen with him ——"

"You need not say any more. I never want to speak to him again!" said Dosia, strangling. She swept her things from the table and rushed up to her own room in a whirlwind of indignation and shame, scathed by the imputation in Lois' tone. The bubble of her imagining of Lawson was pricked for the moment by it; it is hard to idealize what another despises. She felt herself as false to her own estimate of him as she had hitherto been to the public one.

She threw herself upon the bed face downward. Something that she had been unconsciously dreading had come upon her: the notice of her little world. Before it had been voiced to her by Lois she had persistently considered herself unseen. She cried out now that there was no occasion for her being "spoken to"; yet she knew with a deep acknowledgment that she had not been quite true to her highest instincts.

The exquisitely sensitive perception which is an inherent part of innocence was hers. The Dosia who at twelve could not be induced to enter a room when a certain man was in it, because she "did not like the way he *looked* at her," had as unerring an instinct now as then. It was an instinct so deep, so interwoven with every pulse of her nature, that to deny it ever so little was a spiritual hurt. She could not have told why certain subjects, certain joking expressions even, revolted her so that she shrank from them involuntarily. She could not have told why she knew there was something about Lawson different from the other men she had been accustomed to. Dosia not only knew nothing of the practice of evil, she knew nothing of life nor the laws of it; but it could never be said of her that she did not know when right bordered on wrong. She knew — and it would have been impossible for her not to have known — her slightest deviation from that shining road which can only be followed by white feet. Her first quick idea of Lawson as not the kind of man that she would ever want to marry still held good. Back of all this was the image of the true prince.

There are people whose natures we always feel electrically, a sensation which depends neither on liking nor on disliking, and which often partakes of both. When we meet them there is always a slight shock, a psychic tingling, a displacement of values, that makes us uncertain of our pathway; the colors seen in this artificial light are different from those seen by day. Barr affected Dosia thus. If he came into a room, she knew it at once; dancing or walking or talking with others, she felt his eyes upon her, disquieting her and making her conscious of his presence, so that she could not get up or sit down naturally. When he was not there, everything was flat and uninteresting in the withdrawal of this exciting disquietude. If she met his remarks cleverly, it gave her a delighted occupation for hours in recalling them. If she failed in repartee, and was "thick" and school-girlish, her cheeks would burn and the taste for life would leave her; she could hardly wait to see him again to retrieve herself. She was not in love with Barr, she was not even in love with love,— a fairly healthful process,— but she was in love with the excitement of his presence.

She had been shy of him at first, waiting for him to seek her. After the night of the bazaar and that wondrous waltz, she had felt that he must fly to speak to her at the nearest opportunity, and tell her that he had played for her, and her alone; and in return she had longed to assure him of her divining sympathy. But he did not come. She invented many excuses for this, but it gave her a sharp disappointment of which he was necessarily unconscious. As she met him casually at different places,— with the old quizzical gleam in his eye, and that peculiar manner,— his lightest word became fraught with deep meaning, over which she pondered, refusing to believe that the world she lived in was entirely of her own creation. In these last two months she had always an undercurrent of thought for him, whether she was practising or sewing, or chaffing with Billy, or receiving the gallant but somewhat heavy attentions of Mr. Sutton. With Lawson's avoidance of her had come a childish, uncalculating impulse to attract. Dosia had not told the truth when she said that she could not help his speaking to her; she knew very well the morning he would have passed her by in the train, as usual, if her eyes had not met his. Barr never presumed,— he knew the place allotted to him, — but he accepted permission. When he sat down by her, she swiftly wished him away again; yet her heart beat under his cool glance — a glance which seemed to read her every thought. These interviews, in which the conversations were of the lightest, yet in which she felt subtle intimations, were a delicious and stinging pleasure, like eating ice.

There had been a fitful burst of suburban gaiety about Christmas-time and after — a delightful flare that burned up red and glowing, only to sink back gradually into the darkness of monotony. There was that fall into a humdrum condition of living, instigated by bad weather, which shuts up each household into itself; the men were kept later down-town, and the women had the usual influx of winter colds and minor maladies which interfere with planned festivities. The younger sort had engagements, individually and collectively, for "things in town," either coming out on the last train or staying comfortably overnight with friends. An assembly dance planned for Shrove Tuesday had fallen through.

The fairy glamour was already gone for Dosia. The personal note which she had missed at first was everything, and she found it nowhere but in Lawson. If she could have poured out her thoughts and feelings to Lois,— "talked things over," girl-fashion,— if Lois had been her friend and lover — But Lois had no room for her. Dosia had learned to feel all the bitterness of the alien. And she was shy with the pleasant but self-sufficient women whom she met socially, and who were so intimate with one another; Dosia merely sat on the edge of conversations, so to speak, and smiled. She could not learn this assured fluency. The very children were hedged in from her by restrictions. To give up those little incidental meetings with Lawson was to give up the one silver string on which hung happiness; and yet — and yet — Dosia felt the sting of Lois' matter-of-fact contempt for him; it lowered him indescribably. All women look down upon a man who will allow himself to be despised. She had cherished an ideal of him as a man lonely, misunderstood, terribly handicapped by opinion, by his own nature even, and yet capable of good and noble things. She had thought ——

"Dosia?"

"Well?"

"Will you shut your door? The light streams down here and keeps Reginald from going to sleep. He waked when you went upstairs."

Dosia rose and closed the door noiselessly; she would have liked to shut it with a bang. It was a climax. There seemed to be nothing that she could do in this house that was right! Her attitude had ceased to be only that of an alien, it was that of an antagonist; but it was also that of a lonely and unguarded child.

IX

The closed door did not keep out the sounds below. Dosia could hear Justin's voice upraised toward his only son, and Lois' pleading "*Please*, Justin!"

"Be quiet, Lois; I'll settle this. Go downstairs."

"I want dinky orter." The child's voice was high.

"You have just had a drink of water; lie still."

"Redge 'ants 'noder dinky orter."

"Do you hear me? Lie still."

"Let me take him, Justin; I'm sure he isn't well. I ——"

Dosia could hear her step getting fainter in the distance, and could imagine the look from Justin that had commanded her obedience. There was a definite masculine authority about him before which, on those rare occasions when he chose to exert it, every woman-soul in the house bowed down with the curious submission inherited from barbaric ages. Only the son and heir rebelled openly, with a firmness caught from the same blood.

It took a hard tussle to conquer Redge. The mother down-stairs, vibrating with sympathy for her child, could not understand Justin's attitude, or why he was so much more severe with the boy than he had ever been with Zaidee.

Zaidee was his little, gentle girl, his dainty, delicate princess, toward whom his attitude must be always that of tenderness and chivalry. But the boy was different. Civilized man still usually lives in the outward semblance of a harem, in a household with a large predominance of women. Justin had a fierce pride in the boy, the one human creature in the house of the same nature as himself. They two, they two! And he knew the nature; there was no need of any pretense or fooling about it. His "Lie still, you rascal, or I'll make you," voiced in its sternness an even deeper sentiment than he had for Zaidee.

Something of this hardness was still in his manner when he came down again, after reducing the child to quiet, and leaned over his wife to kiss her good-by.

"Are you going out again?" Her voice had a dull patience in it and her eyes refused to meet his.

"Yes; did you want me for anything special?"

He stood, half irresolute, hat in hand. His clear, fair skin and blue eyes showed off to advantage, in the estimation of his wife, set off by his luxuriously lined overcoat. It was a new one. He had lately, at Lois' insistence, gone to a more expensive tailor, and the richness of the cloth and its very cut and finish exhaled an air of prosperity. Nothing so betrays the status of the inner man as that outer garment. Justin's discarded one had passed through every stage of decent finesse — the turned-up coat-collar, the reversed closing, the relined sleeves, the buttons sewed on daily at the breakfast-table by his wife in the places from which the ineffectual threads of her workmanship still dangled. This perfect and ample covering seemed in its plenitude to make a new and opulent person of him.

"No; of course I don't want you for anything special"— she spoke in a monotone. "I only thought you were going to stay home."

"I've got to go to Leverich's, and I want to speak to Selden about the house first. I promised him I'd stop there."

They had decided to take one of the houses that were building on the hill, and Selden was the architect.

"You have been out every night this week" — there was a suspicion of tears in her voice. "I do so hate to be left alone."

"You have Dosia."

"Dosia! How would *you* like to be left with

Dosia? I can't make out that girl. She gets more wooden every day, and if I speak to her she looks as if she thought I was going to beat her. Oh, Justin, stay home this evening — won't you, dear?"

"I can't — I wish I could." He said the words mechanically, for he was burning to get away to Leverich to talk over some matters. "I must be at Selden's by half-past eight."

"It is only a quarter-past now — you can walk there in five minutes. Do sit down for a moment. I don't get any chance to talk to you at all, and you come home so late to dinner that you never see the children any more — except to scold them, as you scolded Redge to-night."

Lois was sitting under the rays of the lamp. She wore a scarlet gown and held a piece of white embroidery in her lap. She seemed to absorb all the light in the room, and to leave the rest of it dark by contrast — her rosed cheeks, her white eyelids dropped over her work, the bronze waves of her hair melted into the gloom of the background. She was beautiful, but Justin did not care to look at her; it was even momentarily repugnant to him to do so. He sat on the edge of his chair, tapping his hat against it. She lacked the one thing that made a woman beautiful to him; absorbed as he was in his own plans, his own life he felt a loss ——

Her remark about the children made him wince. He was a man who loved his children, and he had not only been obliged to lose most of the sweetness of their possession lately,— the sweetness that consists in watching the unfolding, day by day, of the flower-petals of childhood,— but when he had the rare chance of being in their society he could not enjoy it; a hitherto unsuspected capriciousness and irritation laid the precious moments waste. He could hear Zaidee's gentle little voice repeating her mother's perfunctory extenuation: "Poor daddy's nervous; come away, Redge!"

"I hope you'll tell Mr. Selden that I must have a closet under the stairs," said Lois suddenly.

"He'll put one there if he can."

"If he can! Justin, I spoke about it from the very first. I don't want the house if he can't put the closet in. I ——"

"All right. I've got to go now." If he had cared to think about it, he might have wondered why she wanted him to wait for such last words as these. As the door closed behind him, she let her embroidery fall from her fingers and listened to the last sound of his footsteps echoing far into the frosty night. There was a firm directness in it as it carried him from her.

The overcoat had not belied its appearance as the harbinger of prosperity and the forerunner of larger expenditures — of which the house on the hill was one. The typometer was having a boom, the orders for it were phenomenal; the factory was working night and day. Even with the principle of trying to be rigidly conservative in estimates, it was hard not to count on an unvaried continuance of the miraculous; everybody knows of instances when it has continued, or seemed to. In reality, there is no such continuous miracle; a succession of adapted conditions has to be keenly worked out to produce the effect of continuity. In a sense, the Typometer Company was aware of this, and was consequently assimilating gradually smaller ventures with the main one.

The state of mind in which Justin had gone to take possession of the factory that bright November morning was as different in graduation from that present with him now as the single simply clear notes of the flute are from the twanging strings and blended diversity of a whole orchestra. Everything hinged on something else, and there was nothing that did not hinge on money. Amid the immense daily complications of enlarging the business was the nagging daily complication of keeping enough of a balance in the bank in spite of the continual outgo. Money came in lavishly at times, but the outgo had to be enormous; it was as the essential bread upon the waters that insured its own return a hundredfold. Materials can be bought with a leeway of credit, but "hands" must be paid off on Saturday night; there had been one Saturday when there had been what Leverich called "tall hustling" by him and Foster, Martin and Alexander, before those hands could be paid. Justin had thought of his backers as men of millions — with that easy, assured confidence one has in regard to the superficially known. The millions were in the concrete, solid and golden — a bottomless store in reserve. He had gradually come to realize that the millions were a fluctuant quality, running like quicksilver from side to side, here in one place, there in another, as the various needs of corporations called them. Both Martin and Leverich were past masters in the art of making a little butter cover many slices of bread. To have to appropriate money to cover an emergency was a daily expedient — the ability to do so ranked as a part of one's assets. Lois could not understand why, when such large sales were being made, there were not larger returns now. The "business" seemed to swallow up everything, and more than all else her husband. To his luminous, excited brain, the different phases of trade passed and repassed as pictures in a lighted transparency, riveting an exhilarated attention; all else was in blurred darkness and must wait until after the show for recognition. He felt it inexpressibly tiresome and unkind of Lois to wish to engross him, when he was laboring for her welfare and the children's.

Lois Alexander, who had a household to look after, servants to keep in order, children to be attended to, who was subject to the claims of social functions, clubs, friends, and affairs generally, was through everything absorbed in her husband to a degree incredible to any one but a woman. His attitude toward her had come to occupy the substrata of her thoughts morning, noon, and night. To have him leave with a shade less of affection for her in the morning farewell left her with a sick feeling throughout the day; everything done in those next hours was merely to fill up the time until his return, that she might see then if her exacting soul might be satisfied. Sometimes she reproached him tearfully before he left, and then it was not only with a sick feeling that she spent the day, but with an absolutely intolerant pain, because she must wait until night to set herself right with him again. At those times she could not derive any satisfaction even from her children. Her only refuge from weeping herself into a sick-headache was to go to town and shop exhaustingly. One cannot well shed tears in the crowded streets, or before a clerk who is showing one goods over a counter. But when she went shopping too many days in succession the children showed the effects of it in the lawlessness which creeps in in a mother's absence.

She could not understand why the morning reproach and the evening retraction had grown alike unimportant to her husband; after the first surprise and solicitude occasioned by this recurrent state, he had grown to regard it as something to be borne with like any other normal annoyance,— like fog, rain, or mosquitos,— that measurably lessened the joy of the day, but upon which no action of his had any bearing. A man must have patience with his wife's complainings, and try always to remember the delicacy of her bodily strength and the many calls upon it, which made little things a grievance to her. He himself never complained; complaint was in itself distasteful to him.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SOCIAL VALUE OF THE COLLEGE-BRED

AN ADDRESS MADE AT A MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN ALUMNAE AT RADCLIFFE COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 7, 1907

BY

WILLIAM JAMES

OF what use is a college training? We who have had it seldom hear the question raised — we might be a little nonplussed to answer it offhand. A certain amount of meditation has brought me to this as the pithiest reply which I myself can give: The best claim that a college education can possibly make on your respect, the best thing it can aspire to accomplish for you, is this: that it should *help you to know a good man when you see him.* This is as true of women's as of men's colleges; but that it is neither a joke nor a one-sided abstraction I shall now endeavor to show.

What talk do we commonly hear about the contrast between college education and the education which business or technical or professional schools confer? The college education is called higher because it is supposed to be so general and so disinterested. At the "schools" you get a relatively narrow practical skill, you are told, whereas the "colleges" give you the more liberal culture, the broader outlook, the historical perspective, the philosophic atmosphere, or something which phrases of that sort try to express. You are made into an efficient instrument for doing a definite thing, you hear, at the schools; but, apart from that, you may remain a crude and smoky kind of petroleum, incapable of spreading light. The universities and colleges, on the other hand, although they may leave you less efficient for this or that practical task, suffuse your whole mentality with something more important than skill. They redeem you, make you well-bred; they make "good company" of you mentally. If they find you with a naturally boorish or caddish mind, they cannot leave you so, as a technical school may leave you. This, at least, is pretended; this is what we hear among college-trained people when they compare their education with every other sort. Now, exactly how much does this signify?

It is certain, to begin with, that the narrowest trade or professional training does something more for a man than to make a skilful practical tool of him — it makes him also a judge of other men's skill. Whether his trade be pleading at the bar or surgery or plastering or plumbing, it develops a critical sense in him for that sort of occupation. He understands the difference between second-rate and first-rate work in his whole branch of industry; he gets to know a good job in his own line as soon as he sees it; and getting to know this in his own line, he gets a faint sense of what good work may mean anyhow, that may, if circumstances favor, spread into his judgments elsewhere. Sound work, clean work, finished work: feeble work, slack work, sham work — these words express an identical contrast in many different departments of activity. In so far forth, then, even the humblest manual trade may beget in one a certain small degree of power to judge of good work generally.

Now, what is supposed to be the line of us who have the higher college training? Is there any broader line — since our education claims primarily not to be "narrow" — in which we also are made good judges between what is first-rate and what is second-rate only? What is especially taught in the colleges has long been known by the name of the "humanities," and these are often identified with Greek and Latin. But it is only as literatures, not as languages, that Greek and Latin have any general humanity-value; so that in a broad sense the humanities mean literature primarily, and in a still broader sense the study of masterpieces in almost any field of human endeavor.

Literature keeps the primacy; for it not only *consists* of masterpieces, but is largely *about* masterpieces, being little more than an appreciative chronicle of human master-strokes, so far as it takes the form of criticism and history. You can give humanistic value to almost anything by teaching it historically. Geology, economics, mechanics, are humanities when taught with reference to the successive achievements of the geniuses to which these sciences owe their being. Not taught thus, literature remains grammar, art a catalogue, history a list of dates, and natural science a sheet of formulas and weights and measures.

The sifting of human creations! — nothing less than this is what we ought to mean by the humanities. Essentially this means biography; what our colleges should teach is, therefore, biographical history, that not of politics merely, but of anything and everything so far as human efforts and conquests are factors that have played their part. Studying in this way, we learn what types of activity have stood the test of time; we acquire standards of the excellent and durable. All our arts and sciences and institutions are but so many quests of perfection on the part of men; and when we see how diverse the types of excellence may be, how various the tests, how flexible the adaptations, we gain a richer sense of what the terms "better" and "worse" may signify in general. Our critical sensibilities grow both more acute and less fanatical. We sympathize with men's mistakes even in the act of penetrating them; we feel the pathos of lost causes and misguided epochs even while we applaud what overcame them.

Such words are vague and such ideas are inadequate, but their meaning is unmistakable. What the colleges — teaching humanities by examples which may be special, but which must be typical and pregnant — should at least try to give us, is a general sense of what, under various disguises, *superiority* has always signified and may still signify. The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration of the really admirable, the disesteem of what is cheap and trashy and impermanent — this is what we call the critical sense, the sense for ideal values. It is the better part of what men know as wisdom. Some of us are wise in this way naturally and by genius; some of us never become so. But to have spent one's youth at college, in contact with the choice and rare and precious, and yet still to be a blind prig or vulgarian, unable to scent out human excellence or to divine it amid its accidents, to know it only when ticketed and labeled and forced on us by others, this indeed should be accounted the very calamity and shipwreck of a higher education.

The sense for human superiority ought, then, to be considered our line, as boring subways is the engineer's line and the surgeon's is appendicitis. Our colleges ought to have lit up in us a lasting relish for the better kind of man, a loss of appetite for mediocrities, and a disgust for cheapjacks. We ought to smell, as it were, the difference of quality in men and their proposals when we enter the world of affairs about us. Expertness in this might well atone for some of our awkwardness at accounts, for some of our ignorance of dynamos. The best claim we can make for the higher education, the best single phrase in which we can tell what it ought to do for us, is, then, exactly what I said: it should enable us to *know a good man when we see him.*

That the phrase is anything but an empty epigram follows from the fact that if you ask in what line it is most important that a democracy like ours should have its sons and daughters skilful, you see that it is this line more than any other. "The people in their wisdom" — this is the kind of wisdom most needed by the people. Democracy is on its trial, and no one knows how it will stand the ordeal. Abounding about us are pessimistic prophets. Fickleness and violence used to be, but are no longer, the vices which they charge to democracy. What its critics now affirm is that its preferences are inveterately for the inferior. So it was in the beginning, they say, and so it will be world without end. Vulgarity enthroned and institutionalized, elbowing everything superior from the highway, this, they tell us, is our irremediable destiny; and the picture-papers of the European continent are already drawing Uncle Sam with the hog instead of the eagle for his heraldic emblem. The privileged aristocracies of the foretime, with all their iniquities, did at least preserve some taste for higher human quality and honor certain forms of refinement by their enduring traditions. But when democracy is sovereign, its doubters say, nobility will form a sort of invisible church, and sincerity and refinement, stripped of honor, precedence, and favor, will have to vegetate on sufferance in private corners. They will have no general influence. They will be harmless eccentricities.

Now, who can be absolutely certain that this may not be the career of democracy? Nothing future is quite secure; states enough have inwardly rotted; and democracy as a whole may undergo self-poisoning. But, on the other hand, democracy is a kind of religion, and we are bound not to admit its failure. Faiths and utopias are the noblest exercise of human reason, and no one with a spark of reason in him will sit down fatalistically before the croaker's picture. The best of us are filled with the contrary vision of a democracy stumbling through every error till its institutions glow with justice and its customs shine with beauty. Our better men *shall* show the way and we *shall* follow them; so we are brought round again to the mission of the higher education in helping us to know the better kind of man whenever we see him.

The notion that a people can run itself and its affairs anonymously is now well known to be the silliest of absurdities. Mankind does nothing save through initiatives on the part of inventors, great or small, and imitation by the rest of us — these are the sole factors active in human progress. Individuals of genius show the way, and set the patterns, which common people then adopt and follow. *The rivalry of the patterns is the history of the world.* Our democratic problem thus is statable in ultra-simple terms: Who are the kind of men from whom our majorities shall take their cue? Whom shall they treat as rightful leaders? We and our leaders are the x and the y of the equation here; all other historic circumstances, be they economical, political, or intellectual, are only the background of occasion on which the living drama works itself out between us.

In this very simple way does the value of our educated class define itself: we more than others should be able to divine the worthier and better leaders. The terms here are monstrously simplified, of course, but such a bird's-eye view lets us immediately take our bearings. In our democracy, where everything else is so shifting, we alumni and alumnae of the colleges are the only permanent presence that corresponds to the aristocracy in older countries. We have continuous traditions, as they have; our motto, too, is *noblesse oblige;* and, unlike them, we stand for ideal interests solely, for we have no corporate selfishness and wield no powers of corruption. We ought to have our own class-consciousness. "Les intellectuels"! What prouder club-name could there be than this one, used ironically by the party of "red blood," the party of every stupid prejudice and passion, during the anti-Dreyfus craze, to satirize the men in France who still retained some critical sense and judgment! Critical sense, it has to be confessed, is not an exciting term, hardly a banner to carry in processions. Affections for old habit, currents of self-interest, and gales of passion are the forces that keep the human ship moving; and the pressure of the judicious pilot's hand upon the tiller is a relatively insignificant energy. But the affections, passions, and interests are shifting, successive, and distraught; they blow in alternation while the pilot's hand is steadfast. He knows the compass, and, with all the leeways he is obliged to tack toward, he always makes some headway. A small force, if it never lets up, will accumulate effects more considerable than those of much greater forces if these work inconsistently. The ceaseless whisper of the more permanent ideals, the steady tug of truth and justice, give them but time, *must* warp the world in their direction.

This bird's-eye view of the general steering function of the college-bred amid the driftings of democracy ought to help us to a wider vision of what our colleges themselves should aim at. If we are to be the yeast-cake for democracy's dough, if we are to make it rise with culture's preferences, we must see to it that culture spreads broad sails. We must shake the old double reefs out of the canvas into the wind and sunshine, and let in every modern subject, sure that any subject will prove humanistic, if its setting be kept only wide enough.

Stevenson says somewhere to his reader: "You think you are just making this bargain, but you are really laying down a link in the policy of mankind." Well, your technical school should enable you to make your bargain splendidly; but your college should show you just the place of that kind of bargain — a pretty poor place, possibly — in the whole policy of mankind. That is the kind of liberal outlook, of perspective, of atmosphere, which should surround every subject as a college deals with it.

We of the colleges must eradicate a curious notion which numbers of good people have about such ancient seats of learning as Harvard. To many ignorant outsiders, that name suggests little more than a kind of sterilized conceit and incapacity for being pleased. In Edith Wyatt's exquisite book of Chicago sketches called "Every One his Own Way" there is a couple who stand for culture in the sense of exclusiveness, Richard Elliot and his feminine counterpart — feeble caricatures of mankind, unable to know any good thing when they see it, incapable of enjoyment unless a printed label gives them leave. Possibly this type of culture may exist near Cambridge and Boston, there may be specimens there, for priggishness is just like painter's colic or any other trade-disease. But every good college makes its students immune against this malady, of which the microbe haunts the neighborhood-printed pages. It does so by its general tone being too hearty for the microbe's life. Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by dislikes and disdains—under all misleading wrappings it pounces unerringly upon the human core. If a college, through the inferior human influences that have grown regnant there, fails to catch the robuster tone, its failure is colossal, for its social function stops: democracy gives it a wide berth, turns toward it a deaf ear.

"Tone," to be sure, is a terribly vague word to use, but there is no other, and this whole meditation is over questions of tone. By their tone are all things human either lost or saved. If democracy is to be saved it must catch the higher, healthier tone. If we are to impress it with our preferences, we ourselves must use the proper tone, which we, in turn, must have caught from our own teachers. It all reverts in the end to the action of innumerable imitative individuals upon each other and to the question of whose tone has the highest spreading power. As a class, we college graduates should look to it that *ours* has spreading power. It ought to have the highest spreading power.

In our essential function of indicating the better men, we now have formidable competitors outside. McClure's Magazine, the American Magazine, Collier's Weekly, and, in its fashion, the World's Work, constitute together a real popular university along this very line. It would be a pity if any future historian were to have to write words like these: "By the middle of the twentieth century the higher institutions of learning had lost all influence over public opinion in the United States. But the mission of raising the tone of democracy, which they had proved themselves so lamentably unfitted to exert, was assumed with rare enthusiasm and prosecuted with extraordinary skill and success by a new educational power; and for the clarification of their human sympathies and elevation of their human preferences, the people at large acquired the habit of resorting exclusively to the guidance of certain private literary adventures, commonly designated in the market by the affectionate name of ten-cent magazines."

Must not we of the colleges see to it that no historian shall ever say anything like this? Vague as the phrase of knowing a good man when you see him may be, diffuse and indefinite as one must leave its application, is there any other formula that describes so well the result at which our institutions *ought* to aim? If they do that, they do the best thing conceivable. If they fail to do it, they fail in very deed. It surely is a fine synthetic formula. If our faculties and graduates could once collectively come to realize it as the great underlying purpose toward which they have always been more or less obscurely groping, a great clearness would be shed over many of their problems; and, as for their influence in the midst of our social system, it would embark upon a new career of strength.

THE DEMAND PERILOUS

BY

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

GIVE me of thy delight!
Thy wildest laughter bring;
Bring all thy wreathèd magic bright
Of smiles to bless and mock my sight;
Thy merriest music sing!
Thy gladness is my triumphing,
Thy joy my need for toil and fight—
Give me of thy delight!

Give me of thy despair!
Thy sorrow's poisoned wine;
My lips thy cup of wormwood dare,
For thy salt bread I make my prayer:
Tears are more deeply thine
Than laughter, and thy deeps are mine,
Though Shame and Pain inhabit there—
Give me of thy despair!

THE TWISTED CORD

BY

EDITH MACVANE

"DIVORCE him!" said Suz.

I stared at her helplessly. The very violence of the words, like some suddenly hurled bomb, deprived me of the power to combat or to refute them. So there I sat, miserably silent, and listened to the iniquities of my beloved husband as summed up by the lips of this outsider — my cousin Suzanne Harville, who at the time of my own marriage, four years before, had just triumphantly thrown off the shackles of her own; and whose unfailing remedy for all marital ills, like that of the Parisian surgeon for all bodily suffering, was now the knife: "Divorce!"

My husband, the Vicomte d'Arques, had, she declared, neglected me to the point where neglect becomes wilful desertion. Had he not? — had he not? She prodded me for an answer. I hid my face in my hands.

What memories of lonely days and nights her words called up to me! Though, as a matter of fact, until this clever and energetic confidante had pointed out my wrongs to me, I had never begrudged my husband's absorption in his studies. "No, Suz, I did my best to share them!" In spite of my resolution, the tears ran and broke in my voice. "In the first year of our marriage, Suz, I read a whole volume, a volume as thick as *this*, of the Encyclopaedia Orientale, from S to V. And I learned nearly a whole page of Brahman words from the appendix. Then, when I came to him,— little idiot! — thinking to delight him with what his foolish little wife had done to share his pursuits, he laughed at me, Suz, he laughed at me!"

I jumped to my feet and walked about the room. Trifling as was the recollection, it struck a chord of exquisite pain.

Suz followed me with a bustling sympathy. "My poor Florise!" she cried. "Is he, then, of a blindness to disgrace a mole, of a hardness of heart to shame a tax-collector, this husband of yours? — thus pitilessly, openly, to abandon a tender heart like yours for the sake of such a woman as this Laure Dupont!"

"No, no, Suz!" In spite of my pain, I tried to defend my husband from the accusation thus formulated against him.

"I know he works every day with this Madame Dupont, Suz, but her husband is always there too — at least, almost always. They are helping Gaspard with his new book, 'Religions of the East.' It's going to be a wonderful book, Suz! And Madame Dupont is doing some translating for it — Gaspard says her grasp of Eastern language is nothing less than marvelous."

Suzanne broke into sudden hoots of sardonic laughter. "My poor little white goose! And my own husband, when I traced him to the apartment of Henriette de Conti, of the Folies Bergères, declared that it was her exquisite accent in reading English poetry aloud which formed her attraction for him! Bah! The Hindu language, the English language, I mock myself not badly of them both! In such eyes as those of the Conti, of the Dupont, there lies another language more ancient and more bewitching still. Hold — she has brown eyes, I believe, this Laure Dupont?"

From my tortured brain this biting eloquence of my cousin swept away, once and for all, the fond security with which, for the past year, I had viewed my beloved husband's continued association with this other woman — with this woman who could give him the sympathy and aid which were beyond my power. She was a brilliant scholar, yes; but, as Suzanne said, her brown eyes held an enchantment of their own.

Never, indeed, had I realized to the full what it meant, my husband's persistent intimacy with this woman, till its significance was brought home to me by Suzanne's blunt comparison with her own notorious husband and the little singer of the Folies Bergères. For the first time, it seemed to me, my over-innocent soul had been waked to the consciousness of its wrongs. And, in a rising flood of bitterness that nearly strangled me, I sat and listened to my counselor as she proceeded to advise me for the future. The party which, she was informed, Gaspard was planning, to spend a week in our château at Puys, near Fontainebleau — did I intend, now that my eyes were opened to the true significance of my husband's intercourse with this woman, to go there with them this afternoon?

Her words gave me resolution. "No!" I cried in sudden firmness. "No, Suzanne; I give him his choice. Only one woman goes with him to Puys! And if he chooses her ——"

Suzanne patted my hand in warm approval. "And if he chooses her, chérie, and leaves you at home — then, beyond a doubt, he comes home to find you gone?"

I stared at her. "Gone?" I cried.

"And what other step," replied my cousin, with spirit, "will be left to your self-respect? As your lawyers will explain to you later on, it is no more than your right to desert the abandoned hearth. And now, my little Florise, let us arrange details. You will take the midnight train with me, as we planned, for the South?"

"What?" I cried in a kind of horrified misery — "what?" That Suzanne should thus take my husband's choice for granted cut me to the heart; and, furthermore, this fierce decision of her planning almost took my breath away. That I should join my cousin in her trip to visit our grandmother in her villa near Aix-les-Bains — in our conversation yesterday we had mentioned this idle possibility; and here I found we were to take the train to-night!

From this desertion of my home, from this rending of all tender ties that bound me to it, my whole being writhed away in protest; and yet, if Suz should be right — if he should choose, not me, but the other woman!

The madness of jealousy was on me — in my mouth like a bitter taste, in my nostrils like a noxious and strangling vapor. I, the little blonde doll with dimples like a baby, whom everybody petted and patronized — in the frantic delirium which the words of Suz had whipped up in me, I found in myself the force to defy even my husband himself. A fluffy barn-yard chicken measuring its strength against the eagle! But I loved him — with all the heart and strength and passion that were in me, I loved him; and the measure of my wounded love was the measure of my strength.

I faced up steadily to Suzanne's eager, tantalizing gaze.

"Yes, Suzanne! If Gaspard makes the choice that we both fear, then I go with you to Aix to-night. At five minutes after midnight, is it not, the rapide leaves the Gare de Lyons?"

"The Gare de Lyons? yes!" Suzanne repeated my words eagerly. "I will meet you, chérie, in the waiting-room of the first class, at eleven o'clock exactly."

"And if — " I fluttered painfully, " — if Gaspard should, after all, choose differently — if there should be no need for me to leave him —— "

Suzanne shrugged her lean shoulders. "In that case, my Florise, I take the train alone. I grow afraid that our grandmother forgets me. To me, with my slender pittance of divorced wife, her inheritance becomes a matter of more importance than to you, the heiress of a million! However, I have no fear that I take the train alone —— "

Nor — the dear God have pity on me — no more had I!

II

The interview with my husband was, after all, of a less stormy character than I had anticipated. With those calm blue eyes of his bent upon me over his high-heaped library table, it was less easy to voice the degrading suspicions which poisoned my peace than it had been to pour them into the greedily sympathetic ear of Suz.

So like the little coward that I am, I stood before his table and in faltering accents pleaded sudden illness as my excuse for not joining the party to Puys.

He eyed me doubtfully, and, in spite of his expressions of sympathy, I could see that he was vexed at my stubborn resolution to stay at home. "Indeed, my Florise," he urged me, "I wish I could prevail on you to change your mind! This little entertainment at Puys is an attention which we have long owed to our friends the Duponts — and a shabby compliment it will be, mon Dieu! with no hostess there to greet them. For my sake, can't you make the effort, my dear?"

For his sake, anything in earth or heaven — anything, yes, but to show myself complaisant toward her!

"Whether for your sake or for the sake of Madame Dupont," I replied coldly, "I regret, my friend, that the effort which you propose for me is out of the question!"

He glanced up sharply. "My dear child, do you think that I do not understand?"

I clenched my fists, staring up at him. At last, at last, was he beginning to see? He went on with growing severity:

"Do you think that I do not understand, my dear little wife, the attitude which from the first you have taken toward my pursuits and toward the friends who aid me in them? Year by year, with growing pain, I have seen this spirit of the aristocrat show itself in you. If the Vicomtesse d'Arques could see her husband employ himself in amusements which society pronounces fitting for his age and rank, — if she could see him pass his time in racing, in baccara, in consorting with a crowd of the most worthless men and women in Paris,—then, beyond a doubt, all would be pardoned to him! But the quiet life of the scholar, the companionship of students who, though renowned in their own world, are ignorant of chic — no, this is an offense not to be borne!"

My poor husband! So this is how he read my thoughts? Eager protestations were on my lips; almost of themselves, my arms reached themselves out to him — when suddenly, like a poisonous wind, his next words withered the tenderness on my lips:

"And if Madame Dupont's toilettes have not the elegance of your own and of your friends', Florise, if her tongue has not the witty malice of your Cousin Suzanne's, at least she has qualities which you need not wholly disdain and by which she has made herself indispensable to me. To risk estranging her and her husband by the rudeness of withdrawing, at the last moment, an invitation so long settled and so formal as this visit to Puys, is what I cannot afford to do. Come, my child, something tells me that your headache is of the variety which change of air will cure; let me persuade you to reconsider your determination and come with us to Puys!"

With *us!*

I was the outsider, to be at his side or not, as the case might be. Laure Dupont and he, they were the *us!*

The fever of jealousy, for one instant laid by his words of a moment before, mounted again through my veins in a whirling vertigo. Now indeed, though not as openly as I had promised Suz, yet as decisively, I had put the choice to my husband — to stay in Paris with me or to go to Puys with that other woman. And, without so much as a word of regret, without so much as an instant of hesitation, he had chosen to go with her.

It was he himself who had pronounced the doom of our marriage. After this, whatever happened was of his doing, not of mine.

"I will not go," I said. It was all that I had strength to say. Like one in a dream, I stood clutching the edge of the teak-wood table, listening to the cold tones of my husband's voice as they came to me through my dizzy, sounding ears.

The automobile, he informed me, was to leave for Puys at five o'clock. If I chose to be of the party, I should be most welcome; but if I preferred to stay at home, he regretted very much that I should be obliged to stay at home alone.

With her head held high over the most wretched heart in the world, the rebellious chicken marched loftily from the room. So far, perhaps, she had not come off very gloriously in her conflict with the eagle; but a few moments later, as she conferred with her ally over the telephone!

With the valorous Suz at my back, indeed, I could have dared anything. Perhaps, to tell the truth, I slightly enlarged upon the magnificence of the part which I had played in the late conflict with my husband. At any rate, Suz applauded my resolution vigorously.

"Now that he has made his choice," her voice went on with energy, "it is time for us to act immediately upon the information. And to show how little of the unexpected, to a person of experience, there is in this decision of your husband's, I will inform you, my dear——"

"Yes, Suz?" I breathed painfully upon the transmitter. Simple little I, who had fancied there might be doubt which woman he would choose! Suzanne's voice went on briskly:

"On my way home this morning, I stepped in at the office of Master Le Pecq — the same who so cleverly obtained my own divorce four years ago, my treasure! — and laid the case before him. He agreed with me, your husband's conduct is as flagrant as anything that ever came within his notice — and say that *he* has had experience in such matters, my dear! We are to communicate with him, chérie, from Aix. And meanwhile, in order to set the affair marching at once, he drew up for me two formal documents, two verbal processes, to be served at once upon Monsieur your husband and on the charming Madame Laure!"

I shivered. In spite of my bitter determination, there was something in the name of documents so ruthless, so decided!

"He made out the papers, Suz?" I faltered. "And when are they to be served? At once — to-day?"

"My poor little baby, not to-day!" My cousin's spirited accents bespoke her keen enjoyment of the affair. I could not but feel how fortunate I was in having such a friend to aid and to advise me. "No, my dear little imbecile, not to-day! We must wait until he has deserted you, his wife. We must wait till he actually finds himself there at Puys, in company with this woman, before we take this decided step. To-morrow morning at Aix, on our way to our grandmama's, I put these precious documents in the post for you — no sooner, no later, I promise you! And now, for our other arrangements."

"Eleven o'clock this evening, in the waiting-room of the first class, Gare de Lyons — I will not fail you, Suz!" I answered steadily.

"That's my little chérie! And remember, whatever happens, you have a friend that will not fail you, my poor little Florise. And now, au revoir!"

Suzanne's voice, very faint and far-away, vanished in the click of the telephone. Bewildered, palpitating, I hung up the receiver.

The last word had been said; my home lay in ruins around me. But, just the same, I had one friend — a friend without whom, indeed, I should probably have remained to the end as blind as a boiled fish to the hideous necessity of leaving my home at all!

III

It was ten o'clock that night when I rang for my butler and ordered him to call me a fiacre.

My trunk was packed and ready — the little black trunk that I had carried to the convent as a school-girl, that I had used on my wedding voyage, and since then never again. And now, for this sad journey on which I was bent, so few things I packed into my little trunk — so few things! One or two of my simplest dresses, a few necessaries, the jewels my mother had left me, a few tears perhaps — how do I know? Then, with the aid of my maid, I put myself into a dark tailor-made gown, with a close hat and a black veil. Ten minutes after ten! The fiacre was at the door.

They looked very warm and cheerful, the lamp-lit rooms of my home, as I passed for the last time down the staircase, along the foyer, out at the front door into the frosty stillness of the night. Good night, little home! Good-by, little front door!

Victor, my fat maître d'hôtel, labored behind me with my trunk. To him and to my maid I gave merely the brief explanation that, being prevented by my headache from accompanying their master this afternoon, I had now recovered sufficiently to take the midnight train and join him at Puys. For the master of the house himself I left no explanation. The letter to be posted by Suz at Aix in the morning would enlighten him sufficiently on the meaning of this step of mine.

Victor's foot crunched heavily on the snow. The trunk was secured to the roof of the cab. The driver leaned down from his perch, his dark face half hidden by the white wreaths of his breath. His voice, hoarse with the cold, creaked like the cab door which Victor, shivering, held open for me.

"Where, madame?"

"To the Gare de Lyons, and drive quickly!"

Victor slammed the door. The cocher cracked his whip. The wheels crunched on the thin layer of snow which overlay the asphalt of the street.

Behind me, behind me forever, lay my home. Before me — what?

From the Parc Monceau to the Gare de Lyons is a long drive. Crouched back in my furs in the dark corner of the icy box which conveyed me, I had ample leisure for my own sad thoughts.

Through my head, like a knell, rang and rang the last farewell words which my husband, five hours before, had spoken through the closed door of my boudoir: "Good-by, Florise! I am sorry for this." I had replied to his farewell without opening my door. Why, indeed, should I open to the husband who, leaving me sick and alone behind him, went off voluntarily to spend his time with another woman?

That other woman! Even now he was with her, down there at Puys, where we had spent our honeymoon together. Did he take her to the greenhouse to gather winter roses, as he had me? Did he give her the same tender glances, the same sweet nonsensical pet-words, which once had been mine alone? "My little blue rabbit, good night!" The absurdity of the dignified Laure Dupont, Oriental scholar and grande amoureuse, being addressed as any one's little blue rabbit struck me with a strange jarring pain. I rocked back and forth, twisted with hysterical laughter, there in the darkness of my cab.

As I did so, my eye was suddenly and perforce dragged from the torturing contemplation of my own thoughts to the darkness of the night outside. But why should it be dark, the Paris night?

In a little thin shock of foreboding, I breathed on the frost-whitened pane of the carriage. How slowly the opacity of the crystals dissolved beneath my breath and the nervous gestures of my muff! How dark it was outside! How far we had driven on our road to the station I knew not, but where were the lights of the boulevards — where the flaming brilliancy of cafés and shops?

Through the little moist circle of transparency my questioning eyes glared out. Then my heart stood still in I know not what constriction of fear. For all around me, instead of lamp-lit windows and hurrying crowds and the cheerful brightness of city life, I beheld, in endless dim perspective, the quiet trunks of trees.

Their slim stalks showed black and unmistakable against the whiteness of the ground about them. Through their bare branches came the faint glimmer of the stars. The carriage-wheels labored slowly in a deeper snow than any that lay upon the boulevards.

I was in the Bois de Boulogne! He had brought me to the Bois — the Bois in its winter solitude, frost-bound, deserted, silent.

"What stupidity!" I said to myself, disowning the faint trickle of fear which the sight of those dim trees distilled upon my soul. "What stupidity! I asked for the Gare de Lyons, and he is taking me to one of the suburbs — Chatou, Asnières, perhaps." I pulled the strap that lowered the window. The glass fell with a crash.

"Cocher!" I cried out sharply, "cocher! You have made a mistake. Turn about — to the Gare de Lyons as quickly as you can take me!"

The dark shape on the box did not move. The horse continued his slow, laborious trot. Deaf, silent, indifferent, they seemed no more than a part of the cold inanimate nature which hemmed me in. In the miseries of my marriage I thought I had known solitude; but now, for the first time in my life, I knew what it was to be alone.

Again I cried out, this time more insistently, in rising amazement and fear. Was the man really deaf, or merely drunk? In sudden anger, I leaned from the window and struck his arm with my umbrella.

"Cocher!" I cried again. And again he did not move.

There was an unnaturalness in this immobility of his which caught me suddenly by the throat like a murderous hand. Wild memories came into my mind of tales I had heard of men who had died so at their post. Was it possible those were lifeless hands which held the reins above me, and the horse was taking his own way unguided through this deserted pleasure-ground of Paris?

Fear seized on me — for the first time in my life, primitive physical fear. It was not at being alone here in the wilderness at midnight that I sickened; it was at the thought of being here alone with Death.

I twisted the handle of the door. The horse, startled by my cries, had quickened his pace to a brisk trot. Nevertheless, as the door swung open I prepared to spring into the darkness. The snow offered but a treacherous footing; I poised my foot for one instant on the step. Suddenly the stillness was shivered by a new sound — a voice hoarse and grating as the hinges of the unoiled door.

"Will you sit still, madame?"

For the moment, my relief at finding Life and not Death there above me was so great as almost to drive out all fear at the enigmatical quality of the man's actions. "Where are you taking me?" I cried out again, as I obeyed his sudden word. "I said, to the Gare de Lyons. Turn about and drive me there as quickly as you can!"

For answer he cracked his whip, and his horse broke into a canter — but always in the same direction, always deeper into the deserted solitudes of the forest. With echoing bangs that shivered the silence around us, the open door swung back and forth, back and forth. I sat bolt upright, staring out at the dim tree-trunks which whirled past me.

Further misunderstanding was impossible. It was not the helplessness of death, it was not the stupidity of a blunder, which had brought me here to this shadowy wilderness in the heart of a great city. The man had heard me, had understood me, yet he refused either to obey my directions or to let me go. For his action there could be only one explanation — crime.

The horse's pace mounted suddenly to a gallop. The cab, laboring in the snow, rocked from side to side. The open door swung monotonously to and fro with heavy claps that threatened each one to shiver the flimsy vehicle beneath me. I sat clutching the cushions of the seat, while the icy wind of our flight sent my skirts whipping about my ankles and froze the tears of terror on my cheeks.

How long our flight continued, through snowy avenues and deserted alleyways, I had no idea. Only, once through the flying air there was borne to me the sound of thin, silvery chimes from some distant church-tower — eleven o'clock.

And Suz, waiting for me in the warmth and light and security of the waiting-room of the first class, Gare de Lyons,—in grumbling perplexity taking the train without me,— what would she say when I did not come? What would she think?

What was there to think, indeed? What would there be to think? What would be left of me, Florise, when this man had done with me?

I clutched the cushions of the cab. Yes, poor Suz was waiting for me; but down there, down there at Puys, one was not waiting for me — one amused himself not badly without this poor little Florise! So vividly as to blot out the dark solitudes which whirled monotonously past me, so poignantly as to drive from my brain all present consciousness of fear, a picture rose in my brain — Gaspard leaning across the library table toward the queenly

Laure. She arched her white neck at him and her brown eyes smiled into his. . . .

With such a picture as that in my mind, why should I fear death? If it was only death to which this man devoted me, then why should I be afraid?

And if it were worse than death —— My trembling hands crept to my hat. Armed with the murderous modern stiletto which every woman wears there ready to her need, I should have no fears for my power to put myself, if need be, beyond the reach of his wickedness.

"Good-by, Gaspard!" He did not know; it was impossible that, beyond the natural shock of horror, beyond the requirements of decency, he should care. But he had cared once. And there, in the whirling darkness, it seemed to me that I saw that old smile of his beside me, that I heard his dear voice in its old tones of whimsical, caressing tenderness:

"My little blue rabbit, good night!"

Suddenly, with a shock that sent the horse plunging through the snow, the cab came to a full stop. The driver, leaping heavily to the ground, paused for the dreadful space of a moment to blanket his animal. Then, stepping back over the creaking snow to the open door of his carriage, he stood silent before me in the darkness.

IV

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked.

I was not afraid—no, I was not afraid! Yet my voice broke curiously, like a thread of rusty wire. The man's reply was brief:

"Say your prayers, madame!"

It is a strange thing, mon Dieu! the love of life that is in us. For the past year I had said it, oh! how often to myself — for the past few hours I had believed it with my whole soul: "Jealousy is cruel as the grave." Welcome, welcome death, I had said, and believed it, that should deliver me from the tortures of my forsaken love!

Yet, when here in this dark, unknown shape, in these hoarse and ominous words, Death himself stood before me, Life leaped up in my veins with a mad clamor that bore down every other feeling before it. I had thought these eyes of mine ready to close on a world which had betrayed them? I had believed this warm body of mine willing to lie down as cold and quiet as its couch which Love had left?

No, no! Blind and imperious, the will to live rose up through heart and brain. Every drop of blood tingled separately in my veins; it seemed to me that my very hair quivered in the hot insistency of life. Unhappy, if you will, deserted, heartbroken, if you will — but, at any price, the vividness and splendor of life! Anything, anything, but the cold and supine humiliation which should bring me down to the level of the snow beneath my feet!

And that moment, together with all doubts as to the value of life, it seemed to me that my childish weakness dropped away from me. Florise, the terrified chicken who had retreated helplessly before the sweet eyes made by another woman to her husband, who had taken the advice of the first officious friend she met and had run away from that husband rather than demand the explanation which was her right — here, in the presence of real peril, of immediate death, where was the babyish imbecility which had made of living so difficult a problem?

My head was suddenly clear, my throat was steady. I was not afraid. With the will to live had come the pride of life — a strength, an alertness of soul, which I had never known before. In that moment in which it was revealed to me that I must fight for my life, it seemed to me that the good God had suddenly put the weapons for the struggle into my hand.

Say my prayers — yes, indeed, for the strength to fight!

"What are you intending to do, my good man?" I asked sternly.

In the quick turn of his head I could see amazement at my resolution. Then he spoke. His voice was hoarse and seemed to come with difficulty.

"I am going to kill you, madame," he replied slowly.

The dreadful simplicity of the words hit me like a bullet. For one instant my flesh wavered; then, with the new strength which Heaven had given me, I faced him.

"Here, in Paris? You forget yourself, monsieur!" I said with resolute contempt. "Here, with the protection of the laws and the police all around me?"

He laughed a little, secret laugh. "Here beneath the trees of the Bois? No, madame! I know well, you see, the spot to which I have brought you. As well search in the grave for human life as in these frozen gardens on a midnight of December! But if you believe that within reach of your voice there exists any human creature but me to hear your cries, then scream. I myself will help you. Scream, my beauty, scream!"

For the first time, perhaps, I realized the full isolation of my position, as the man before me, throwing back his head in the darkness, shouted with sudden startling force, "Help! Help!" in hoarse cries breaking from thin treble to raucous bass. The mocking words hurled themselves out into the frosty stillness of the night: "Police! Murder! Murder!"

The harsh cry died away under the stars. I listened — it seemed to me that the whole force of body and soul was concentrated in listening. The night was windless and very still. Somewhere near me, a twig snapped in the forest. From the dim shape before me the breath came in little sharp puffs of exhaustion after his recent fierce effort of voice. Beyond this, there was no sound. The minutes went by — the seconds, the hours, how do I know? In fading hope, in creeping despair, I listened, listened. Not a footstep, not an answering cry. The half-seen assassin before me had spoken the truth: he knew well indeed the spot to which he had brought me!

In the very despair of the moment I found a new strength. Now it was plain to me that if any hand and brain in the world were to save this poor life of mine, it must be my own and none other; and if at any moment the attempt were to be made, it must be now and no later, because the next moment might be too late. With fingers that hardly trembled, I pulled off my gloves. The diamond cluster that Gaspard had given me on our engagement, the two solitaires that had been my mother's, I stripped them from my fingers; I held them out to him. The diamonds winked in the blackness.

"Here are my rings, my good man," I said hastily; "here is my purse — you will find in it a bill of a thousand francs, besides loose gold. In my trunk there is a string of valuable pearls — they are yours. I have not seen your face — I am unable, even if I wished to do so, to denounce you to the police. Take the jewels and money, drive away and leave me. I can find my way back alone!"

Thrusting the valuables into his hand, I stepped determinedly out upon the snow. The next instant a heavy hand had forced me back upon my seat, while the purse fell clinking to the floor of the cab.

For the moment I sat shrinking, quivering, clutching my spurned diamonds. The metal circlets were icy as I mechanically slipped them back upon my fingers. If not for robbery, then for what motive would he kill me? I shivered as I ran the ready hat-pin through the fur of my coat, through the lace of my blouse beneath, through till the cold point of it pricked my skin. Whatever might happen, I was ready. But, till that last desperate necessity, I would fight, I would fight!

Unscrewing one of the carriage-lamps from its frame, the man turned suddenly back to me. The orange flare of the light was full on his face. "This shows you, madame, whether I fear your denunciation of me!" he said, with a laugh.

His face, lit by the glaring shaft of lamplight, was lean and weather-beaten to a strange blackness beyond that imprinted by any Northern sun. His eyes, which glistened full on me, like the barrels of a revolver, were light and full of an odd, dancing fire. His lips quivered in a smile. In his whole aspect there was something indescribably gay and flickering and triumphant. The shudder of a new and hideous thought ran down my spine — it is not with such a face as this that a sane man stands forth to kill!

The horror of this sudden thought grew, and confirmed itself with his next words:

"Your jewels, madame? Name of a name, I mock myself not badly of your jewels! I will leave them here upon your body. It is your life that I must take from you — do you understand? Your life, to offer as a sacrifice of blood!"

Now I saw — now I understood. The horrid mystery of the business, intangible before, was now crystallized to a certainty prosaic enough. Yet before the savage irrationality of the man's words and actions, before the dancing merriment of his eyes, my soul shrank away in a helplessness more piercing than before the most ruthless of criminals. For rationality, even in a would-be murderer, at least forms a basis on which to plead for life. But the warped soul which uttered those monstrous words, which glared at me from those eyes — how to touch it, how to approach it? In the laughing, sunburned face before me I could read the idea of my own death written like a kind of maniacal possession. Yet even in that desperate moment my new-born strength did not desert me; and with both hands I clutched at life, past the murderous purpose of the fanatic who held me here in this snow-filled solitude.

"But I am not worthy to be offered as a sacrifice," I said breathlessly. "It is only the very pure and innocent who deserve that honor. And my heart is, oh, so wicked!" For the first time, as I poured out my desperately invented excuses, I began, perhaps, to suspect the real worthiness of my own motives and actions. "So wicked, if you only knew! So full of foul thoughts and black suspicions and broken faith and every kind of cruelty — it would be an insult to Heaven, indeed, to offer such a sacrifice!"

He lifted the lantern high. How cold it was! In spite of my resolution, I shook like a smitten wire as those bright eyes ran through me. Then he shook his head with a smile.

"You an unworthy sacrifice? No, ma

belle! It is for such as you that I have been searching! Yes; you are blonde — you are young — you are fair, you are very fair. It is such victims as you that she loves."

His voice, exhaling itself in frozen wreaths of breath, fell to a hoarse whisper. I caught at his last word:

"She — *she?*"

For answer, he unbuttoned his overcoat of drab cloth, then felt in unknown recesses of coats beneath. Slowly he drew from some inner pocket a something evidently very precious, a something that needed to be unwound and disentangled before, glistening in the lamp-light, it was held out to me.

There in his bare palm lay a ball of tarnished silver, delicately fashioned, as closer inspection showed, into the likeness of a woman's head. Above the forehead two wings were folded. From the eye-sockets two emeralds stared up at me with a snaky, unwinking light. And coiled beside it, as it were the spires of the snake itself, writhed the sinuous length of a twisted catgut cord.

In an uncontrollable gesture, my hands flew to my throat. My eyes, immovable as those of the image herself, remained fixed upon the silver head.

The cruel beauty of that head — this was not the first time that my eyes had looked upon it! In a mechanical shock of memory, my mind flew back from the icy peril in which I stood to the warm security of my husband's library, to the green-shaded lamps and the difficult pages of the Encyclopaedia Orientale.

I had sighed, had I not, because they had failed to serve my purpose, to bring me admittance to my husband's thought, those difficult pages from S to V? But now, in this moment when I stood face to face with death, the desultory knowledge thus painfully acquired came to me as the sole weapon which might serve me in my struggle for life. At least, I knew now who and what he was, this man before me — something of his history and his thoughts, something of the impulses which guided that diseased brain of his.

I smiled at him with tremulous lips which strove to hide their repulsion. Then I spoke, very softly.

"Thug!" I said.

V

With a sudden convulsive start the man recoiled from me. The image, dangling from its cord, fell with a soft thud into the snow. He picked it up, brushing the white particles from it with a reverential tenderness. Then he faced me with defiant eyes.

"Yes, madame, a thug!" he said, with something like pride in his hoarse tones. Then, in an irrepressible curiosity:

"How did you know, madame?"

I faced him steadily. Little by little, in this hour of my extreme need, the bits of half-forgotten lore pieced themselves together in my straining brain. "I know more things than that," I answered slowly. "If I should tell you her name, this goddess of yours ——"

Over the flickering fire of his eyes there fell as it were a film of hesitation. "You cannot do it, madame!"

In a wild gesture, half of desperation, half as it were of worship, I stretched out my hands toward the sullen image in his hand. "The all-powerful!" I cried — "the all-devouring! Some serve her with the cord that strangles quietly, some with the creese that sucks the life-blood — but all, all, with the life for which she clamors, with the destined life with which she is never fed. Bowhanee, holy one! Great, terrible Bowhanee!"

"What?" stammered the fanatic hoarsely. "What, you know, madame?" Picking up the lantern, he surveyed me for the second time. He thrust his bright, greedy eyes down close to mine, as I stood there on the step of the cab. How tall he was, and how little, how little was I! In his right hand, moreover, he held the murderous cord; yet in his eyes there was something like fear of the little woman before him, as his lips broke into sudden hoarse protestations.

"It is impossible that you should know these sacred mysteries of Thuggee, madame, and yet — name of a name! — had you not known what you do know, you had been dead at this very moment! Bowhanee! You know the great Bowhanee! And yet, how do you know her?"

He remained staring at me, muttering between lips that fumbled in bewilderment. That knowledge should be common, and diffused for all to read, of the secret sect whose hideous mysteries had for so many years drenched India with blood — such a possibility evidently was beyond his comprehension.

"I do not understand it!" he said again; "for madame, as it is easy to see by the whiteness of her skin, has never been in the Indies — and where else, I ask you, does one learn of these things? It was while I was in Cochin-China on my military service — the 64th Corps of Marines, madame — that these sacred secrets were unfolded to me. In the ancient temple on the hill above Rajanee, where the old babu watches the fire that never dies — there, six weeks' voyage from France, the cord was twisted and blessed and given to me, the sacred name of Bowhanee was whispered in my ear. But you, madame!"

Into my shivering horror of the murderous maniac before me crept, for the instant, a little pang of comprehension and pity. The government which had sent him to those poisonous antipodes, the fierce Eastern sun which had burned up the vital forces of his brain, the bloody fanatics who had seized possession of his enfeebled spirit — it was they, perhaps, who were to be blamed, not he. In a sudden impulse that was almost sympathy, I stretched out my hands to him.

"No matter where or how, monsieur — but, you see, I know her, your great Bowhanee! And I know the risks you run" — fiercely my thoughts ran backward, questioning those half-remembered pages — "and I know the risks you run of her anger should you strangle in her honor some one upon whom she has not set her sign. The sign, monsieur, the sacred sign — what sign has she given to you that I am the victim she desires?"

In the earnestness of my pleading, my outstretched hands almost touched the deadly cord which writhed, ready for my neck, in the brown claw before me. With a suspicious gesture, my adversary flung away from me. The flame of his unsteady eyes flashed sudden mockery into my face.

"Ah, would you, madame?" With a deliberate gesture, he wound the free end of the cord in an intricate knot about the thumb and index-finger of his right hand. Then, always with that wavering glance of his full on me, he laid the lantern on the snowy ground. He raised his arm. My hands flew to my neck. So quickly, so quickly as this, was it coming to me?

His hand flew out, the twisted catgut sang in the air. I drew in my painful breath. As freely as ever it came. I turned in bewilderment. There about the bare iron rod of the lantern-rest beside the driver's seat, the artfully flung cord had wrapped itself. From its tightly drawn circles the silver weight which controlled its flight hung, dangling heavily. The emerald eyes of the carved face winked at me with a dull, fishy gleam. "Madame sees," he observed, with an obvious relish of his own skill, "how it is done!"

I saw, yes. Then, as his bony hands skilfully unwound the cord from its iron quarry, I saw, in quick, vivid vision, another picture — those same hands, a few minutes later, disentangling the twisted cord for a second time; and I saw my own throat with a thin scarlet thread encircling the whiteness on which, vain little imbecile! I had once prided myself.

Again he raised his arm. The lantern on the ground at his feet flung strange moving shadows on the snowy tree-trunks behind him. I collected my forces for a last furious attempt. So much advantage gained, was I to abandon the fantastic defense which already, by the murderer's own confession, had gained for me a few extra moments of life? How far the point which I had urged against him had its basis in actual fact my groping recollections of Thuggee hardly gave me knowledge; but, even so, it was my sole defense.

"Wait!" I said.

He lowered his arm. A smile of pleasurable excitement flickered on his lips. "Madame is right," he said politely. "That high fur collar that she wears will, beyond a doubt, impede the delicacy of the cord's action and much delay the process of death. If madame wishes to avoid unnecessary inconvenience, I advise her to bare her neck ——"

I burst into shrieks of laughter — wild, hysterical laughter that echoed away in ripples among the trees. "The process of death?" I cried in furious defiance. "But I am not going to die! You know, and I know, your goddess has given no sign that I am her appointed sacrifice — and you know as well as I what penalties wait for the impious worshiper who sends to her a life which she has not destined for her own. An appeal! To Bowhanee herself I demand an appeal! Let her speak in her own voice, in her own way, by whatever test you prefer. But let her, let *her* decide whether my soul is to be sent to her to-night!"

His gleaming eyes considered me uncertainly. It was evident that the delay was cruel to him; and yet, whether in the obscure penalties with which I threatened him or in the deathless fascination of the offered test by chance, it was evident that my words struck some responsive note in his fanatical brain. He shook his head slowly.

"But how?" in grating accents he answered me. "But how shall she speak, madame? By lot? In the casting of dice? In the fall of the die, indeed, her finger might point out the way to us. Madame has no dice, I suppose?"

"No," I answered. The sickness of disappointment was on me. Was it to a chance as wanton, as absolute, as this that my last appeal for life was to be intrusted? Then a sudden idea, suggested by his words, held out to me a flickering gleam of hope. I had once heard that in the spinning of a coin there was a faint chance for the dexterous hand to control the cast.

"No," I cried resolutely; "I have no dice, monsieur, but here in my purse are gold louis in whose fall the goddess can speak as clearly as in the dice!" I opened my purse with frantic haste. The gold pieces dropped about me in the snow. I held one up to him, a double louis. "You see?" I cried eagerly. "Call while I spin — call, monsieur, heads or tails!"

"But where will you spin it, madame?" he asked doubtfully. "We must do all in order; we must have a table, we must have lights." He paused for a moment, then his lean arms flew upward. Above me there was a sudden grinding thump; then my little black trunk shot downward into the snow. "Our table, madame!" he said triumphantly.

Turning it on end, he perched the freed carriage-lamp upon it. I stepped from the cab door. The noise of the snow was crisp beneath my feet. Before me, behind me, the white road lost itself in the darkness; on either side were the shadowy walls of the tree-trunks; the air was cold and still like that of a vault.

"After you, madame!" My opponent's voice showed his kindling excitement. His face, as he leaned forward into the clear circle of lamp-light, showed a bright scarlet spot on either cheek. The white cloud of his breath came in pants like that of a wrestler. It was evident the fever of his delirium was mounting fast.

Pray God, the fixity of his delusion might at least not pass beyond its own control — pray the dear God, the coin fall for me!

I stood before him, the lamp-lit table of the little black trunk between us. I held out the coin. For the first time I became aware that, though my frozen breath hung in icicles on my furs, my hands were bare. But I was not sensible of the cold.

"On the single toss, madame?"

I shrank desperately from the notion, for the first time realizing the full terror of the arbitrament to which I had come. One single chance of life — no, that I could not face!

"Two out of three, monsieur!" I answered faintly.

He nodded. I stretched out my hand. Could any dexterity remain in those frost-nipped fingers?

"Heads!" I cried as he tossed.

The gold coin spun in the air, chinked upon the copper band of the trunk. Like one in a dream, I heard the hoarse voice of my adversary:

"Heads it is, madame!"

Which was uttermost in my mind, triumph at my success or the sick regret that I had not made of this first toss the single decisive test? But still I had gained one, I had gained one! My opponent, picking the coin from the table, shot toward me one hungry gleam of his unsteady eyes.

"Tails!" he cried in grating tones, as I spun the coin, and the gold chinked again upon the metal of the trunk. With a little prayer, I leaned forward. But this time he had not answered my prayer, the good God. In the yellow glare of the lamplight, the reverse side of the golden coin winked up at me.

I took in my breath and swallowed hard. For the first time, it seemed to me, I had become conscious of the cold. The sharp pain of chilblains shot through my naked fingers, and my knees wavered under me. I felt strangely benumbed, strangely weak. But still I must fight! One chance of life at least remained to me.

"For the last time, which of us shall spin the coin, madame?" My opponent's harsh voice wavered and hesitated, then broke in a sudden harsh chuckle.

"I have it!" he said. "Bowhanee herself, she shall make the cast."

Holding his hand high in the air, he dropped the silver image heavily toward the table. Like the flicker of a white ray of light, the catgut cord unwound itself. The ominous head swung slowly to and fro.

At my faint, irrepressible exclamation of horror, my would-be assassin glanced up at me. "Not yet, madame!" His tongue, shooting out from beneath his teeth, licked his lips with a curiously bloodthirsty suggestion. "Not yet, but in a moment, it shall be your turn! And now, call your choice, madame!"

Upon the flat top of the silver head he skilfully poised the coin. I shut my eyes. I had fought so hard — I had so nearly, so nearly gained! And now, was the advantage all but won by my distracted efforts to be placed at the mercy of a blindly twirling coin?

"Heads!" I called shrilly. The man before me flicked the gleaming lash of the cord — the gold piece shot into the air. It seemed to me that, anticipating its possible doom, my throat was already bound in a deadly stricture that stopped my breath.

For the third time, the clear note of the gold rang out in the silence. The next instant my breath was released from my tortured throat in a great, struggling sob. Before me, glimmering in the yellow rays of the lantern, shone the cynical profile of the Emperor Louis Napoleon — surely never to any eyes, in life or in death, so lovely as to mine!

"Heads!" Slowly the form before me straightened itself. "You were right, madame," the hoarse voice proclaimed in accents of passionate regret. "She rejects you; the goddess Bowhanee rejects my sacrifice!"

I turned. My one thought was flight —

flight before the maniac's wavering impulse should perhaps disown the decision which for the moment governed it. But his harsh tones suddenly arrested me:

"No, madame! Since your life is useless to the goddess, why fling it away in this frozen waste of trees? Voilà, madame — jump into the cab; I myself will drive you back to your destination."

His tones were imperious. I paused, panting. My eye fell on the deadly line of twisted catgut which fell about his fingers. Reading my thought, he coiled it hastily and replaced it in the secret recesses of his greatcoat.

"To wait for the next," he said, with a hungry smile — "the appointed, the heaven-sent victim! As for you, you are as safe as my own horse here, madame. And now, to the Gare de Lyons, did you say?"

From the silence, from the darkness, from the very river of Death whose mists had so recently parted to give me a glimpse of the mystery beneath, these practical words of his called me back. Not all the protestations in the world, perhaps, could so have reassured me of my present safety. And, besides, unless I trusted myself to his conveyance, what choice had my exhausted limbs but to stumble to certain death in this trackless desert of snow?

Frantically I turned back to the fiacre.

"Quickly, quickly!" I panted, "as quickly as you can, drive me away from this spot!"

Hastily replacing his lamp, the driver mounted to his box. Then he turned. I shuddered. But the words which his harsh voice uttered were harmless enough:

"But the trunk, madame?"

"What do I care for the trunk? Let it lie there — I want to get back to the city again!"

He cracked his whip in a welcome obedience. "The Gare de Lyons, you said, madame?"

To the Gare de Lyons, at the other end of the city? But midnight had already come and gone, how long since I could not guess. Before I could attain my destination there would be no longer any impatient Suz waiting for me in the waiting-room of the first class; the train which was to bear me to liberty would be already speeding on its way to the South.

"To Number 164 Parc Monceau!" I commanded feebly. The horse, impatient from his long delay, broke into a trot which bore me swiftly over the snowy avenue. What were they, after all, the life, the home, to which I was going back again?

Blotted in the corner of the cab, I stared dully from the window. My hands, linked together in my muff, touched each other like two limp icicles. Hardly there remained in my soul the force to rejoice at the sudden cheerful blaze of the city lights.

The unhinged brain to which for the second time I had intrusted myself was evidently bent on performing its agreement with me. Down the familiar streets we flashed. All at once, before a well-known door the cab came to a sudden stop. "Voilà, madame!" cried a raucous voice from the box.

My half-frozen fingers fumbled with the handle of the door. The house before me was dark. Would Victor still be awake, I asked myself numbly, to let me in? An unspeakable sense of weakness and desolation lay upon me as I stumbled out from the cab upon the icy sidewalk. Then my wearied eyes shut themselves in a suddenly dazzled pang. As I turned I found myself face to face with the glaring acetylene search-lamps of a waiting automobile.

"Florise!" cried a sudden voice — a dear, well-known voice. I opened my eyes. Hurrying down the dark steps from the unlit door before me appeared a tall fur-clad shape.

"Gaspard!" I cried, "Gaspard!"

I clung to his arm. What comfort, what relief unspeakable, in that friendly, familiar touch!

"My Florise! You here alone, after midnight?"

My numbed brain fumbled with the sharp necessity of explanation. If in the afternoon I had lacked the courage to inform him of my intention to leave his house, how reveal it to him now? And yet, how conceal it from him? A swift pang of relief shot through my tortured brain. The trunk, the betraying trunk! It was no longer here on the roof of the cab that still waited beside me! It was left behind, harmless, innocent of identifying initial or name, in the deserted wilderness of the Bois!

"I wanted to say good-by to Suz," I faltered; "she left on the midnight train for Aix."

"And a good riddance!" responded my husband briefly. Then, with sudden urgency:

"Come, chérie, have you paid your cab?"

A laugh rose choking in my throat. I thought of my double louis, with which I had juggled for my life, and which still remained in the palm that gathered up the reins beside us!

"Good night, m'sieu et 'dame!"

I seized Gaspard by the arm. It was, beyond a doubt, my duty to denounce the dangerous lunatic who even then was slipping away to lose himself in the unnamed myriads of the city. But how to do it without exposing this dear head that I loved to the deadly coils of that weighted cord? Even at this moment, it seemed to me that I saw the thin white murderous line fly past us. No; my strength was at an end. The next victim must take his chance as I had done. "Come, Gaspard, come!"

The next moment my husband and I stood together in the unlighted foyer of our home. I heard his fingers fumbling for the electric lights. Steadying myself against an unseen chair, I spoke quickly, for I knew that my overstrained forces of body and soul were fast slipping from me.

"Gaspard, why did you come home from Puys?"

He laughed boyishly in the darkness. "Why, to tell you the truth, my treasure,— sapristi, where is that sacred light? — why, to own the truth, when dinner was done I began to think of the little wife that I had left sick and alone behind me. So, all of a sudden, up I jumped and left them laboring there in the library — Monsieur Dupont over the folios, and his fair Laure tapping the type-writer at his dictation. They cried out, I promise you, at my deserting our night's work before it had fairly begun! But I leaped into the automobile, and here I am!"

He had come back to me — away from his beloved work, away from her — from her — of his own free will he had come back to me! My doubt, my misery, all had been for nothing. He loved me, he loved me, after all!

But together with the bliss of the moment there was borne to my failing brain, like the thin layer of slime that rolls beneath a sparkling river, a sudden hideous remembrance: the two letters, sealed and irreclaimable, which Suz would post in Aix in the morning — the two unspeakable letters which should reveal to my husband, which should expose to the eyes of a stranger, the black insult which his wife had secretly prepared for him!

Suddenly on well-known walls and furniture the lights flashed up. Through the gray mist that clung before my eyes I saw Gaspard turning toward me. "And now, my little blue rabbit — Florise, Florise, what is the matter?"

I heard his footsteps run toward me, I felt his dear arms about me. His voice was in my ear: "Florise, my darling! Florise, chérie!"

His arms were about me, that was all I knew. Then I knew no more.

VI

All the next day in my darkened room I lay waiting — waiting for the blow to fall.

Even in my full health and strength, what would there have been for me to do? It was in passing through Aix that Suz was to put those infamous letters in the post; and to reach her in Aix I had no address.

That she had taken the train I could not doubt. With what energy had she declared her purpose to make this promised visit to our grandmother, in order to make sure of her share of the inheritance! And those letters, informing Madame Dupont and the Vicomte d'Arques that divorce proceedings were opened on the most flagrant of counts by Master Le Pecq, acting for the Vicomtesse d'Arques — yes, she had those unspeakable letters in her bag. And in her heart what a wanton spirit of mischief, what an envious spite at the happiness of others, what a shallow, unheeding malignancy of thought and word!

"Divorce him!" she had said to me. And, weak, despicable little fool that I was, I had obeyed her.

Suz, Suz it was who had built up the whole wicked edifice of black doubt and unspeakable suspicion. She had declared to me, and proved to me, that my husband was untrue. And yet, to give her the lie, back from the side of the suspected woman, back over the icy midnight road from Fontainebleau, my husband had come to me; moved only by tender thoughts of the wife who had doubted him, he had come back to me. And to what a welcome, but for the merciful waywardness of chance that had brought me home again!

What would he suffer when it was disclosed to him what thoughts I had harbored? What pain would be his if, moved by the selfish desire of relieving my own overcharged heart, I forestalled the dreadful possibility which hung over me by confessing the whole shameful truth to him at once? — to him who, in so simple and undoubting a faith, had accepted my flimsy excuse for my last night's untimely prowl!

Lost, lost in terror of the future was the haunting horror of last night. My life, that was safe — but my love?

In furious, feverish insistency, I turned to the white-robed nursing Sister who sat beside my bed. I besought her to send for my husband. Were it the last word which I might speak on earth, I cried to her, I must speak to him, and at once!

Reluctantly she obeyed me. A few moments later my dear Gaspard, with the laborious smile which one wears before the sick and with the evening paper swinging jauntily from his fingers, came tiptoeing into my room.

"Eh bien, our little Florise! So she begins to come to herself after her illness of last night ——"

I flung up a tremulous hand. In spite of his determined cheerfulness, I read in his face something changed, something ominous.

"Gaspard! What has happened?"

He turned with a sharp gesture of the hand that held the newspaper. Then he smiled determinedly down at me. "My little Florise! what should have happened?"

The newspaper! Into what hideous publicity had Suzanne's precipitance with the lawyers led me? "Gaspard! let me see that paper!"

In the resolute cheerfulness, the artificial gaiety, with which he denied the desired sheet to me I read a sickening confirmation of my worst fears. "Gaspard, I implore you!"

"Patatras! My little Florise, is a child who has spent the day in bed with a chill to be allowed to strain her eyes over the vile print of a Parisian journal? Hold, chérie — if you are so anxious for the evening news, I will read it to you."

Bending the paper away from my eyes with a solicitude which more than ever confirmed my torturing suspicions, he scanned the sheet before him.

"'Elopement of an English Governess with' — ha, hum! 'Anarchists Active in Russia' — ah, but here is something that may amuse you!" He paused, running over the column with a hurried eye. "Here's a tale of a cabman, a poor devil of a returned marine, suddenly taken mad on his box — but, very luckily, overcome and given in charge to the police by his passenger, a lady from Chicago. She beat him into submission, it appears, with her umbrella and her Baedeker!"

Amazement, relief, horror at the dreadful recollection thus evoked — at another time, these might have thrilled through my brain. But that other fear that lay cold over me, that stared at me from my husband's fumbling, downcast eyes!

I raised myself frantically upon my elbow. "Gaspard, show me that paper!"

Still he hesitated. In the curt monosyllable which symbolized for me the whole miserable history of my past weakness and imminent ruin, I gasped out my question:

"Suz? Tell me the truth! Has Suz ——"

"What?" cried Gaspard sharply. "Then you know?"

We remained staring at each other. "Gaspard, let me see that paper!"

For answer he clicked the electric light at the head of my bed and held up the evening *Figaro* before my eyes.

There in dazzling, dancing capitals the headlines stared down at me:

"Horrible Calamity on the Railway of the Midi. The Express for Aix-les-Bains Plunges over the Embankment into the Marne. The Work of Recovering the Drowned Passengers Already Begun."

I stared dully. "Suz was in that train," I whispered.

With solemn eyes Gaspard nodded at me. "The body of Madame Harville, of Paris," he replied briefly, "has been already identified among those taken from the river."

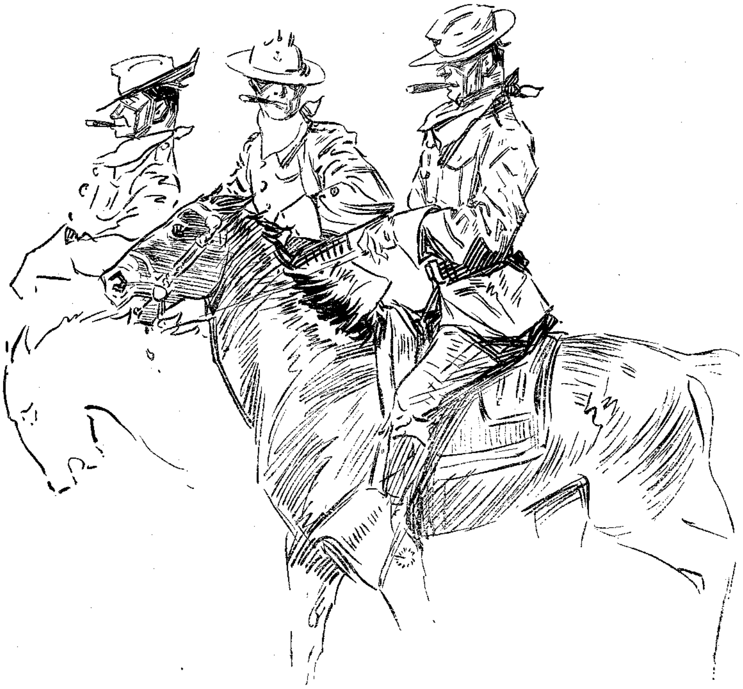
I lay very still, with my eyes closed. But I saw this poor Suz, very still, with the dripping hair. And past her — must I own it? — a vision of the papers she had carried, dissolved and whirled away in the icy waters of the Marne. As from an infinite distance, I heard Gaspard's dear tones in my ear:

"Florise! My little treasure! Do not let your mind dwell on this painful catastrophe in your present weakness. My faith, we must talk to you of more cheerful things. Let your Gaspard tell you how he loves you — let him tell you what resolutions he made last night, flying back over that frosty road, to be a better husband to this dear little woman than he has been in the past. Never again to leave her uncared for,— poor little lonely child! — flying about Paris in strange fiacres as she did last night!" Suddenly his tone changed; he laughed a little troubled, hesitating laugh. "For it is strange, my little adored one," he added, "how that thought haunts me since I read that paragraph. Suppose, chérie, suppose it had been you that had taken that madman's cab!"

I lay very still, with my cheek warm against my husband's. For the first time, I realized the mysterious depth of the mercy which had been accorded to me.

Suppose I had taken that madman's cab last night?

I shuddered. Suppose I had not, where should I be now — where should I be now?



A PAIR OF DIAMONDS

BY

WILL ADAMS

AUTHOR OF "THE KNUCKLE-PUSHER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

EVEN as the retirement of one President and the election and inauguration of another convulse the country and disturb traffic for months beforehand, so doth the expectation of the going out of a first sergeant and the consequent speculation as to his successor play havoc in a cavalry troop. Of course, in some cases, the new top-cutter is practically decided upon weeks in advance, but many times the troop commander is honestly undecided as to who will be the best man for the place.

When First Sergeant Franc, near the end of an enlistment, married a fair, fat, and frivolous lady (a "blonde *née* brunette," Lieutenant Burns called her), and allowed his bride to persuade him from re-upping for another hitch, every non-com in J Troop developed a devotion to duty, a sobriety and stability of character, that would have been alarming under any other conditions. That is, all but Sergeant Stone. That rash youth steadfastly refused to alter his daily custom on the chance of getting the coming vacancy. Moreover, he admonished certain of his friends in this fashion:

"Go ahead an' bust yourselves, you crazy yaps! There's a whole squad of you workin', an' only one to get it. An' you needn't think that the captain isn't on to you; he's probably got his mind all made up, an' he's grinnin' behind his little mustache at you — fallin' all over yourselves to be good like a pack of kids before Christmas. You needn't think to hoodwink Shorty; he's wise an' knows your records. Here I am, junior sergeant, an' do you think I've got any show? Not a chance — an' so I'm not bustin' a tug. I'm ashamed of you! Even Kid Whitehall here, high private an' troop clerk, thinks he's goin' to get it *maybe*, 'cause last summer when Captain Barker busted his top he promoted his troop clerk. An' old Busch, down there at stables — well, probably he *has* more of a show, but it would be bigger if he wasn't eternally dingin' it into Shorty that he's the only man who ever raised a horse-pistol from a Colt — or words to that effect."

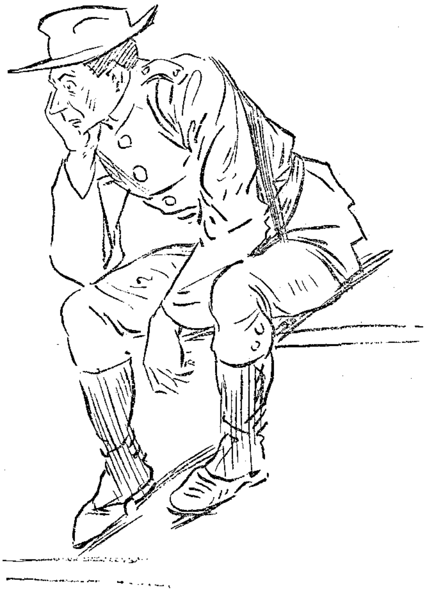
"Yo'-all come off yo' perch, hombre," drawled Corporal Whitney. "Yo'-all want that job the wo'st way, but yo' won't acknowledge it, that's all."

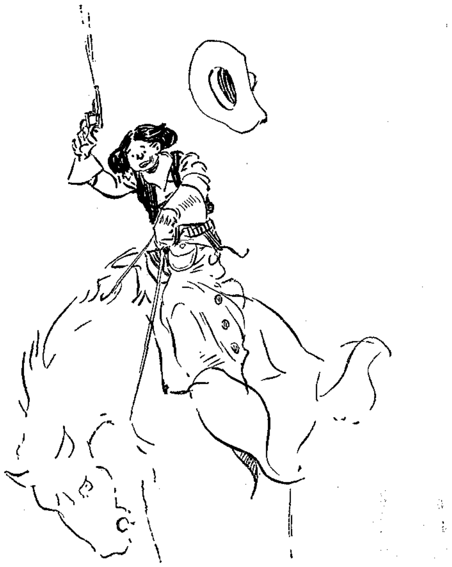
"Well, what if I do?" flashed Stone. "It won't help me any to let Shorty know it."

"Foxy Gran'pa!" commented Whitney. "I sabe *yo'* game, ol' spote."

"Well," laughed Stone, "'I'm only gittin' at it me own way,' as Pop Doggle said whin they found him thryin' to ram a carthridge down the muzzle."

Some months afterward Stone related this conversation to me, and remarked as an afterthought: "But I didn't get it *just* that way, an' that only goes to show what a big hand Fate, or Providence, or unforeseen circumstance, or whatever you may want to call it, holds in these puny worldly doin's of ours."

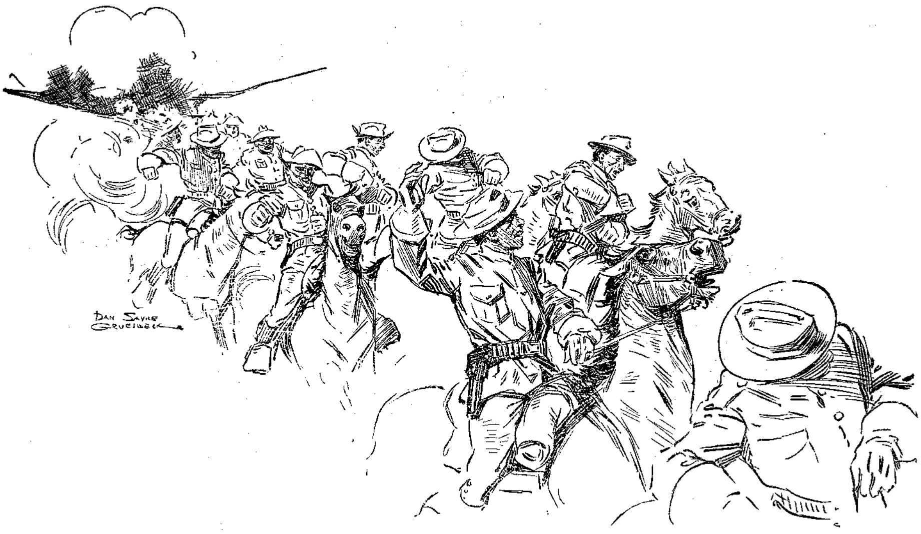




"But you did get to be Top, and if it wasn't on that tack, what was it? Did you dope Shorty, or render the troop some signal service, or ——"

"Signal service be shot! You must think me a blame buntin'-tosser. No; it was pure blind luck, buttin' in alone an' unattended. If you think you can keep your bloomin' mouth shut for twenty minutes or so, I'll tell you about it. This was how.

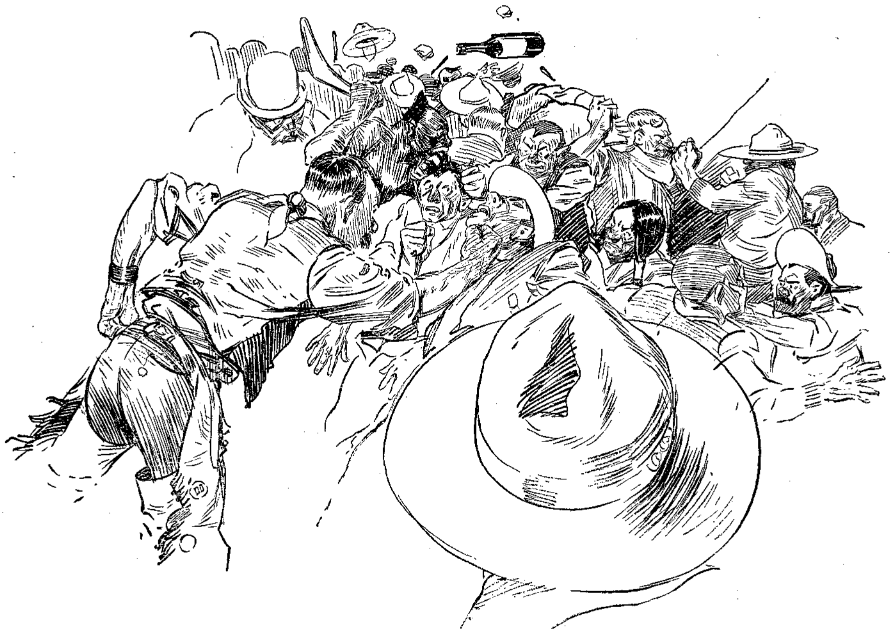
"It was early spring, an' Navajo Bill an' his Wild West an' 'Congress of the Rough Riders of the World' were in town — just about beginnin' their summer rounds, I reckon. It was the first show of the kind that had come our way for some time, an' you know how soldados are — just fallin' over themselves for any little variety. So when Navajo Bill struck town an' pitched camp for two days an' three performances — one night an' two afternoons — the lads were like a bunch of crazy kids. The first afternoon an' night every one who had the price went to the show, an' those who didn't have the price sneaked out with big bundles under their arms — government property goin' to the hock-shop. Yes, of course it's against the law, but they do it right along. There wasn't anybody left home but me an' the non-coms in charge of quarters an' the men on guard duty. The lads who went in the afternoon nearly all applied for a mounted pass so as to show the



Navajo Billers that they were some peanuts too, an' I wish you could have seen their glitterin' get-up. They went the limit — even to yellow silk handkerchiefs around their necks, which no horse-soldier in his senses ever dreams of wearin'. They had dug out some pairs of Mexican spurs, too, an' some curved leather holsters, an' cinched in their belts till it was a wonder they could breathe; an' when they went off after dinner, each with a six-inch post-exchange stogy stickin' in his face, they looked like the supe outfit from 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'

"They must have caught on some, too, for early next mornin' old Navajo Bill himself an' his business manager — California Ike, they called him — came pikin' out to the fort lookin' for what talent they might acquire. It appears that they were shy a few men in their 'Genuine Troop of United States Cavalry, Composed of ex-Soldiers and Non-Commissioned Officers who have Seen Actual Service in the Indian Wars,' an' wanted to see if they couldn't get some of the men whose time was nearly up to say they'd go with them. That was the day that Franc went out, but they couldn't get *him*, for he had a job waitin' for him in a brewery in Pittsburg, an' the thought of all that free beer that was comin' to him dazzled him so he couldn't see anything else, an', besides, his wife wouldn't have let him anyhow. They tackled me, too, after watchin' our mornin' drill; offered me sixty-five dollars a month an' my keep an' travelin' expenses. Wonder I didn't take it, wasn't it, instead of the twenty-six I'm gettin' now? — an' there was only sixteen comin' to me then. One or two of our men said they'd join, though, soon as their enlistments were up, an' I believe they got a few more from some of the other troops. But that visit was big boom for the show, an' before Bill an' Ike left they had talked it up so that every fellow who hadn't been was just crazy to see it, an' those who had been were framin' up some sort of an excuse to get out an' go again to that last afternoon performance; for most of 'em had gone dotty over the Princess Wawakeewis, who rode backwards on an orange-colored pony an' shot blue glass balls as Ike threw them up in the air.

"Now this is where Shorty got action. Just before dinner he announced that he was goin' to take the troop on a practice march that afternoon,— heavy marchin' order,— an' that no passes would be issued till after supper. Gee, what a howl went up from J Troop! Not only was there weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' of teeth, but there was a heap of blame hard cussin'. I won't repeat it — I couldn't very well, for it was overripe an' red-hot. I remember one thing that old Duffy said that's repeatable, though. He said, 'Well, Shorty sure believes in makin' us work. After all that drill this mornin' he'd ought ter be satisfied



'stead of workin' us like niggers. It's like when I was in the navy, we used ter say:

"'Six days shalt thou labor an' do all thou art able,
An' on the seventh holystone the deck and clean-
scrape the cable.'

"Well, that afternoon, in spite of inward wrath an' a deep grouch, J Troop turned out strong with packed saddles, sabers, an' rifles for the practice march; no excuse for anybody — it was 'full strength' that time, sure. There wasn't a thing left in J Troop stables but three sick horses an' the two Clancy Sisters — that's what we call the troop mules, after Clancy, the farrier. There was grumblin' enough anyhow, but, to put a coat of paint on the mess, just as we were startin',— we hadn't hardly gotten out of the post,— one of those awful spring thunderstorms came up, an' the rain came down on us in a deluge like a pan of milk from a top shelf. I don't think I ever in my life saw it rain so hard. Any other T. C. would have gone back an' either given up the march altogether or waited till the storm was over; but not Shorty. Oh, no! he kept right on. As we passed the battery, they were all lined up on the porch an' began to sing 'Wait *till* the sun shines, Nelly' at us. That only made the troop madder than ever; but Shorty grinned all over, an' winks at me an' says between gasps, as the gusts of wind sent the rain swoopin' in our faces:

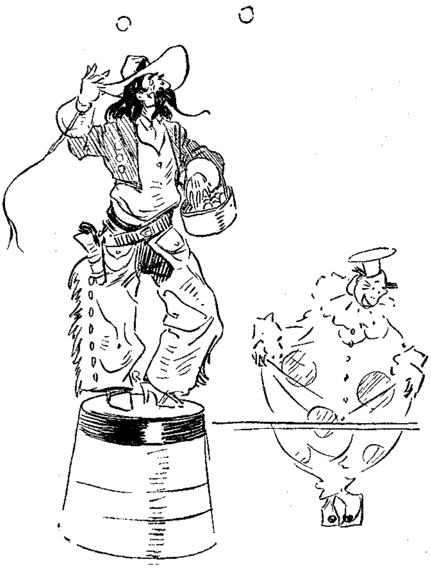
" 'This'll put a crimp — into some of my zealous non-coms, won't it? — Gosh, what a blow! — How is it you never joined that expectant — bunch? Don't you pine any to be a top-cutter? Damn this wind!'

" 'Well,' I said, with my head bent an' strugglin' for breath, 'I wouldn't go — out of my way to avoid it if I saw it comin' at — me; but I knew you could see through — any flim-flam game I might — put up on you. Many are called, but — few are chosen, an' I reckon you'll pick whom — you bloomin' well please.'

"I heard him give a gargley, gurgley grunt, kind of like water goin' down a pipe; but it was rainin' an' blowin' too hard to attempt any more talk right then, an' we were buttin' right into the teeth of the storm, with the water swirlin' round us, an' trustin' to the horses an' Shorty for guidance. I never felt anything like it! Why, somehow, the rain even got in the back door of our hooded stirrups. We were wet to the skin all over. It kept up that way for fifteen or twenty minutes, an' I hadn't the slightest idea where we were goin'. By an' by, when it let up a bit, I began to make out the road we were on, an' just as the sun came out hot an' fierce an' began to dry us off, Shorty turned off at a fork an' ordered us down a road to the left. Now, this road fetched a wide circle around the town an' came back into it just where Navajo

Bill an' his outfit had pitched tents. I wasn't sure if Shorty knew this, but when I saw a wicked little twinkle dancin' in his squinty eyes, I began to think maybe he did, an' I was sure of it when he pulls his old Mullygrubs horse alongside of my Peppermint-Drop an' chuckles:

"'You sabe where this camino leads, don't you? It'll be addin' insult to injury. Fine chance to hear some of my sainted non-coms cuss me out.' But he never *did* hear them, an' this was why.



"After we'd squelched through about eight miles of chocolate puddin', an' the horses were mud to the hocks an' we were splashed to the ears, we drew nigh unto the fated spot, an' began to hear a mighty funny noise. 'Listen!' says Shorty, holdin' up his hand for us to halt. 'What's that?' We all stopped an' listened with our ears pricked.

"'Sounds like bees swarmin',' says Corporal Morgan.

"'Sounds like feedin'-time at the Zoo,' says Bill Sullivan.

"'Sounds like lettin' off steam,' says Kid Whitehall.

"'Sounds to me,' I said, 'like the mob in "Robespierre."' An', say, I have a heap more respect for that stage mob than I used to before I heard a real one, for when we moved forward an' got to the top of the hill, that was just what it was,—a mob,—an' they appeared to be wreckin' Navajo Bill an' his show an' his tents an' his wagons an' everything that was his. I never have been quite clear as to how the thing began, but from what I heard afterwards it started by a drunken gang of factory-hands gettin' into a dispute with a ticket-seller,—where he pokes out of his little hole in back of a wagon,—an' this ticket-seller an' California Ike an' a bunch of their husky cow-boys tryin' to put the gang out. Then all the other factory-hands there — an' there was some hundreds of 'em who'd taken a half-holiday to see the show — waded in to help their dear comrades, an' then the Indians, an' Greasers, an' the King of Dahomey an' retainers, an' the Cossacks an' Zulu chiefs, Hindu jugglers an' Jap cavalry, an' sundry other races, sailed in on Bill's side, an' by the time I came along there was a boilin' mess that was roarin' all over the place.

"It was absolutely the most international affair that I ever attended, an' the yells an' howls that rose up were a sure-enough education in tribal war-cries. It was the chance of a lifetime to study comparative methods of warfare: the General Staff ought to have been there — they'd have learned something. The Americans were heavin' rocks, sticks, boxes, seats, any old thing — some of the show-hands layin' about with shovels, howlin', swearin'. The Indians were jabbin' with their lances an' whoopin', an' dancin' like hell let loose (it was pie for 'em!); so were the Dahomeys — only the King had a broom, an' he was jabbin' an' jiggin' an' jabberin' till I nearly bust a tug laughin'. The Cossacks were yellin' a sort of high-pitched hiccupin' yell with a long '*Whee-ee-ee!*' at the end of it, an' layin' about with the butts of some non-actin' rifles they carried. The Hindus were clawin' an' chatterin' an' shriekin' like monkeys. The Greasers were slingin' their lariats an' hollerin' 'Houp!' when they roped anything. An' the Zulus were flippin' their boomerangs an' roarin' like gorillas. Somethin' or somebody must have fallen onto the precious calliope, too, durin' the whoopin' scrimmage, an' she began lettin' loose some of the most incoherent, gibberin', ear-piercin' hoots an' yawps you ever listened to; sounded as if she'd gone clean loco; so that the *tout ensemble* of human noise with those metallic, pointed snorts rippin' through it was too excruciatin' for words. Wagner would have reveled in it — just reveled! It looked a heap spectacular, too, an' beat the regular show-hands down; an' though you might have thought that with all that array of talent the Navajo Bill crowd would have been winnin' out, they lacked team-work, an' the town toughs were gettin' the best of it.

"Now, strictly speakin', this mix-up was none of our business; if the Navajo Bill outfit couldn't maintain order, it was up to the town police; but there were only two or three there, an' they were long lost in the shuffle, while here was Shorty providentially steered to the scrap with the whole of J Troop behind him. Shorty's always prayin' for a fight, an' now his prayer was answered, do you think he could let a chance like that go by? Not he!

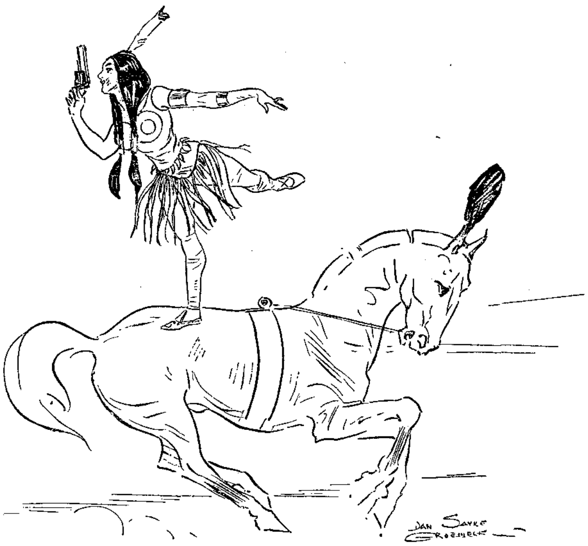
"'By platoons!' he says. 'For'd — guide center — *charge!*'

"Well, we charged — and I must say we surprised 'em some, 'cause they hadn't seen us comin'; but as to stampedin' 'em or makin' any lastin' impression on 'em, we might just as well have charged the Great Wall of China. We plowed clean through the bunch, but they didn't stop fightin' for a minute; they opened out an' let us through, an' we didn't even knock anybody down; in fact, some of the supernumerary factory-hands turned their attention to us as we were re-formin' on the other side, an' began to heave rocks at us. It began to get serious then, an' I knew, an' Shorty knew, that if we got into any sort of a real scrap with these folks, an' the troop got roused an' fought back, an' there were any resultin' casualties, there'd be a big rumpus an' investigation at Washington, an' maybe a court martial, too.

"It was just then I had an idea, an', without thinkin' of my impertinence an' the bad discipline of my givin' an order with Shorty, the only authorized troop commander, right by me, I called out just as loud as ever I could shriek:

"'Advance carbines! *With ball-cartridges — load!*'

"Well, you just ought to have seen that mob! Those around me had heard what I ordered an' told the others, an' almost before the men had the rifles out of the boots those factory hoodlums commenced to fade away. It's sure a funny thing, but that sort will fight, an' fight to kill, with their bare hands or anything but guns; but, I tell you, it makes quite an impression on an unarmed mob just to hear that order, 'With ball-cartridges — load!' An officer who served in the Chicago strikes told me that, an' I just remembered it at the right time."



"And well for you you didn't have to shoot," said I. "There'd have been all sorts of troublous investigations."

"You're right it was — particularly as there wasn't such a thing as a cartridge, even a blank, in the whole troop. That order was pure bluff, and the troop backed me beautifully. I was scared, though, I tell you, that Shorty wouldn't like my takin' the orders out of his mouth that way; but he just sat tight on Mullygrubs till the jamboree was all over, an' Navajo Bill an' California Ike, after roundin' up their stampeded ponies, came swarmin' around to thank us an' tell us how fine we were. The wounded — an' mighty few there were after such a free-for-all mêlée — had gone off to the wagons to get fixed up, but the rest of the International Exhibit an' Bill an' Ike were simply overflowin' with gratitude. They kowtowed all over the place — an' well they might, seein' that my bluff had saved them a good many thousand dollars' worth of property. They fairly *begged* for the privilege of doin' somethin' for our band of noble warriors — wasn't there anything they could do for us to show their thanks?

"'Well,' says Shorty, mighty crusty,— an' those were the first words he'd spoken since he'd cried the charge,—'soon as you've picked up some of the pieces, you might let us see a part of your show. That is,' says he, noddin' over to me, 'if the troop commander doesn't object.'

"That was a hot one, wasn't it? Oh, my! Bill looked sort of puzzled, knowin' me for nothin' but a bloomin' non-com, but I finished out the bluff an' said just as airily as I knew how:

"'I accept with pleasure, if Mr. Bill will excuse us after one or two acts, as we have to be back at the post by five o'clock for Retreat.'

"So we all went into the big tent, that was all saggin' down in one corner where the fray had raged round one of the big poles,— the thing was tippin' sideways like it was half stewed,— and they surely treated us like white men. The troop was just up in the air; an' when the Princess Wawakeewis galloped in an' began shootin' at her glass balls, with Ike throwin' 'em up out of the little egg-basket on his arm, they actually yelped for joy. The winter of their discontent was turned to glorious summer that time, sure. But mine wasn't. I couldn't enjoy that show a bit. Navajo Princess, or Jap Cavalry, or Oklahoma Jimmy the Boy Wonder, or Cossacks, or anything couldn't help me; an' I just sat there with an awful empty feelin' where my heart used to be, an' I thought it was all up with Jerry Stone. I saw my finish; it was good-by to my chevrons, maybe, an' Private Stone for me, for many a month.

"Shorty may not be haughty an' aristocratic, but he's long on discipline, an' I knew I had made a bloomin' bad break buttin' in the way I did. I was gettin' real blue an' dopy over it; an' when we got home, an' the column of twos started to turn off down to stables, Shorty beckoned me over, an' I thought it was the time for me to catch it, sure. I reckoned I was all gone, an' I said adios forever to my diamond dreams. But his first question startled me a heap, I was so unprepared for it.

"Shorty screws up his face an' pops out his eyes at me an' shoots at me:

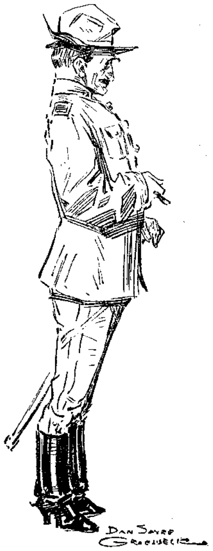
"'Ever play poker, sergeant?'

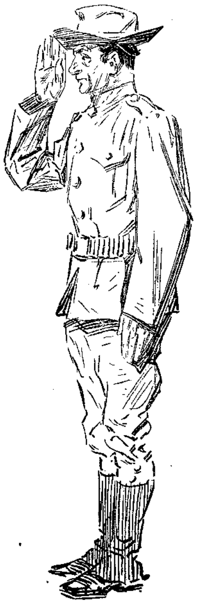
"'No, sir; I seldom indulge,' an' I wondered what under the sun he was gettin' at.

"'All the better'— an' he begins to chuckle an' his shoulders to shake up an' down. 'Look here, I want you to go to the Q. M.'s to-morrow an' draw a pair of diamonds. You sabe that, don't you? An' say, sergeant, you can get right to work in the orderly-room; your First Sergeancy dates from to-day.'

"My heart came back so hard on the rebound I couldn't say anything for a minute; it's too bloomin' hard on a man's nerves to hurl him up from nadir to zenith like that, an' then expect him to be calm about it. An' while I began sputterin' an' tryin' to say somethin' to thank him, he shut me right up with a snap:

"'Quit that, will you? I wouldn't have appointed you if I hadn't wanted you. By golly! Your impudence an' that big bluff of yours pleased me like all hell!'"





THE MEN WHO LEARNED TO FLY

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' STORY OF THEIR EXPERIMENTS, THE SENSATIONS OF FLIGHT, AND THEIR ESTIMATE OF THE FUTURE OF THE AËROPLANE

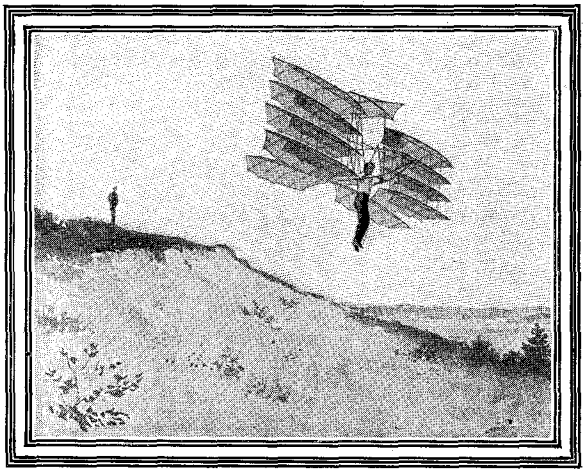
BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

AUTHOR OF "GALVESTON: A BUSINESS CORPORATION"

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

IN 1888 scientific authorities could demonstrate mathematically that a mechanical flying-machine was impossible. Formulae — absolutely fundamental formulae proving this — had remained almost undisturbed since they were proposed by Sir Isaac Newton. Any flying-machine must be too heavy to be supported by the air. Yet, it was also well understood that many birds were a thousand times heavier than the air they flew in.

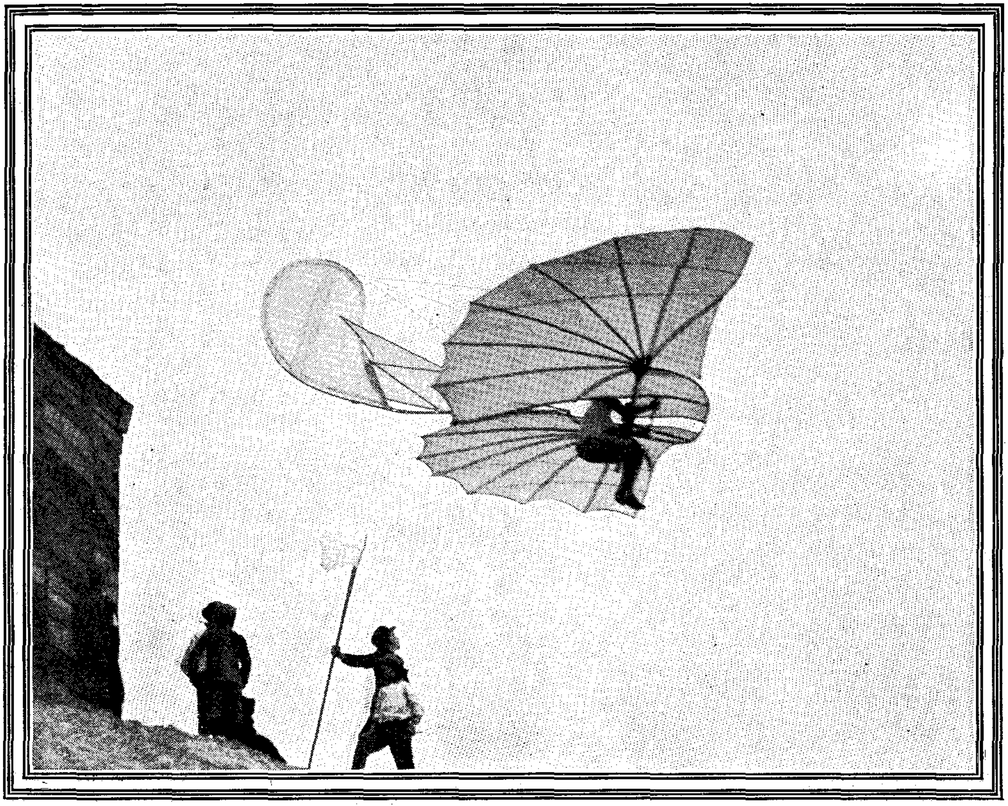


CHANUTE'S MULTIPLE-WING MACHINE (1896)

During the eighties a German mechanical engineer, Otto Lilienthal, studied the mechanics of the flight of birds, and decided we knew very little about the laws of flying. The only way for a man to learn to fly, he believed, was to start flying. In 1891 he began to fly. Using wings built like those of soaring birds, such as the hawk and buzzard, he precipitated himself from steep hills, against strong winds, and glided down through the air into the valleys. In more than two thousand flights — varying from a few yards to a fifth of a mile in length — he established entirely new views concerning the support of moving bodies by the air. In August, 1896, Lilienthal's wings gave way in a sudden gust of wind. He fell fifty feet, broke his back, and died the following day.

Percy S. Pilcher of England continued similar experiments in soaring flight. In September, 1899, his wings also broke; he dropped thirty feet through the air, and died of his injuries two days later. With the death of the two leading European experimenters, the principal burden of the discovery of mechanical flight was taken up by Americans.

In 1887–89, Professor S. P. Langley, subsequently of the Smithsonian Institution, by means of experiments with impelled metal plates, established new scientific formulae concerning the support given flying-planes by the air, and published them in 1891; in 1896 he made a small steam-aëroplane which flew three quarters of a mile down the Potomac River. In 1896 Octave Chanute of Chicago, assisted by A. M. Herring and others as active operators and designers, made and tested new and better types of glidingm-achines as the result of experiments on the shores of Lake Michigan.



THE FIRST OF THE GLIDING-MACHINES

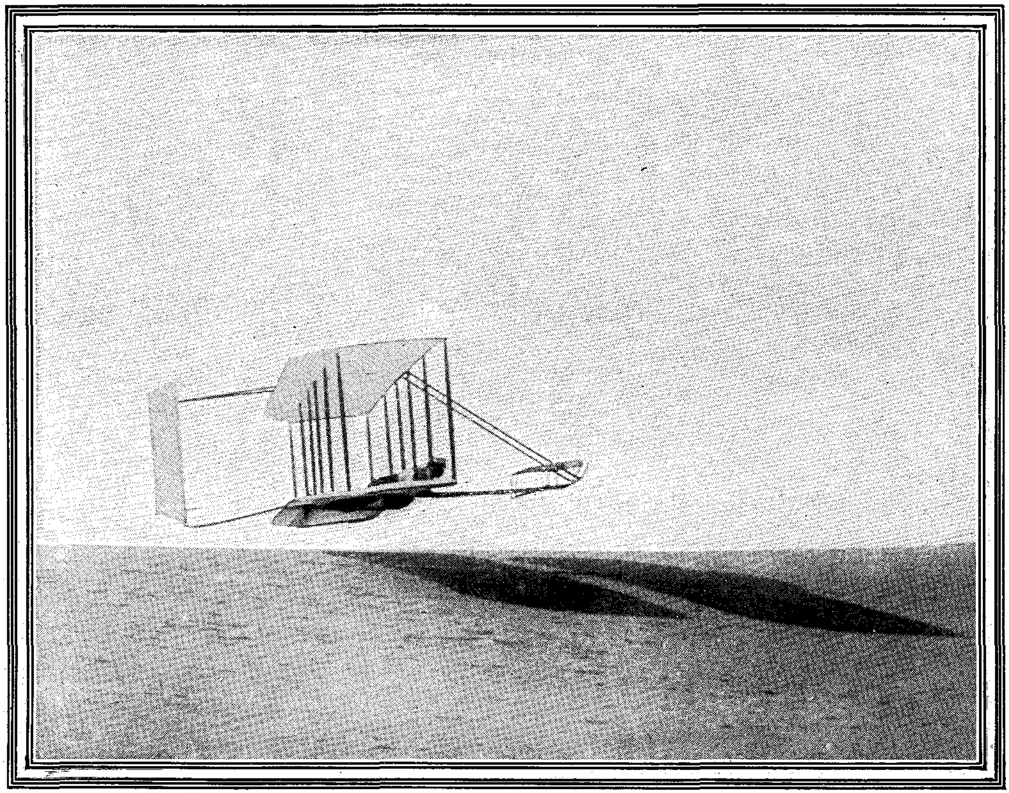
LILIENTHAL OPERATING HIS BIRDLIKE AËROPLANE

In 1900 the Wright brothers, two young bicycle-makers of Dayton, Ohio, started experiments in air-gliding in a machine operated on a new principle. In 1903 they added a gasoline-engine to their aëroplane, and began to navigate the air in mechanical flying-machines. It is a well-established fact that they have been flying on mechanically driven aëroplanes for the past four years. Exactly how they do this is not known; they are keeping their method secret, in the belief that this is the only way in which they can secure a financial return from their invention.

The Wright Brothers and their Story

Before the Wright brothers sailed abroad last summer, for the demonstrations of their machines before foreign war departments, they discussed with me for an entire morning their invention, the theories and sensations of flight, and their personal beliefs and ambitions in connection with their discovery — two lean, quiet men in a dingy, commonplace little brick bicycle-shop; pleasant, unassuming, most approachable, but shy and silent under the oppression of the greatest secret of the time. Orville, of the more social and conversational temperament, did the greater share of the talking — an amiable, kindly-faced man of thirty-five. Wilbur — prematurely bald, about forty, with the watchful eyes, marked facial lines, and dry, brief speech of a naturally reticent man — corroborated or amplified his brother's statements. It would be both unnecessary and impossible to divide the story of their invention between the two men exactly as they told it. Practically their story, like their invention, was the product of one mind — one dual mind. I will tell it as a simple statement of fact, without attempting to reproduce the exact conversation. It is the extraordinary information, and not the method of statement, which is of importance. The story follows:

In 1896 we saw a little press despatch in a newspaper telling of the death of Lilienthal by a fall from his machine. This, and the reading of the "Aëronautical Annual" for 1897, started our first active interest in the problem of aërial navigation. We have been at work at it ever since — first as a mere scientific pastime, but for nearly ten years as the most serious purpose of our



THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' LATEST GLIDER

THE HORIZONTAL POSITION OF THE OPERATOR, THE BALANCING RUDDER IN FRONT, AND THE SLIGHT CURVES OF THE DOUBLE WING SURFACES SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH, REPRESENT THREE OF THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' CHIEF CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ART OF FLYING

life. Up to 1900 we had merely studied and made laboratory experiments; in that year we started actual experiments in flying on our gliding-machine.

At that time (1900) there was really only one problem remaining to be solved to make a workable flying-machine — the problem of equilibrium. Men already knew how to make aëroplanes that would support them when driven through the air at a sufficient speed, and there were engines light enough per horse-power to propel the aëroplane at the necessary speed, and to carry their own weight and the weight of an operator. There were plenty of aëroplanes that would fly in still air. What was needed was an air-ship that would not capsize when the wind was blowing.

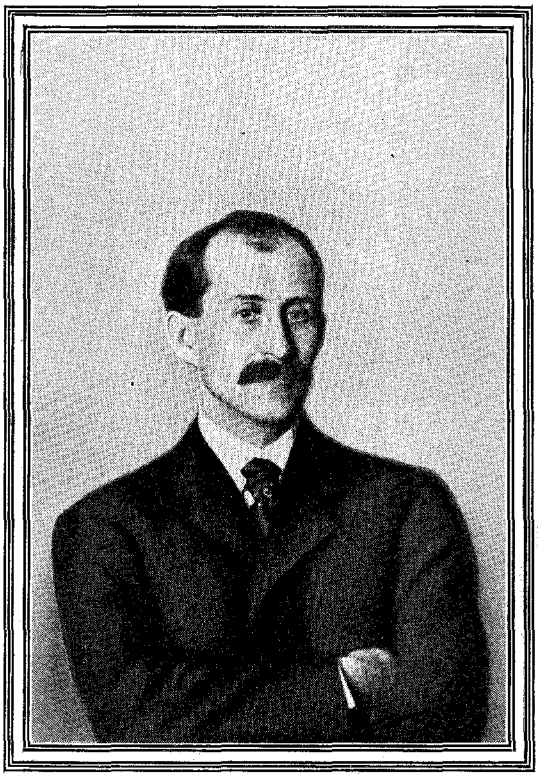
The Turbulence of the Air

No one who has not navigated the air can appreciate the real difficulty of mechanical flight. To the ordinary person it seems a miracle that a thin solid plane can be driven up into the air by machinery; but for over ten years that miracle has been accomplished. On the other hand, the great problem — the problem of equilibrium — never occurs to any one who has not actually tried flying. The real question of the flying-machine is how to keep it from turning over.

The chief trouble is the turmoil of the air. The common impression is that the atmosphere runs in comparatively regular currents which we call winds. No one who has not been thrown about on a gliding-aëroplane — rising or falling ten, twenty, or even thirty feet in a few seconds — can understand how utterly wrong this idea is. The air along the surface of the earth, as a matter of fact, is continually churning. It is thrown upward from every irregularity, like sea breakers on a coast-line; every hill and tree and building sends up a wave or slanting current. And it moves, not directly back and forth upon its coast-line, like the sea, but in whirling rotary masses. Some of these rise up hundreds of yards. In a fairly strong wind the air near the earth is more disturbed than the whirlpools of Niagara.

Equilibrium—the Real Problem of Flying

The problem of mechanical flight is how to balance in this moving fluid which supports the flying-machine; or, technically speaking, how to make the center of gravity coincide with the center of air-pressure. Now, the irregular action of the air is naturally reflected in the movement of this center of pressure. If a wind should blow against a plane at right angles to it, the center of pressure would be in the center of the plane. But an aëroplane must be sailed at a very slight angle to the direction in which it is moving. That means that the center of air-pressure is well forward on the surfaces of the machine. Every sudden breeze that blows strikes strongly on the front of the plane and very little on the back of it. The result is that the force of every gust of wind is multiplied by leverage in its tendency to tip the plane over. The wind often veers several times a second, quicker than thought, and the center of pressure changes with it. It is as difficult to follow this center of pressure as to keep your finger on the flickering blot of light from a prism swinging in the sun.



ORVILLE WRIGHT

Lilienthal balanced himself in his gliding-machine by shifting his weight; his body hung down below his wings, resting on his elbows. In Chanute's machines the operator did nearly the same, swinging below the wings, with his arm-pits supported on little parallel bars.* In both machines the rapid motion of the body was difficult and exhausting work, and the size of the machine was definitely limited by the weight which the operator could carry on his back. In our gliding-machine we introduced an entirely new method; we governed the motion of the center of pressure, not by shifting our weight, but by shifting the rudder and surfaces of the machine against the action of the air. Before this can be understood there must be some idea of the wings of our machine.

The Development of Artificial Wings

Lilienthal, in his first flights, copied the wings of soaring birds very closely; later he used wings in two planes, that is, one above another. Chanute experimented with wings of as many as five planes, but, like Lilienthal, secured the best results with the "double-deckers." When we took up our gliding experiments, we believed that these wings in two planes had been shown to be the best type for the aëroplane; they were stronger than any other, allowing the principle of the truss-bridge to be used in their bracing, and they were more compact and manageable than the single-surface wings.

By 1900 we had designed our type of gliding-machine. It was made of cloth and spruce and steel wire, very much after the style of the Chanute double-decker—a little larger than his. But in its principle of operation it was entirely different. The operator, instead of swinging below the wings, lay fore and aft across the middle of the lower wing upon his stomach. In front of him — extended out before the machine instead of behind it — was a horizontal rudder. This guided the gliding-machine up and down. But it did much more than that: it counterbalanced the movement of the center of pressure backward and forward on the main surfaces of the machine; that is, it kept the aëroplane from pitching over backward or forward. For steering and balancing sideways we turned the outside edges of the wings against the air-pressure by cords controlled by movements of the operator's body. The tail used in previous gliding-machines was given up. Our idea was to secure a machine which, with a little practice, could be balanced and steered semi-automatically, by reflex action, just as a bicycle is. There is no time to be given to conscious thought in balancing an aëroplane; the action of the air is too rapid.

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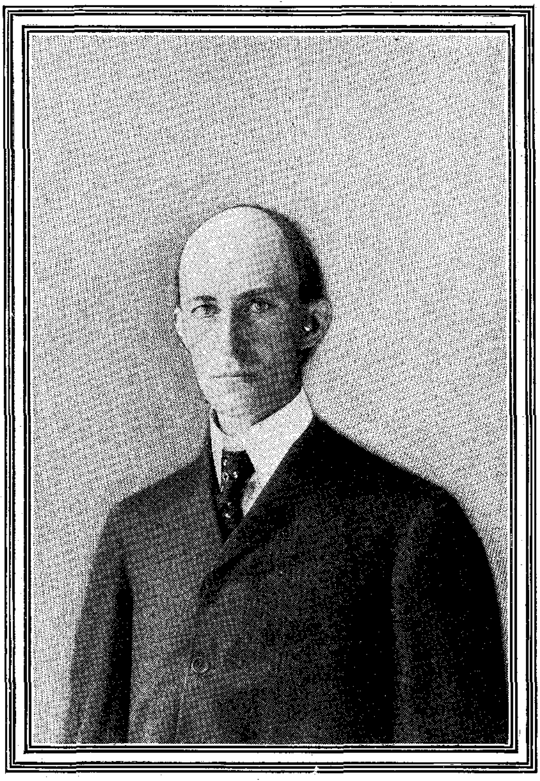
* Chanute tested three types of his own, in two of which the wings were automatically readjusted by the wind-pressure. The multiple-wing machine was his first type.

The shape of the wings offered another important problem. Langley and other experimenters had favored wings set at a dihedral angle — that is, each slanting upward from the center where they joined. They hoped to secure a stable equilibrium by this. We believed that this device would work well in still air, but that in the shifting, troubled air of out-of-doors it would add to the danger of turning over. These wings are made after the style of the wings of a soaring buzzard — a bird which avoids high winds. We curved ours down a little at the tips, after the fashion of the soaring gull — a rough-weather bird. Our wings did not approach the exact form of birds' wings so closely as Lilienthal's or Pilcher's. They were made of cloth fixed to two rectangular wooden frames, fastened one above the other by wooden braces and wires. The cloth surfaces were arched by ribs between these frames to secure the curved surfaces of birds' wings, which Lilienthal had shown were essential to the best results in flying.



WILBUR WRIGHT

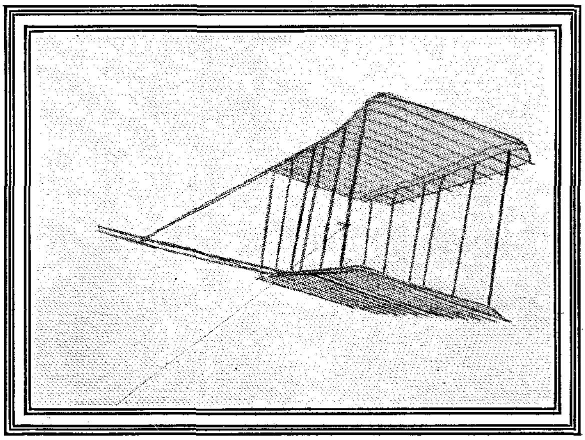
Those Animated Aëroplanes, the Birds

We had also worked out a new method of practice with gliding-machines which we hoped to use. Lilienthal and Chanute had obtained their experience in flying by the operator's launching himself from a hill and gliding down on to lower land. This involved carrying back their apparatus, after a short flight, to the top of the hill again. Because of the difficulties of this awkward method, although Lilienthal had made over two thousand flights, we calculated that in all his five years of experiment he could not have been actually practising flying more than five hours — far too short a time for the ordinary man to learn to ride a bicycle. It was our plan to follow the example of soaring birds, and find a place where we could be supported by strong rising winds.

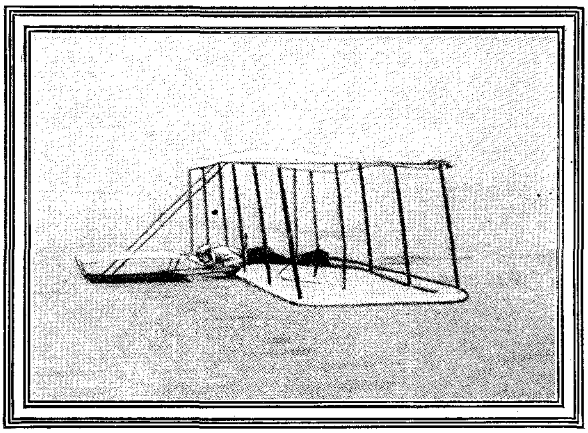
A bird is really an aëroplane. The portions of its wings near the body are used as planes of support, while the more flexible parts outside, when flapped, act as propellers. Some of the soaring birds are not much more than animated sailing-machines. A buzzard can be safely kept in an open pen thirty feet across and ten feet high. He cannot fly out of it. In fact, we know from observation made by ourselves that he cannot fly for any distance up a grade of one to six. Yet these birds sailing through the air are among the commonest sights through a great section of the country. Every one who has been outdoors has seen a buzzard or a hawk soaring; every one who has been at sea has seen the gulls sailing after a steamship for hundreds of miles with scarcely a movement of the wings. All of these birds are doing the same thing — they are balancing on rising currents of air. The buzzards and hawks find the currents blowing upward off the land; the gulls that follow the steamers from New York to Florida are merely sliding downhill a thousand miles on rising currents in the wake of the steamer in the atmosphere, and on the hot air rising from her smokestacks.

A Plan which Failed

On a clear, warm day the buzzards find the high, rotary, rising currents of air, and go sailing around and around in them. On damp, windy days they hang above the edge of a steep hill on the air which comes rising up its slope. From their position in the air they can glide down at will. Now, we planned to take our gliding-machine, in 1900, to some section where there were strong, constant winds, and try soaring and gliding in the manner of these birds. We calculated, by Lilienthal's tables, that our gliding-machine, which had 165 square feet of surface, should be sustained by a wind of twenty-one miles an hour. We planned to raise the machine — operator and all — like a kite in this wind, men holding ropes at the end of each wing. When the machine had started soaring at the end of the ropes, these would be released and the operator could glide to the earth. In this way we hoped we would avoid the weary dragging back of the machine necessary in the operation of gliding downhill, and could get hours instead of seconds of practice in flying.



THE FIRST WRIGHT GLIDER (1900)



THE SECOND WRIGHT GLIDER (1901)

Winds of between sixteen and twenty-five miles an hour are not unusual at points on the Atlantic coast, and after a little study and inquiry we located the place we wanted at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on the sand-dunes which separate Albemarle Sound from the Atlantic Ocean. There were strong winds there, and steep hills of soft sand for use in gliding from heights, if we found that necessary. In the summer of 1900 we took our first gliding-machine there for experiment.

We found on this trip that our plan to practise by raising the machine like a kite was impracticable. It required a wind of nearly thirty miles an hour to support our aëroplane at an angle flat or level enough to be of any use in gliding. The surfaces of this first machine were not curved deeply enough, in the first place, but we found also that the tables of the earlier experimenters concerning the lifting power of the wind were not accurate. So we had to give up our plan of soaring, and start gliding from hills, as the others had done. Instead of hours of gliding, as we had hoped, we had only two minutes of actual sailing in the air that year. Nevertheless we came to some very clear and satisfactory conclusions. We found that our new and revolutionary method of steering and balancing by shifting surfaces instead of by weights worked well, and that it promised to work in large as well as in small machines.

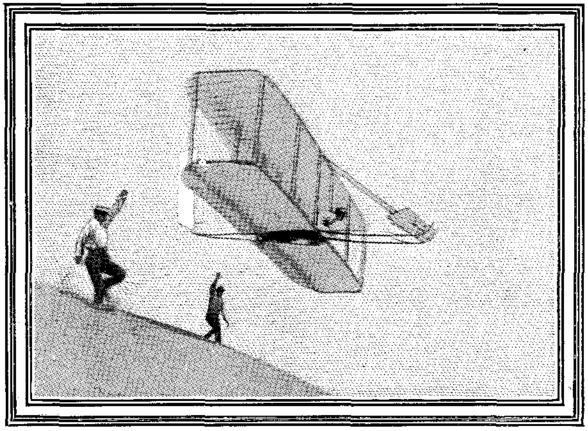
A Revolution in the Art of Flying

In 1901 we started gliding again at Kitty Hawk, on a machine nearly twice as large as had been counted safe before. This machine had a surface of 308 square feet, whereas Lilienthal's had had 151, Pilcher's 165, and Chanute's double-decker 134. Our new glider was 22 feet from tip to tip, and the main surfaces were 7 feet across and 6 feet apart. It weighed 100 pounds, 240 or 250 with its operator. This machine, like the first one, had no tail. Its trials were so successful that the next year

(1902) we made another on advanced lines. The main surfaces of this were 32 feet from tip to tip and only 5 feet across. In addition to the devices in the former gliders, we used a vertical tail on this, as an additional method of keeping the lateral balance. We made between seven hundred and one thousand glides with this — the longest of which was 622 feet. By the actual tests of flying, we established many points definitely, and made many changes in the tables of calculation for aërial flight.

Eighteen Miles an Hour — the Rate when Flight Begins

We found that a rate of eighteen miles an hour through the air would sustain our aëroplane and its operator in flight. A rate of sixteen miles would sustain it, but at too great an angle to allow progress through the air. A wind of eighteen miles an hour is a good strong breeze, but it is not extraordinary. Half our glides in 1902 were made in winds of twenty miles an hour, and at one time we were gliding in a wind which measured thirty-seven miles an hour. You understand, of course, that these gliding experiments do not mean the mere sliding down an inclined plane in the air. In heavy winds the aviator is sometimes lifted above the point he starts from and often held soaring in one place. If he had the balancing skill of a soaring bird, he could remain there as long as there was enough wind to support him. Indeed, in our experiments we have remained motionless in one position for over half a minute.


THE THIRD WRIGHT GLIDER (1902–3)

December 17, 1903, the First Flying-machine Sails

In these three years of gliding we established enough practical knowledge, we thought, to go on to the next experiment of placing a gas-engine upon our aëroplane and starting work on the real object of our research — mechanical flight. In the next year we experimented in our workshop with models and machinery for this. On December 17, 1903, our first mechanical flier, in a trial at Kitty Hawk, made four flights, in the longest of which it sustained itself in the air fifty-nine seconds, and moved 852 feet against a twenty-mile wind; that is, it actually moved half a mile through the air. After this first experiment we felt assured that mechanical flight was feasible.

This first flying-machine, with its operator, weighed about 745 pounds. It was run by a gas-engine which weighed 240 pounds complete with fuel and water, and developed 12 or 13 horse-power. The next year another flier was made, weighing, with ballast, 925 pounds, with an engine giving 16 horse-power, but weighing the same as that of the first flier — 240 pounds. With this machine we made the successful experiments in flying of 1904 and 1905, over 150 in number, averaging a mile apiece.

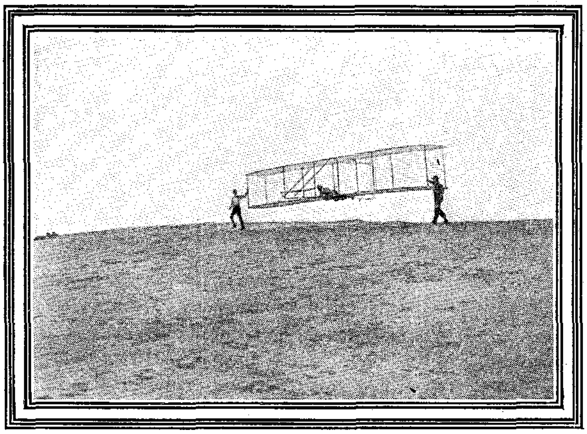
The Trouble Turning Corners

The problem of the real power-driven flying-machine was exactly what we knew it must be — the question of equilibrium. It was no longer necessary for us to have the peculiar conditions furnished by the wind and hills at Kitty Hawk to make our experiments with the mechanical machine. We secured the use of a swampy meadow eight miles east of Dayton, Ohio. On our tests there it became clear that the flying-machine would operate well in a straight line; the difficulty came immediately upon turning corners, as it was necessary to do in the small field. Just what the trouble was we could not tell. Several turns might be made safely; then, all at once, the machine would begin to lose its balance, and must be stopped and brought down to the ground. We kept experimenting to discover the cause of the trouble and the way of dealing with it, and in the latter part of the year 1904 we made some progress. We accomplished a complete circle on September 20, and two flights of three miles each around the course in November and December.

A Practical Working Air-ship

In 1905 we kept making changes in the machine, but made few flights until fall. Finally, about the middle of September, we discovered the way to control the flier in turning corners. The machine was now under practical control. Six flights from September 26 to October 5 averaged over fifteen miles each; on October 5 we obtained a flight of twenty-four miles in thirty-eight minutes, that is, at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour. As this was on a curved course, the speed would have been over forty miles an hour straight away.

Up to this time we had been able to work and to escape much notice. The local papers were good enough not to print descriptions of our work. There was, in fact, very little understanding locally of what we were trying to do. There was general knowledge that dirigible balloons — like those of Santos-Dumont — were being operated in France, and the local people did not seem to grasp the difference between his experiments and ours. After we had made these long flights we began to attract attention, and we were compelled to give up experimenting in order to keep secret our method of management. We took our machine to pieces and started to plan the 1907 flier. We knew that we had at last secured a practical working aëroplane. Our experiments had been witnessed by a considerable number of reliable men, who constituted a sufficient guaranty that we had made the long flights we claimed, though they did not have technical knowledge enough of mechanics to understand how we made them.



STARTING A FLIGHT

For Sale — An Aërial Warship

We feel that it is absolutely essential for us to keep our method of control a secret. We could patent many points in the machine, and it is possible that we could make a success of the invention commercially. We have been approached by many promoters on the matter. But we believe that our best market is to sell the machine to some government for use in war. To do this, it is necessary for us to keep its construction an absolute secret. We do not believe that this secret can be kept indefinitely by a government, but we believe that the government which has the secret can hold the lead in the use of the invention for years. It will be able constantly to keep ahead of other nations by developing the special knowledge in its possession.

So far as we can learn, we are able now to give a government a five years' lead in the development of the flying-machine. The recent trials of Santos-Dumont's aëroplane in France confirm us in this belief. Take one point only. He is trying to sustain a 500-pound machine in the air for short flights with a 50-horse-power engine — that is, sustaining ten pounds to the horse-power. We are flying and carrying, at a rate of 30 miles an hour, 925 pounds with 16 horse-power — that is, practically sixty pounds to the horse-power. The comparison speaks for itself concerning the relative efficiency of the two machines.

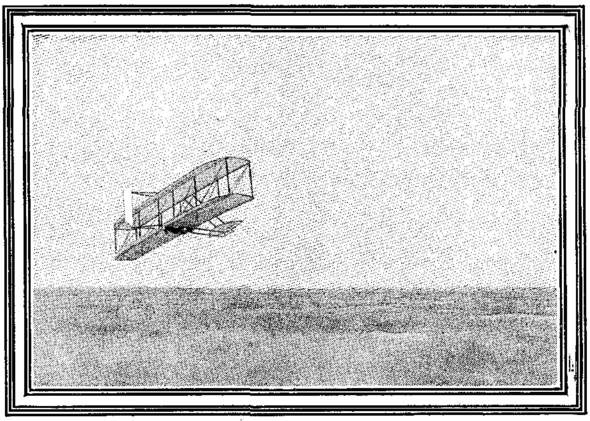
Like the Bicycle, but Easier

It is impossible, under these circumstances, for us to discuss the exact secrets of control and management which are our only asset in our machine. We have not even drawn working-plans of our machine, for fear they might fall into other hands. But there are general principles of operating our aëroplane of which we make no secret.

It has been a common aim of experimenters with the aëroplane to solve the problem of equilibrium by some automatic system of balancing. We believe that the control should be left in the possession of the operator. The sense of equilibrium is very delicate and certain. If you lie upon a bed three quarters of an inch out of true, you know it at once. And this sense of equilibrium is just as reliable a mile above the earth as it is on it. The management of our aëroplane, like that of the bicycle, is based upon the sense of equilibrium of the operator. The apparatus for preserving the balance of the machine consists of levers operated by simple uniform movements which readjust the flying surfaces of the machine to the air. The movement of these levers very soon becomes automatic with the aviator, as does the balancing of a bicycle-rider. In fact, the aëroplane is easier to learn and simpler to operate than the bicycle. In all our experiments with gliding- and flying-machines, we have not even sprained a limb; we have scarcely scratched our flesh.

No Danger from Stopping Engines

The only danger in our aëroplane is of turning over. We have purposely made our machine many times heavier than necessary, so that it cannot break. There is absolutely no danger — as might appear at first thought — from the stopping of the engine. The aëroplane is supported by its motion through the air, it is true; but, however high it is flying, gravity furnishes it all the potential energy it needs to get safely to the ground. When the power is shut off, it merely scales through the air to its landing. Theoretically, it is safer at a mile above the earth than at two hundred feet, because it has a wider choice of places in which to land; you can choose your landing from 256 square miles from a mile above the surface if descending one in sixteen. As a matter of fact, we always shut off the power when we start to alight, and come down by the force of gravity. We reach the ground at so slight an angle and so lightly that it is impossible for the operator to tell by his own sensation within several yards of where the ground was first actually touched.



THE GLIDER TURNING IN THE AIR

The Uses of the Aëroplane

We know that we have made the aëroplane a practical machine, but we are not over-sanguine about its revolutionizing the transportation of the future. It will scarcely displace the railroad or the steamboat; necessarily, its expenditure of fuel will be too great. In a steamship, it is calculated that the heat from the burning of a sheet of letter-paper will carry a ton a mile; you could scarcely expect such results in an air-ship. The air-ship, so far as we can see at present, will have its chief value for warfare, and for reaching inaccessible places — for such uses as expeditions into the Klondike, or to Pekin during its siege a few years ago. The value of an air-ship moving faster than a railroad train for reconnoitering or dropping explosives upon an enemy in time of war is now obvious to the entire civilized world. The aëroplane may also be of great value in the near future for service like the carrying of mail. When properly developed, it will be quicker than any means of locomotion now in use for direct journeys between two places — unless against hurricanes. There will be no switches, no stops whatever; and the journey can be made in an airline.

Speed Sixty to One Hundred Miles an Hour

The eventual speed of the aëroplane will be easily sixty miles an hour. It will probably be forced up to a hundred miles. Our last machine showed forty miles, and the one we are building now will go considerably faster. At speeds above sixty miles an hour the resistance of the air to the machine will make travel much more expensive of power. Our experiments have shown that a flier designed to carry an aggregate of 745 pounds at 20 miles an hour would require only 8 horse-power, and at 30 miles an hour 12 horse-power. At 60 miles 24 would be needed, and at 120 miles 60 or 75 horse-power. It is clear that there is a certain point of speed beyond which the air resistance makes it impossible to go. Just what that is experiment will determine. Every year gas-engines are being made lighter — a fact which will increase the surplus carrying power of the machine available for fuel and operator and heavier construction; but at present sixty miles an hour can be counted on for the flying-machine. This, of course, means speed through the air.

Fuel for a Thousand Miles

The aëroplane running sixty miles an hour will have surplus lifting power enough to carry fuel for long journeys. Our 1907 machine will carry gasoline enough to fly 500 miles at a rate of some 50 miles an hour. We can, and possibly soon will, make a one-man machine carrying gasoline enough to go 1,000 miles at 40 miles an hour. Moreover, any machine made to move at speeds up to 60 miles an hour can be operated economically, at a cost of not much more than one cent a mile for gasoline.

The aëroplane, while developed originally from the study of the flight of birds, will have a considerably different mechanism for flying. Probably the chief departure comes from the use of the screw-propeller to secure motion. The bird moves forward by sculling with the outer portion of its wings. In some ways this is a more effective mechanism than the screw-propeller, because at each motion the bird secures a grip on new air, while the propeller keeps operating on the stream of air it sets in motion behind it. At the same time, the propeller can go so much faster than any other method of propulsion that it is undoubtedly the device which must be used to propel air-ships.

Better Wings than a Bird's

There is no question but that a man can make a lighter and more efficient wing than a bird's. A cloth surface, for instance, can be produced, offering less surface friction than feathers. The reason for this fact is that a bird's wing is really a compromise. It is not made for flying only — it must be folded up and gotten out of the way when the bird is on its feet; and efficiency in flying must be sacrificed to permit this. The wings of aëroplanes will vary in size according to speed. A slow machine will require a large wing; but the faster the speed, the less will be the supporting surface necessary, and wings for high speeds will naturally be very small. Not only will less support be needed, but the size must be reduced to reduce the friction of the air.

One difficulty with these fast machines will be in launching them at a high enough speed for their wings to support them. There may also be some difficulty in landing. We have launched our machines from an arrangement of wheels, and have landed upon stout skids fastened to the bottom of the machine. The aëroplane will make its journeys, we believe, 200 or 300 feet above the earth — just high enough to escape the effects of the disturbance of the air along the ground — just out of the surf, so to speak. Our experiments have been at a considerably lower level — at some 80 feet or less.

Our idea in our experiments has been to produce a strong, practical motor flying-machine. We have made no great effort to secure extraordinary machinery to furnish power. We found the gas-motor already developed to a point where it was practically available for our purposes. We have applied ourselves to the invention of an aëroplane which would balance safely, could be easily steered, and would move with a moderate expenditure of power. In doing this we have devoted our chief attention to the scientific construction of wings and screws and steering apparatus.

Scientists, not Mechanics

Our hope is, first, to get some adequate financial return from our invention. We are not rich men, and we have devoted our time and what money we could command to the problem for nearly ten years. We do not expect a tremendous fortune from our discovery, but we do feel we should have something that would be an ample competence for men with our comparatively simple tastes. If we do secure this, we are anxious — whenever it becomes possible — to give the world the benefit of the scientific knowledge obtained by our experiments.

We object to the manner in which we have so far been put before the public. Nearly every writer upon our work in current publications has characterized us as mechanics, and taken it for granted — because of the fact that we are in the bicycle business, no doubt — that our invention has come from mechanical skill. We object to this as neither true nor fair. We are not mechanics; we are scientists.

We have approached the subject of aërial navigation in a purely scientific spirit. We are not highly educated men, it is true, but the subject of aërial navigation is not so much a problem of higher mathematics as of general principles; it can be approached by any one possessing a high-school education — which we have had. We have taken up the principles involved in flying, one after another — not only by practical flights, but in constant laboratory experiments in our workshops. We have worked out new tables of the sustaining power of the air.

Discovered Principles of Screw-propeller

Besides inventing a practical flying-machine, we claim to have discovered for the first time the method of calculating in advance the exact efficiency of screw-propellers, which will save the great waste involved in the present practice, by which screws must be made and tested before their efficiency can be accurately learned. This method of ours has been tested in the manufacture of our aëroplanes; our screws were made with only a slight margin of power over what was demanded by our flier, and they have invariably proved successful.

We say frankly that we hope to obtain an ample financial return from our invention; but we care especially for some recognition as scientists, and, whenever it becomes possible, we propose to bring out the results of our investigations in a scientific work upon the principles of aërial navigation.

LAMENT FOR MARSYAS

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

MARSYAS sleeps. Oh, never wait,
Maidens, by the city gate,
Till he come to plunder gold
Of the daffodils you hold,
Or your branches white with May;
He is whiter gone than they.
He will startle you no more
When along the river shore
Damsels beat the linen clean;
Nor when maidens play at ball
Will he catch it where it fall:
Though ye wait for him and call,
He will answer not, I ween.

Happy Earth to hold him so,
Still and satisfied and low,
Giving him his will — ah, more
Than a woman could before!
Still forever holding up
To his parted lips the cup
Which hath eased him, when to bless
All who loved were powerless.
Ah! for that too-lovely head,
Low among the laureled dead,
Many a rose earth oweth yet;
Many a yellow jonquil brim,
Many a hyacinth dewy-dim,
For the singing breath of him —
Sweeter than the violet.

Marsyas sleeps. Ah! well-a-day,
He was wise who did not stay
Until hands unworthy bore
Prizes that were his before.
Him the god hath put for long
With the elder choir of song —
They who turned them from the sun
Ere their singing days were done,
Or the lips of praise were chill.
Whether summer come or go,
April bud or winter blow,
He will never heed or know
Underneath the daffodil.

From "April Twilights"

WILKINSON'S WIFE

BY

MAY SINCLAIR

AUTHOR OF "THE HELPMATE," "THE DIVINE FIRE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY ARMAND BOTH

NOBODY ever understood why he married her.

You expected calamity to pursue Wilkinson,—it always had pursued him,—but that Wilkinson should have gone out of his way to pursue calamity (as if he could never have enough of it) really seemed a most unnecessary thing.

For there had been no pursuit on the part of the lady. Wilkinson's wife had the quality of her defects, and revealed herself chiefly in a formidable reluctance. It was understood that Wilkinson had prevailed only after an austere struggle. Her appearance sufficiently refuted any theory of unholy fascination or disastrous charm.

Wilkinson's wife was not at all nice to look at. She had an insignificant figure, a small, square face, colorless hair scraped with difficulty to the top of her head, eyes with no lashes to protect you from their stare, a mouth that pulled at an invisible curb, a sallow skin stretched so tight over her cheek-bones that the red veins stood stagnant there; and with it all, poor lady, a dull, strained expression hostile to further intimacy.

Even in her youth she never could have looked young, and she was years older than Wilkinson. Not that the difference showed, for his marriage had made Wilkinson look years older than he was; at least, so it was said by people who had known him before that unfortunate event.

It was not even as if she had been intelligent. Wilkinson had a gentle passion for the things of intellect; his wife seemed to exist on purpose to frustrate it. In no department of his life was her influence so penetrating and malign. At forty he no longer counted; he had lost all his brilliance, and had replaced it by a shy, unworldly charm. There was something in Wilkinson that dreamed or slept, with one eye open, fixed upon his wife. Of course, he had his blessed hours of deliverance from the woman. Sometimes he would fly in her face and ask people to dine at his house in Hampstead, to discuss Roman remains, or the Troubadours, or Nietzsche. He never could understand why his wife couldn't "enter," as he expressed it, into these subjects. He smiled at you in the dimmest, saddest way when he referred to it. "It's extraordinary," he would say, "the little interest she takes in Nietzsche."

Mrs. Norman found him once wandering in the High Street, with his passion full on him. He was a little absent, a little flushed; his eyes shone behind his spectacles; and there were pleasant creases in his queer, clean-shaven face.

She inquired the cause of his delight.

"I've got a man coming to dine this evening, to have a little talk with me. He knows all about the Troubadours."

And Wilkinson would try and make you believe that they had threshed out the Troubadours between them. But when Mrs. Norman, who was a little curious about Wilkinson, asked the Troubadour man what they *had* talked about, he smiled and said it was something—some extraordinary adventure—that had happened to Wilkinson's wife.

People always smiled when they spoke of her. Then, one by one, they left off dining with Wilkinson. The man who read Nietzsche was quite rude about it. He said he wasn't going there to be gagged by that woman. He would have been glad enough to ask Wilkinson to dine with him, if he would go without his wife.

If it had not been for Mrs. Norman the Wilkinsons would have vanished from the social scene. Mrs. Norman had taken Wilkinson up, and it was evident that she did not mean to let him go. That, she would have told you with engaging emphasis, was not her way. She had seen how things were going, socially, with Wilkinson, and she was bent on his deliverance.

If anybody could have carried it through, it would have been Mrs. Norman. She was clever; she was charming; she had a house in Fitzjohn's Avenue, where she entertained intimately. At forty, she had preserved the best part of her youth and prettiness, and an income insufficient for Mr. Norman, but enough for her. As she said in her rather dubious pathos, she had nobody but herself to please now.

You gathered that if Mr. Norman had been living he would not have been pleased with her cultivation of the Wilkinsons. She was always asking them to dinner. They turned up punctually at her delightful Friday evenings (her little evenings) from nine to eleven. They dropped in to tea on Sunday afternoons. Mrs. Norman had a wonderful way of drawing Wilkinson out; while Evey, her unmarried sister, made prodigious efforts to draw Wilkinson's wife in. "If you could only make her," said Mrs. Norman, "take an interest in something."

But Evey couldn't make her take an interest in anything. Evey had no sympathy with her sister's missionary adventure. She saw what Mrs. Norman wouldn't see—that, if they forced Mrs. Wilkinson on people who were trying to keep away from her, people would simply keep away from them. Their Fridays were not so well attended, so delightful, as they had been. A heavy cloud of dullness seemed to come into the room, with Mrs. Wilkinson, at nine o'clock. It hung about her chair, and spread slowly, till everybody was wrapped in it.

Then Evey protested. She wanted to know why Cornelia allowed their evenings to be blighted thus. "Why ask Mrs. Wilkinson?"

"I wouldn't," said Cornelia, "if there was any other way of getting him."

"Well," said Evey, "he's nice enough, but it's rather a large price to have to pay."

"And is he," cried Cornelia passionately, "to be cut off from everything because of that one terrible mistake?"

Evey said nothing. If Cornelia was going to take him that way, there was nothing to be said!

So Mrs. Norman went on drawing Wilkinson out more and more, till one Sunday afternoon, sitting beside her on the sofa, he emerged positively splendid. There were moments when he forgot about his wife.

They had been talking together about his blessed Troubadours. (It was wonderful, the interest Mrs. Norman took in them!) Suddenly his gentleness and sadness fell from him, a flame sprang up behind his spectacles, and the something that slept or dreamed in Wilkinson awoke. He was away with Mrs. Norman in a lovely land, in Provence of the thirteenth century. A strange chant broke from him; it startled Evey, where she sat at the other end of the room. He was reciting his own translation of a love-song of Provence.

At the first words of the refrain, his wife, who had never ceased staring at him, got up and came across the room. She touched his shoulder just as he was going to say "*Ma mie.*"

"Come, Peter," she said, "it's time to be going home."

Wilkinson rose on his long legs. "*Ma mie,*" he said, looking down at her; and the flaming dream was still in his eyes behind his spectacles.

He took the little cloak she held out to him, a pitiful and rather vulgar thing. He raised it with the air of a courtier handling a royal robe; then he put it on her, smoothing it tenderly about her shoulders.

Mrs. Norman followed them to the porch. As he turned to her on the step, she saw that his eyes were sad, and that his face, as she put it, had gone to sleep again.

When she came back to her sister, her own eyes shone and her face was rosy.

"Oh, Evey," she said, "isn't it beautiful?"

"Isn't what beautiful?"

"Mr. Wilkinson's behavior to his wife."

II

It was not an easy problem that Mrs. Norman faced. She wished to save Wilkinson; she also wished to save the character of her Fridays, which Wilkinson's wife had already done her best to destroy. Mrs. Norman could not think why the woman came, since she didn't enjoy herself, since she was impenetrable to the intimate, peculiar charm. You could only suppose that her object was to prevent its penetrating Wilkinson, to keep the other women off. Her eyes never left him.

It was all very well for Evey to talk. She *might*, of course, have been wiser in the beginning. She might have confined the creature to their big monthly crushes, where, as Evey had suggested, she would easily have been mislaid and lost. But so, unfortunately, would Wilkinson; and the whole point was how not to lose him.

Evey said she was tired of being told off to entertain Mrs. Wilkinson. She was beginning to be rather disagreeable about it. She said Cornelia was getting to care too much about that Wilkinson man. She wouldn't have minded playing up to her if she had approved of the game; but Mrs. Wilkinson was, after all, you know, Mr. Wilkinson's wife.

Mrs. Norman cried a little. She told Evey she ought to have known it was his spirit that she cared about. But she owned that it wasn't right to sacrifice poor Evey. Neither, since he *had* a wife, was it altogether right for her to care about Wilkinson's spirit to the exclusion of her other friends.

Then, one Friday, Mrs. Norman, relieving her sister for once, made a discovery while Evey, who was a fine musician, played. Mrs. Wilkinson did, after all, take an interest in something: she was accessible to the throbbing of Evey's bow across the strings.

She had started; her eyes had turned from Wilkinson and fastened on the player. There was a light in them, beautiful and piercing, as if her soul had suddenly been released from some hiding-place in its unlovely house. Her face softened, her mouth relaxed, her eyes closed. She lay back in her chair, at peace, withdrawn from them, positively lost.

Mrs. Norman slipped across the room to the corner where Wilkinson sat alone. His face lightened as she came.

"It's extraordinary," he said, "her love of music."

Mrs. Norman assented. It *was* extraordinary, if you came to think of it. Mrs. Wilkinson had no understanding of the art. What did it mean to her? Where did it take her? You could see she was transported, presumably to some place of chartered stupidity, of condoned oblivion, where nobody could challenge her right to enter and remain.

"So soothing," said Wilkinson, "to the nerves."

Mrs. Norman smiled at him. She felt that, under cover of the music, his spirit was seeking communion with hers.

He thanked her at parting; the slight hush and mystery of his manner intimated that she had found a way.

"I hope," she said, "you'll come often—often."

"May we? May we?" He seemed to leap at it—as if they hadn't come often enough before!

Certainly she had found the way—the way to deliver him, the way to pacify his wife, to remove her gently to her place and keep her there.

The dreadful lady thus creditably disposed of, Wilkinson was no longer backward in the courting of his opportunity. He proved punctual to the first minute of the golden hour.

Hampstead was immensely interested in his blossoming forth. It found a touching simplicity in the way he lent himself to the sympathetic eye. All the world was at liberty to observe his intimacy with Mrs. Norman.

It endured for nine weeks. Then suddenly, to Mrs. Norman's bewilderment, it ceased. The Wilkinsons left off coming to her Friday evenings. They refused her invitations. Their behavior was so abrupt and so mysterious that Mrs. Norman felt that something must have happened to account for it. Somebody, she had no doubt, had been talking. She was much annoyed with Wilkinson in consequence, and, when she met him accidentally in the High Street, her manner conveyed to him her just resentment.

He called in Fitzjohn's Avenue the next Sunday. For the first time, he was without his wife.

He was so downcast, and so penitent, and so ashamed of himself that Mrs. Norman met him half-way with a little rush of affection.

"Why have you not been to see us all this time?" she said.

He looked at her unsteadily; his whole manner betrayed an extreme embarrassment.

"I've come," he said, "on purpose to explain. You mustn't think I don't appreciate your kindness, but, the fact is, my poor wife—" (She knew that woman was at the bottom of it!) "—is no longer—up to it."

"What is the wretch up to, I should like to know?" thought Mrs. Norman.

He held her with his melancholy, unsteady eyes. He seemed to be endeavoring to approach a subject intimately and yet abstrusely painful.

"She finds the music—just at present—a little too much for her; the vibrations, you know. It's extraordinary how they affect her. She feels them—most unpleasantly—just here." Wilkinson laid two delicate fingers on the middle buttons of his waistcoat.

Mrs. Norman was very kind to him. He was not expert, poor fellow, in the fabrication of excuses. His look seemed to implore her pardon for the shifts he had been driven to; it appealed to her to help him out, to stand by him in his unspeakable situation.

"I see," she said.

He smiled, in charming gratitude to her for seeing it.

That smile raised the devil in her. Why, after all, should she help him out?

"And are you susceptible to music — in the same unpleasant way?"

"Me? Oh, no — no. I like it; it gives me the very greatest pleasure." He stared at her in bewilderment and distress.

"Then why," said Mrs. Norman sweetly, "if it gives you pleasure, should you cut yourself off from it?"

"My dear Mrs. Norman, we have to cut ourselves off from a great many things — that give us pleasure. It can't be helped."

She meditated. "Would it do any good," she said, "if I were to call on Mrs. Wilkinson?"

Wilkinson looked grave. "It is most kind of you, but — just at present — I think it might be wiser not. She really, you know, isn't very fit."

Mrs. Norman's silence neither accepted nor rejected the preposterous pretext. Wilkinson went on, helping himself out as best he could:

"I can't talk about it; but I thought I ought to let you know. We've just got to give everything up."

She held herself in. A terrible impulse was upon her to tell him straight out that she did not see it; that it was too bad; that there was no reason why *she* should be called upon to give everything up.

"So, if we don't come," he said, "you'll understand? It's better — it really is better not."

His voice moved her, and her heart cried to him, "Poor Peter!"

"Yes," she said; "I understand."

Of course she understood. Poor Peter! so it had come to that?

"Can't you stay for tea?" she said.

"No; I must be going back to her."

He rose. His hand found hers. Its slight pressure told her that he gave and took the sadness of renunciation.

That winter Mrs. Wilkinson fell ill in good earnest, and Wilkinson became the prey of a pitiful remorse that kept him a prisoner by his wife's bedside.

He had always been a good man; it was now understood that he avoided Mrs. Norman because he desired to remain what he had always been.

III

There was also an understanding, consecrated by the piety of their renunciation, that Wilkinson was only waiting for his wife's death to marry Mrs. Norman.

And Wilkinson's wife was a long time in dying. It was not to be supposed that she would die quickly, as long as she could interfere with his happiness by living.

With her genius for frustrating and tormenting, she kept the poor man on tenter-hooks with perpetual relapses and recoveries. She jerked him on the chain. He was always a prisoner on the verge of his release. She was at death's door in March. In April she was to be seen, convalescent, in a bath-chair, being wheeled slowly up and down the Spaniard's Road. And Wilkinson walked by the chair, his shoulders bent, his eyes fixed on the ground, his face set in an expression of illimitable patience.

In the summer she gave it up and died; and in the following spring Wilkinson resumed his converse with Mrs. Norman. All things considered, he had left a decent interval.

By autumn Mrs. Norman's friends were all on tiptoe and craning their necks with expectation. It was assumed among them that Wilkinson would propose to her the following summer, when the first year of his widowhood should be ended. When summer came, there was nothing between them, that anybody could see. But it by no means followed that there was nothing to be seen. Mrs. Norman seemed perfectly sure of him. In her intense sympathy for Wilkinson, she knew how to account for all his hesitations and delays. She could not look for any passionate, decisive step from the broken creature he had become; she was prepared to accept him as he was, with all his humiliating fears and waverings. The tragic things his wife had done to him could not be undone in a day.

Another year divided Wilkinson from his tragedy, and still he stood trembling weakly on the verge. Mrs. Norman began to grow thin. She lost her bright air of defiance, and showed herself vulnerable by the hand of time. And nothing, positively nothing, stood between them, except Wilkinson's morbid diffidence. So absurdly manifest was their case that somebody (the Troubadour man, in fact) interposed discreetly. In the most delicate manner possible, he gave Wilkinson to understand that he would not necessarily make himself obnoxious to Mrs. Norman were he to approach her with — well, with a view to securing their joint happiness — happiness which they had both earned by their admirable behavior.

That was all that was needed: a tactful friend of both parties to put it to Wilkinson simply and in the right way. Wilkinson rose from his abasement. There was a light in his eye that rejoiced the tactful friend; his face had a look of sudden, virile determination.

"I will go to her," he said, "now."

It was a dark, unpleasant evening, full of cold and sleet.

Wilkinson thrust his arms into an overcoat, jammed a cap down on his forehead, and strode into the weather. He strode into Mrs. Norman's room.

When Mrs. Norman saw that look on his face, she knew that it was all right. Her youth rose in her again to meet it.

"Forgive me," said Wilkinson; "I had to come."

"Why not?" she said.

"It's so late."

"Not too late for me."

He sat down, still with his air of determination, in the chair she indicated. He waved away, with unconcealed impatience, the trivialities she used to soften the violence of his invasion.

"I've come," he said, "because I've had something on my mind. It strikes me that I've never really thanked you."

"Thanked me?"

"For your great kindness to my wife."

Mrs. Norman looked away.

"I shall always be grateful to you," said Wilkinson. "You were very good to her."

"Oh, no, no," she moaned.

"I assure you," he insisted, "she felt it very much. I thought you would like to know that."

"Oh, yes." Mrs. Norman's voice went very low with the sinking of her heart.

"She used to say you did more for her — you and your sister, with her beautiful music — than all the doctors. You found the thing that eased her. I suppose *you* knew how ill she was — all the time? I mean before her last illness."

"I don't think," said she, "I did know."

His face, which had grown grave, brightened. "No? Well, you see, she was so plucky. Nobody could have known; I didn't always realize it myself."

Then he told her that for five years his wife had suffered from a nervous malady that made her subject to strange excitements and depressions.

"We fought it," he said, "together. Through it all, even on her worst days, she was always the same to me."

He sank deeper into memory.

"Nobody knows what she was to me. She wasn't one much for society. She went into it" (his manner implied that she had adorned it) "to please me, because I thought it might do her good. It was one of the things we tried."

Mrs. Norman stared at him. She stared through him and beyond him, and saw a strange man. She listened to a strange voice that sounded far off, from somewhere beyond forgetfulness.

"There were times," she heard him saying, "when we could not go out or see any one. All we wanted was to be alone together. We could sit, she and I, a whole evening without saying a word. We each knew what the other wanted to say without saying it. I was always sure of her; she understood me as nobody else ever can." He paused. "All that's gone."

"Oh, no," Mrs. Norman said, "it isn't."

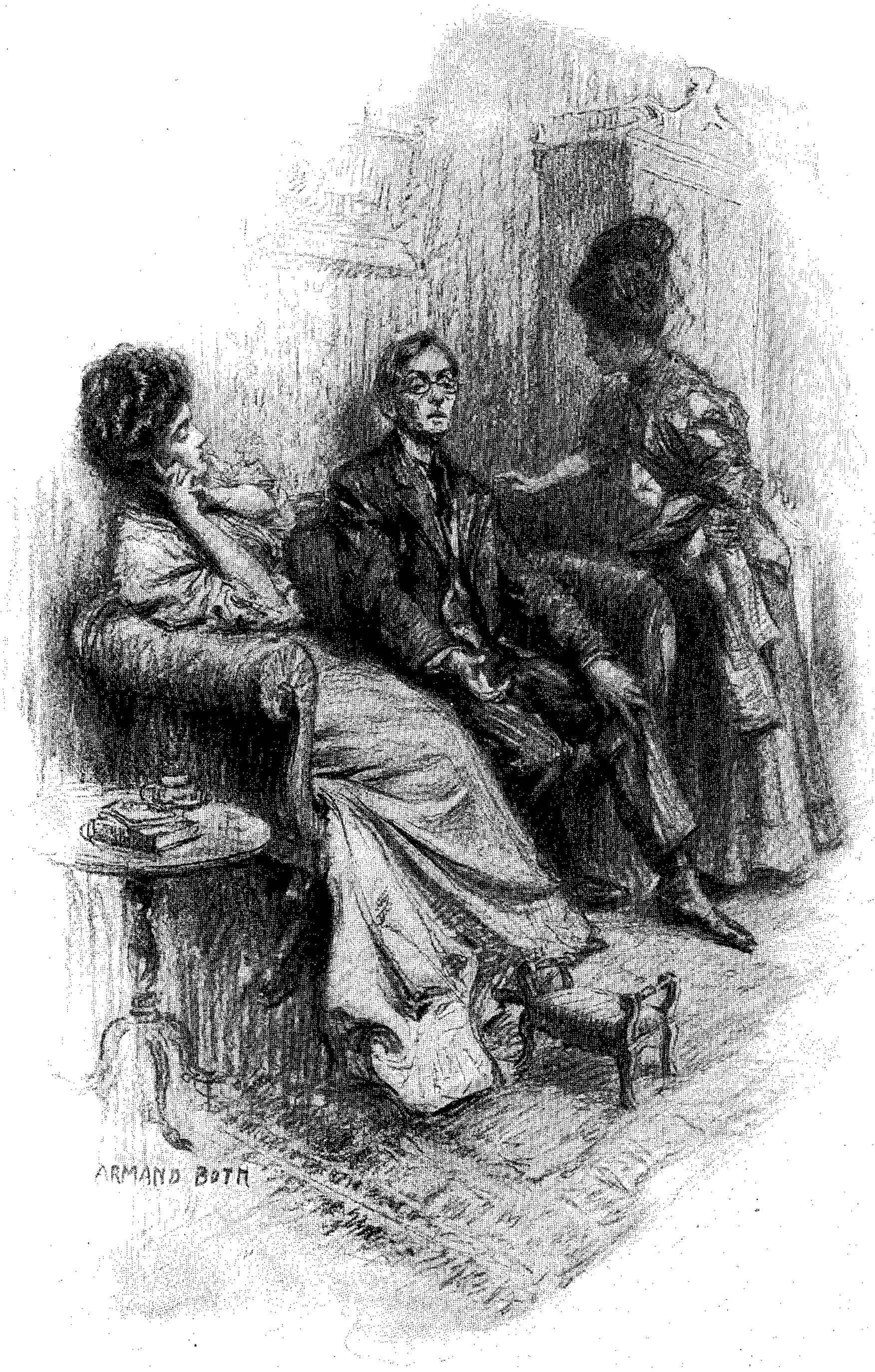
"It is." He illuminated himself with a faint flame of passion.

"Don't say that, when you have friends who understand."

"They don't. They can't. And," said Wilkinson, "I don't want them to."

Mrs. Norman sat silent, as in the presence of something sacred and supreme.

She confessed afterward that what had attracted her to Peter Wilkinson was his tremendous capacity for devotion. Only (this she did not confess) she never dreamed that it had been given to his wife.


ARMAND BOTH

"SHE TOUCHED HIS SHOULDER JUST AS HE WAS GOING TO SAY 'MA MIE'"

THE NIGHT NAN GREW UP

BY

MARION HILL

AUTHOR OF "HIS JOURNEY TO THE GATES," "A DAY OF PRECIOUS PENALTIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLOTTE W. DITZLER

THE three stood irresolutely in the hall. They being refreshingly young, the fate which awaited them inclined them to an ill-starred mirth which needed all but no pretext to break out into laughter.

"Well, she's gone," said Alf, finally closing the front door; "and, though she's my own mother, I'm bound to admit she looked pretty nice."

Sidney emitted a muffled snort. He was of that age and nature which is given to snorts as an outlet for all emotions, whether of amusement, pain, embarrassment, grief, fear, or nervousness. This time it was a discreet mixture of the first and last.

"I should think she'd *have* to look nice," murmured Nan, with smothered enthusiasm, "in that lovely tan silk gown and the red roses! She'll be the prettiest person at the reception."

"How long does a reception receive? When will she be back?" whispered Alf, looking doubtfully at Nan, and adding, with true brotherly candor: "But why I should seek elucidation of the social code from a long-legged infant in arms like you passes comprehension."

Sidney again snorted. He was an encourager of wit; almost anything tickled his risibilities.

Nan flung up her insulted young head and jerked down her brief skirts in a futile endeavor to cover the members referred to. After a prudent glance behind her to assure herself that she was not overlooked, she made a satisfactorily hideous grimace at her detractor, and then immediately resumed amicable relations with him.

"A reception lasts forever," she observed. "Mother won't be home till midnight."

"Can't we stay here in the hall till then?" asked Alf gloomily.

At this Sidney collapsed utterly, and sat on the floor to have his silent laugh out safely, his head between his knees.

"Oh, come on, boys. Get up, Sid. Follow me. I'm not afraid," maintained Nan, making a courageous start for the library door. From within, the crackle of the evening newspaper struck panic to her heart, and she backed precipitately.

The three leaned against one another for mutual support, and indulged in a last orgy of soundless mirth. Then they sternly gathered themselves together for a second attempt toward the library. "Cease grinning. Iron out mugs. Forward, march!" ordered Alf; and, with fiercely decorous faces, the three sidled into the room where sat the cause of their intimidation.

It was their father.

He glanced at them austerely; his hinted disparagement seared the naturalness completely out of them, and Alf promptly grew round-shouldered, Sidney stumbled over chairs and broke into dangerous showers of snorts, while Nan became all feet and elbows. They certainly made a poor showing.

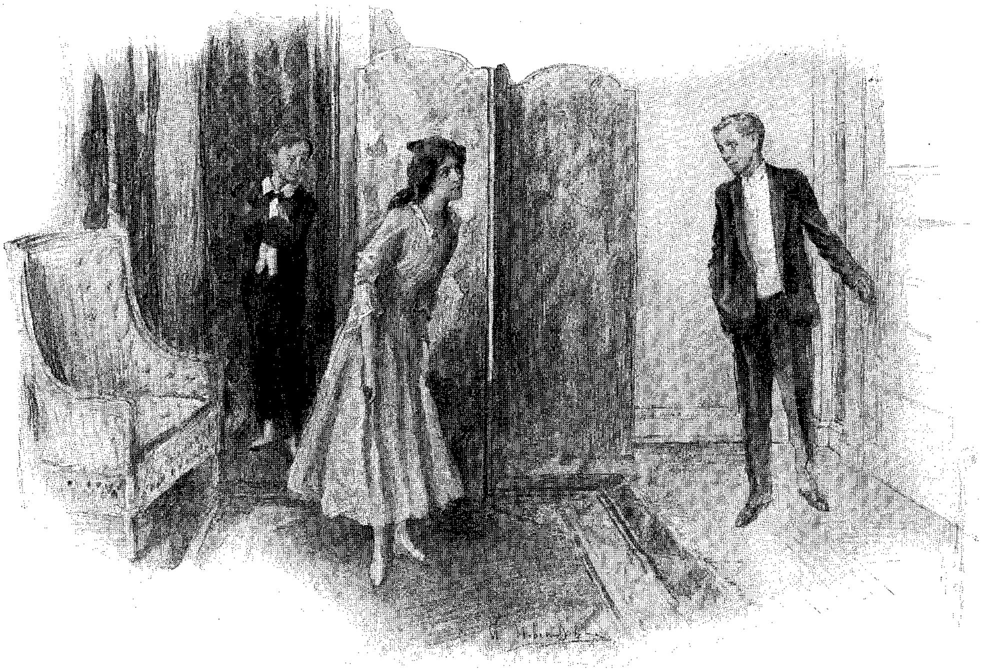
The father's look took on increased disfavor.

"Well, well," he said tartly, "get books—sit down—do something, and keep quiet!" He glanced furtively at the clock, and noted with distinct relief that the hour lacked but thirty minutes of bedtime.

The youngsters each snatched any volume that came handy and dropped into the chair that was most remote from the lamp. This dim safety was not to be theirs, however.

"Draw nearer the table."

Each rose with spasmodic perfunctoriness, hitched a chair into the center of things, and sat down again. This time they chanced to be facing the light, and the father's patience strained to breaking. He never dreamed of crediting his children's blunders to the species



"THE THREE STOOD IRRESOLUTELY IN THE HALL"

of terror inspired by himself, but put it down to sheer criminal heedlessness.

"Where is your common sense?" he fumed. "Turn your backs!"

Unanalytically, taking it merely as another movement in the series of arbitrary gymnastics he was insisting upon, the dazed three got again to their feet, turned their chairs around, and dropped into them for the third time. Everybody's back was to everybody else.

"Let the rays come over your left shoulder," was the final command, and after considerable guessing and shifting the position was effected.

Then an awe-striking peace fell upon the room, and the clock ticked with startling insistence. Fortunately, every minute hastened the general deliverance.

After a quarter of an hour of this literary sociability, the situation got on Sidney's nerves and weakened his self-control. Lucklessly catching his brother's rolling eye, he exploded into a snort louder than any horse.

That did for him.

"Leave the room! Go to bed!"

"Yes, sir. Good night, sir."

Sidney veiled his pleased alacrity under a wise film of penitence. He walked from the library and went up-stairs, beginning with slowness and propriety, but gaining acceleration as his nervous levity grew upon him, until he finally made the last steps in gallops, reaching his own room to the sound of a muffled metallic clang which intimated to the initiated that he had made one bound from his door to the center of his bed, there to deaden his snorts in the pillows.

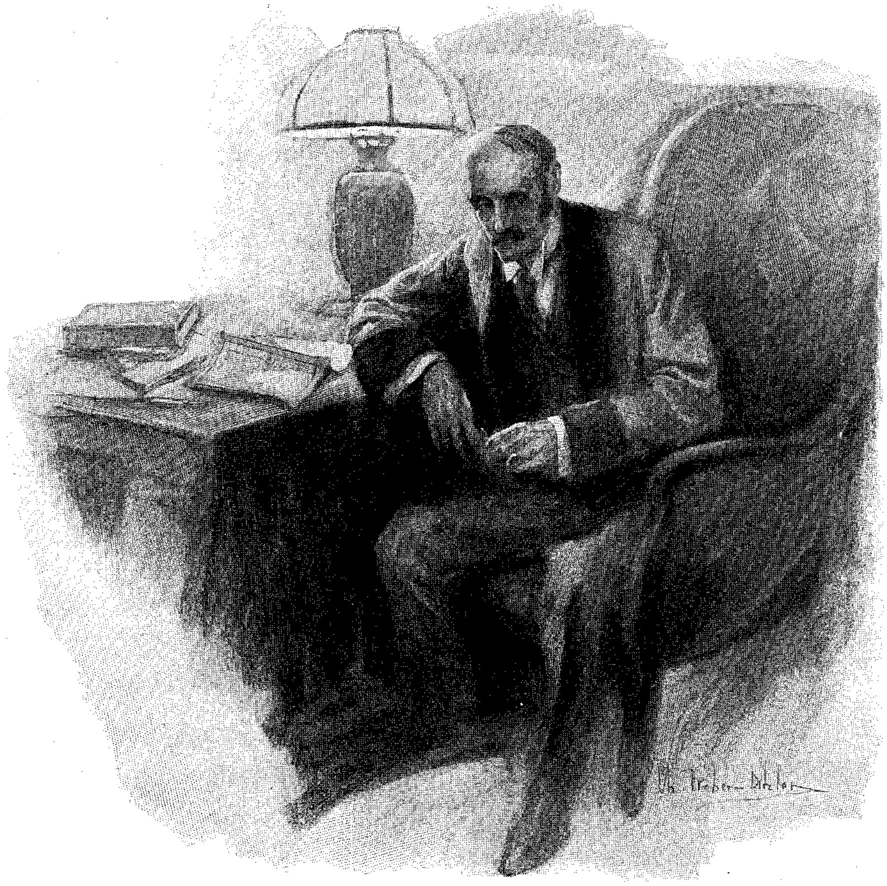
In the library the stillness deepened and became sinister. Alf's constraint attacked his Adam's apple and impelled him to do a great deal of unnecessary and audible swallowing, to disguise the betraying nature of which he was obliged constantly to clear his throat in palpably artificial coughs.

Nan's attitude was graceful and composed, but her cheeks burned with a telltale crimson.

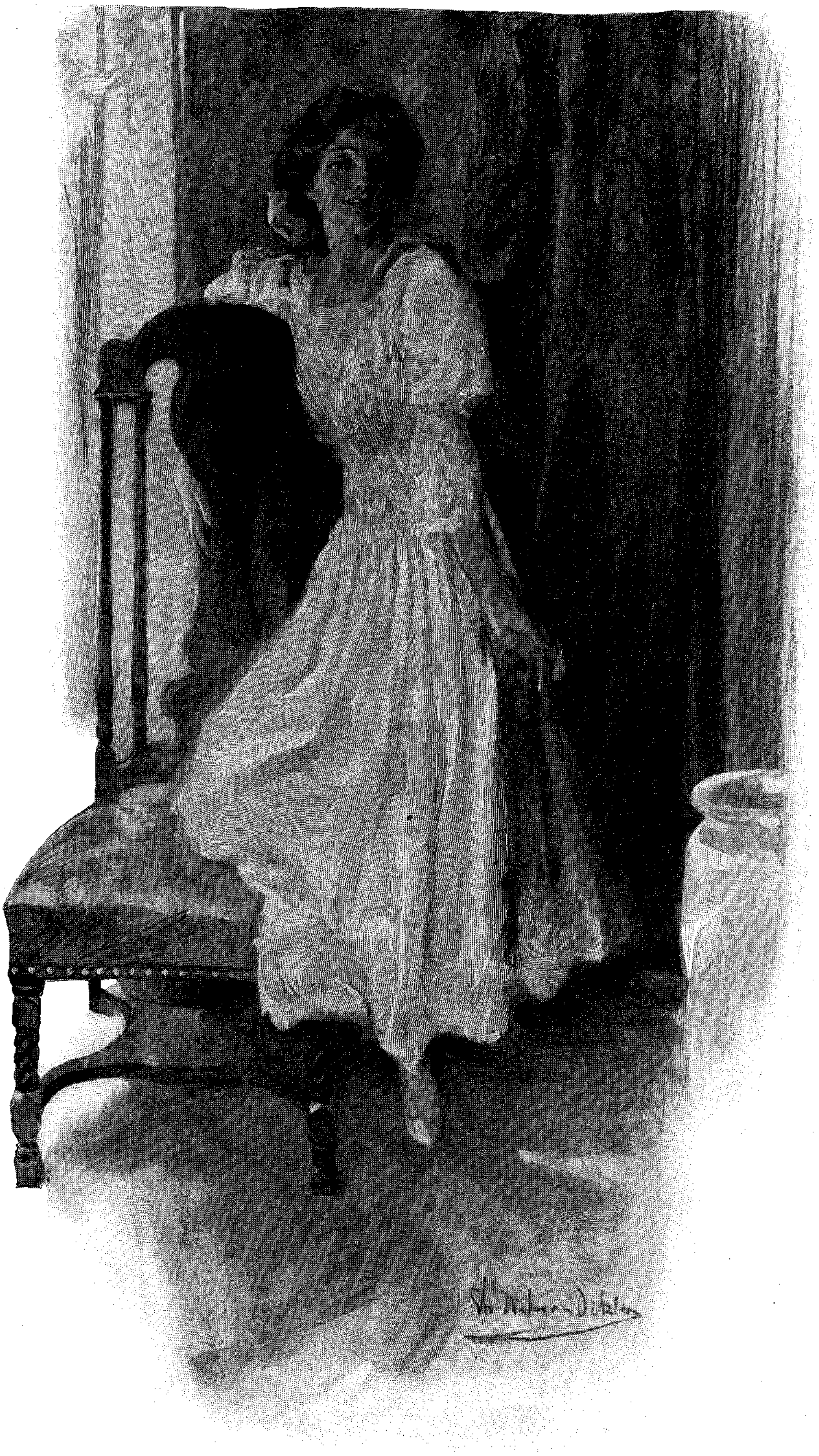
As for the father, he was fully as conscious and ill at ease as were his offspring. His evening's chaperonage was a marked departure from the ordinary, and so little did he know of his own children or their interests that he had absolutely no conversation for the occasion. He was irascibly aware of the fact that he ought to be, and was not, his brood's best comrade. He knew how to work for them, how to discipline them, how to awe them, how to be proud of them, how to subdue their exuberances — but he was absolutely ignorant about loving them. To tell the strict truth, he had never been fond of children and had never understood them, either on their physical or on their moral side. Just as he had turned over to their mother all responsibility regarding their mysterious infant maladies, so had he relegated to her the treatment of their spiritual delinquencies or development, as the case might be. But, in order to counteract any possible maternal "spoiling," he had laid out for himself, and strictly followed, a system of "don'ts." Broadly, his system consisted in promptly stopping a child that was enjoying itself, on the undeviating principle that a child that was having a good time was certainly misbehaving. Not being idiots, the children soon learned to keep their real selves in abeyance while he was in their vicinity. They respected him because he had authority; they admired him because he was fine-looking; but they did not love him — chiefly because he did not wish to be loved. As a rule, their one mad desire was to keep the thickness of at least one wall between themselves and him. Having this aim in common with them, he materially assisted them in accomplishing it.

But to-night was an exception. Every maternally inclined relative, mother, grandmas, aunts, being engaged otherwise and elsewhere, he had found himself obliged to volunteer his services as home-keeper; and it was an ordeal even stiffer and more awkward than he had anticipated.

The sense of constraint and alienship had grown so strong in the room as to be almost unendurable, when the striking of the clock,



"STARING AHEAD OF HIM, VIEWING GRIMLY THE WRECK OF SOMETHING"



"'MY FACE IS POWDERED—SO ARE MY HANDS AND ARMS'" heralding the children's established bedtime, came to him like a blissful reprieve.

He lowered the defenses of his paper and eyed his son and daughter with a dismissive severity.

"Good night," he said briefly.

"Good night, sir," was Alf's immediate rejoinder, and, replacing his book on its shelf, the boy gladly escaped.

With her heart beating like a pile-driving engine, so that her book heaved visibly, Nan continued her serene pretense of reading. Quite aware that her father was glooming heavily in her direction, she nevertheless turned another page, with every evidence of absorbing literary avidity, and allowed a charming flicker of pleasure to arch her eyebrows and curve her lips. With the inborn fiendish wisdom of woman, she knew that the one who spoke first would have the hardest task, so she maintained silence — strengthened by dignified preoccupation.

He fidgeted angrily through a short editorial, and then looked at her again. She turned another page. He put his paper down deliberately, in order to impale her on a gaze of entire concentration. For a moment he fancied he had properly impressed her, for she closed her book and arose. But it was only to select another volume from the shelves. Obtaining one to her liking, she came back and reseated herself. The assured permanency of her attitude kept him silent through another editorial. Then he spoke:

"Well?"

She glanced at him respectfully.

"Yes, father?"

He pointed persuasively to the clock.

"Is not that a quarter-past bedtime?"

She gazed interestedly at the hour.

"Yes, father; for the children."

"For whom?"

"For the children."

"The *children*?"

"Yes, father — for Alf and Sid."

"And what are you, may I ask?"

"Moms has allowed me — Mother, I mean — has allowed me to, since last week; because I'm getting to be a young lady."

"Allowed what?"

"My staying up an hour later than the ch — the boys."

"And what happened last week, to turn you into a young lady?"

"My birthday."

"Oh! You need several more, I think, to make a satisfactory job of it." He was taking a sarcastic inspection of her, from her straight plaits of hair, on to her rather red and knuckly little hands, down to the unswathed display of boots and stockings which showed below her sparse skirts. He was inclined to see her as he had seen her for several years past — a self-conscious, sometimes toothless, always bony little girl. She intelligently interpreted his gaze, and blushed; but it was an amused little blush, not at all nervous, and extremely pretty.

She swung her neat boot and ankle further into the light, and distinctly refused to take the blame for their conspicuousness.

"It's not my fault. It's the dress. It's an old one, and too short. But it's good yet, and I have to wear it out — in the house."

"Oh!" That seemed all there was to say. He attempted to resume his reading, but she interrupted him:

"Father."

"Yes?"

"To-night I stayed up to ask you something."

"What is it?"

"Look at my hair."

"I see it."

"It doesn't look nice, like other girls' hair, does it?"

"Its appearance is extremely neat," he said, with some severity, for he divined what was coming.

"None of the other girls have to wear their hair *scrawped* away from their foreheads with a back-comb."

"They would if their fathers knew what was best for their eyes."

"Some of their fathers *do*; but those girls fix their hair the way they want, and then just brush it straight back when they think he'll come home."

"Well, but you wouldn't do that, would you?"

"I was going to," she admitted unflinchingly.

"What stopped you?"

"Moms — I mean Mother. She said it would be dishonorable. I said you didn't know, nor care, *how* I looked; and she said I was mistaken — that you had my best interests always at heart, and would tell me when you were ready to let me fix my hair nicely."

He pondered. That was like "Mother"— taking his part always.

"And what do you call 'nicely'?" he queried.

With another blush, one of soft delight, she proceeded to give him a pictorial definition. Using the polished nickel of the lamp-stand for a mirror and a daggerlike paper-cutter for a hair-pin, she first pulled off the offending back-comb, jerked the ribbon bow from the end of her braid, rolled her hair into a loose knot, stuck the dagger through it, perched the bow atop, and then, by the surprising expedient of putting the comb in from the back instead of from the front, she "fluffed" a wavy halo around her happy face.

"There," she said, gazing at him breathlessly, all her soul in her eyes.

Memory had him by the hand. A name spoke to him from the past—"Nancy Maybelle Rivers," his wife's maiden name, the name of the sweetest girl in the valley where he had spent his young manhood. With the same shy yet ardent gaze, from eyes as virginally blue, had she glanced at him, the wonderful time of their first meeting.

"There," repeated Nan, "doesn't that look better?"

"Yes," he said softly.

With a happy little gurgle and a shudder of sheer delight, she took the word — spoken almost unconsciously, out of the tenderness of the long ago — as a permission to adopt the hitherto forbidden fashion. She gave herself a rapturous hug, sighed exquisitely once, then took up her book in entire content and was silent.

His paper did not interest him as solidly as before. He took cognizance of his own absurdity, and smiled amusedly to himself, remembering how much like a stick, a stone, or a piece of furniture he had been considering this wilful and winsome young daughter who had ideas of her own and was not afraid to express them. Wishing to hear her expand still further, he made a wild excursion back into his own and his sister's childhood, and then hazarded:

"What are you reading? Oliver Optic? The Dottie Dimple stories?"

Nan looked slightly scandalized.

"No, father; I'm reading Vergil's 'Eclogues.'"

"In the original, I suppose!" he said sarcastically.

"Yes, father."

"How much of a Latin scholar are you, may I ask?"

"I have been taking about three years now. You see, I'm in the second year of the high school, and in the last year of the grammar school we were allowed to choose between the English course and the classical, and I took the classical."

"What was your objection to learning to speak English?" he inquired ironically.

She took this sally kindly, laughing with flattering spontaneity. It had been quite a while since any one had so honestly bubbled over at his small witticisms.

"Well, Moms advised me to study Latin. She said that you had provided us with such an excellent English library, and were so well read yourself, that when the right time came you would make better English scholars of us than any high school could possibly do."

Again he pondered. Loyal, true-hearted "Moms"! Had she made a place for him in his children's hearts, after all?

"Perhaps the 'right time' has come, Nan. How old *are* you?"

"Last week was my fifteenth birthday."

Fifteen! Was it fifteen years ago that that small bundle of humanity had come into his life and filled him importantly with impulse to acquire wealth and honors? What had come of those bright and burning visions of his hope? Turned to ashes. He was still plodding, still striving to make ends meet; and his ambitions were worn out. Honors! Why, he could die this night, and on the morrow the world would spin unmindful, nor even miss him from his accustomed place. He felt suddenly old and weary. So long as his children had been indeed children, romping underfoot, as it were, he had been able to think of himself as a young man and capable of achievements; but if they were grown, then he was old, and his day for great things was past. A sense of loneliness and defeat lay upon him. And yet, this new wonder of a grown daughter attracted him with a strange tenderness. As he scrutinized her he smiled, and her heart opened to him in a shy confidence.

"I am glad if you are going to teach me, Father, for I want to learn. I want to be a writer — a great, great one; I want to write a book that will make the whole world better."

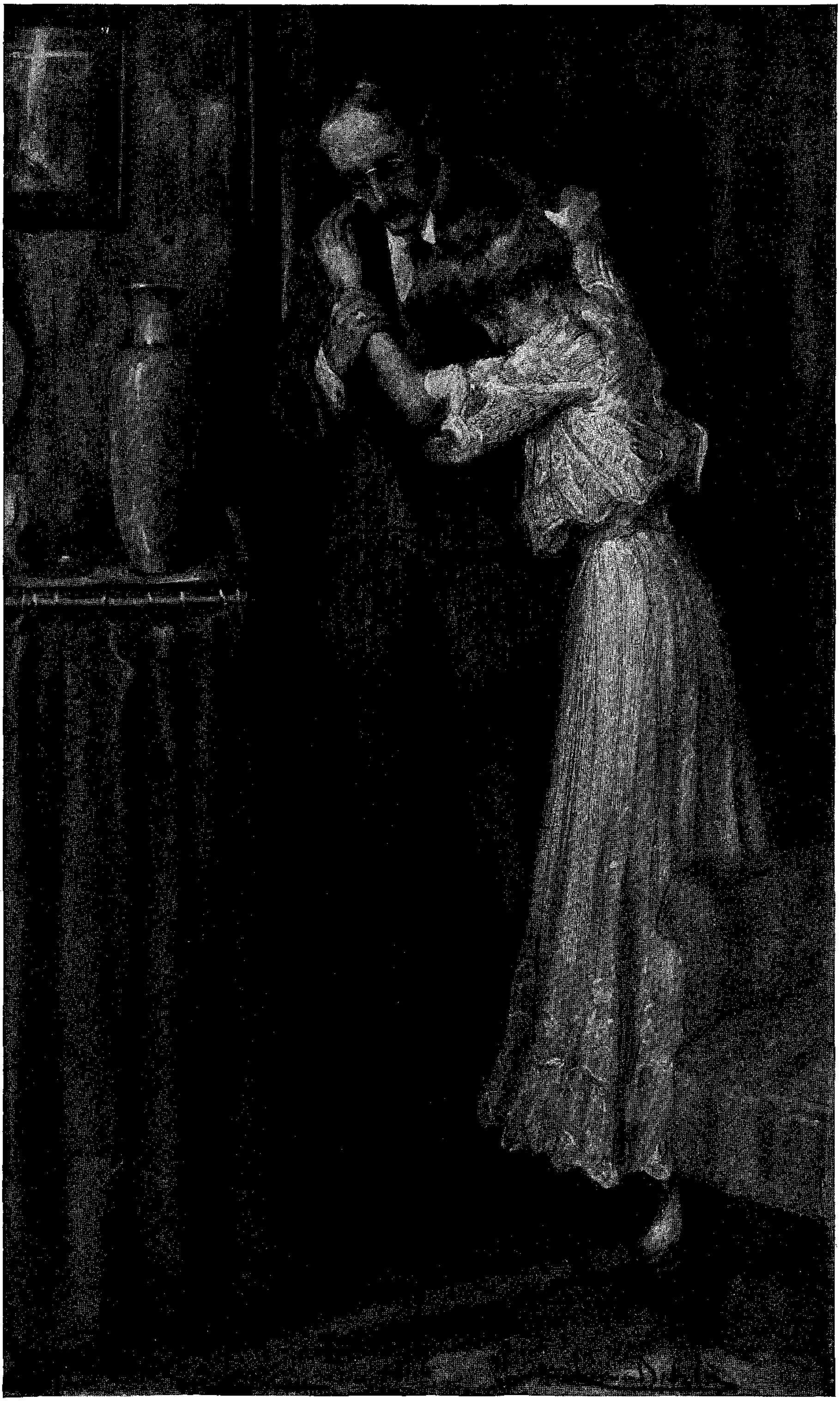
Her eyes were as round and inexperienced as a kitten's.

"Well, now, I wouldn't, if I were you," he advised, with grave derision. "Such a book doesn't pay, you know."

She made a shocked protest.

"Why, who would write for *pay?* I only want to help the world. If I *just* could, I'd be willing to die in a garret."

Discarding the husks of triteness and childish extravagance in her speech, brooding only upon its kernel of truth, he fell again into silence. To do good, to reform — the eternal aspiration of youth! It had been his once. How ever moral are all young creatures! How unnecessary to preach to them! It is only age that is sordid and unworthy. How long since he himself had striven for anything without the guerdon of substantial gain in view? Had the years brought to him nothing but deterioration and defeat? Staring ahead of him, viewing



"'NOTHING'S THE MATTER. EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT'" grimly the wreck of something,— he knew not exactly what,— he quite forgot Nan.

But she was not there to be forgotten. After some minutes she burst out exultingly:

"Father, my new dress is done!"

"Oh." He spoke with a curtness which carried the plain inference, "And what the deuce is that to me?" So she hastened to add:

"The one you gave me."

"*I* gave you?"

"Yes. Your birthday present that you asked Moms to pick out for you."

"Oh!" The expletive lacked crispness this time. He shaded his eyes with his hand, lest they should betray the full truth about that birthday dress.

"And oh, Father, what do you think? It's *long*."

The tremulous excitement in her voice touched him vaguely.

"It's *what*, little girl?"

"L-o-n-g!"

Taking the quaver for possible anguish, he ventured a consolatory suggestion:

"Have it cut off, then."

"Have it ——"

"Cut off."

"Cut off!"

"Cut away."

"Cut away!"

"Chopped — shrunk — shortened — whatever you call it. Have it to suit you."

"Oh, it does, it does! It is too lovely for anything. Why, if I kink my back a little, it *touches*. It oughtn't to, really, for it's a *party dress*."

"So you're in society."

"No; only dancing-school. But they are going to give a ball — a real one. A boy wanted to come for me, but Moms wouldn't let him; she said she'd take me. And that's what the dress is for."

"What kind of stuff is it made of?"

"It's made —" Then she jumped ecstatically to her feet. "Oh, Father, *don't* you want me to put it on for you, right now?"

It would have taken a hard heart to refuse.

"Yes, I think I want it very much."

She made a dash toward him as if to hug him, but, habit reasserting itself, she stopped just short of accomplishment, whirled about, and skimmed from the room.

Left to himself, he resumed his dreary reflections upon the uncrowned promise of his years. Did a child, then, climb to adolescence upon the very bodies of its parents, absorbing their leisure, sapping their strength, trampling upon their ambitions? He saw well that his boyhood's determination to gain fame and responsibility — unrelinquished till now — would never be realized. Never would he crystallize his talent into some shape of beauty worthy of the world's applause; never paint the picture, write the book, plead the cause, utter the message, which was to stamp his supremacy in the world of mind and might. What he lacked was not leisure, but capability. He admitted the inexorable negation of his own limitation. He felt as baffled as a wayfarer at night who comes to the end of a road. What had the bleak to-morrows in store for him?

Unmeasured, a half-hour slipped away. Then Nan came back. Unconscious of her entrance, he did not look up till she stood before him. For a brief second he utterly failed to recognize her, but when he did his face kindled with a pleasure which was as keen as hers.

"Why, Nan!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet with a whimsical courtesy. "Bless my soul, you're a lady, and a pretty one!"

Her lovely color deepened at the compliment, and, with a deliciously demure smile upon her lips, she revolved slowly to let him take in the complete details of her magnificence.

"I look about fifty shades lighter, don't I?" she asked, explaining brazenly: "My face is powdered—so are my hands and arms. See?"

Of the little girl who had left the room there was not a trace left. From the white satin bow upon her softly coiled hair to the slipper-tip showing beneath her graceful gown, she was a charming picture of young womanhood. Sometimes one sees the same swift miracle in the blossoming of a field poppy — at a touch or less than a touch, at a kiss of the wind or a whisper of the wooing sun, the shackles of the bud slip away, the drooping stem lifts radiantly, and the glowing flower smiles open to the sky.

"A young lady!" he repeated. "What did it?"

"I think it's my arms and legs," she volunteered frankly. "When you see a person with her arms covered up and lots of feet showing — why, it's a little girl; but when you see her with her feet covered up and lots of arm showing — why, she's a young lady."

"Perhaps you're right," he agreed gravely.

Encouraged by this receptiveness, she went on to explain numerous other things — the reason for a hem here or a knot of ribbon there. He listened, and he did *not* listen. In the light of her bright and new comradeship, he began to view differently the purpose of his life. An assurance of peace came to him — not the resignation of failure, but the satisfaction of achievement. His plodding years had not been unworthy, since they had hedged round with safety a home-garden for this girl to grow in. By the self-abnegation of his labor he had made possible her most perfect development. In his boys and girl he had painted his exquisite picture and had written his masterpiece. Let the poets and the artists die! He did not *dare* to — so great his value in the world — while these young natures needed him. They would give him, too, of their youth. The weight of his years slipped off and the future beckoned.

"Nan," he said suddenly, "suppose you let me be the first one to take the new dress out. What do you say to going to the theater with me?"

"Oh!" Her cheek paled.

"To-morrow night."

"Oh!"

"In a box — just you and I — and a little supper afterward at a restaurant — where the swells go?"

"O-o-h!" She flung herself against him and burst into a storm of tears.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, much worried.

"Nothing's the matter," she sobbed out passionately. "Everything's all right. When everything's just too lovely for anything, I *always* cry."

His arm closed around her.

THE CALL OF HOME

BY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

I'M the old tired woman now, for all that work is done,
  I sit here in me daughter's house as any lady might;
It's "Take your ease, old woman dear," from each and every one,
  And willin' hands to wait on mine from morning until night.

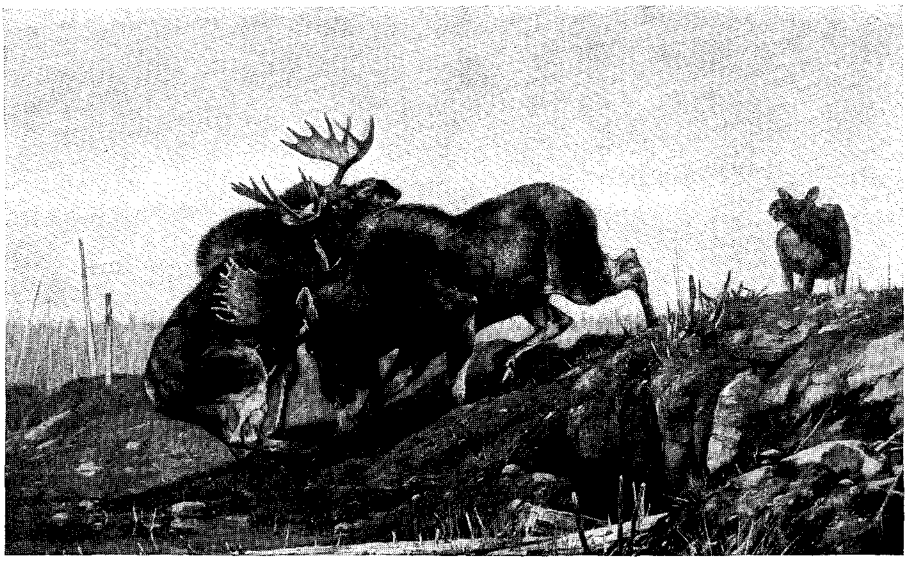
But I have the longing on me that is heavier than tears
  (Though themselves could never know it from any word I say).
  It's half the way across the world that I would be the day
And back in me own father's house I've left these fifty years.

'Tis not that I'm not happy here, who's living like a queen;
  The children's children at me knee, I'd not be leaving these;
'Tis never any word that's come across the miles between —
  For aught I know, the parish's self is crumblin' to the seas.

But I have the longing on me that is heavier than tears.
  "Oh, take your ease, old woman dear," 'tis well for them to say;
  'Tis just the little wild colleen I'd be again to-day
And back in me own father's house I've left these fifty years.

And to think I left it laughin' with a true lad's hand in mine!
  The lips that kissed me goin', oh, 'tis long that they've been cold!
And little was the grief I had that never gave me sign
  That need of it would tear the heart the day that saw me old.

But I have the longing on me — oh, 'tis well me own time nears,
  Since I'm waiting like a stranger here with those I love the best.
  It's "Take your ease, old woman dear," but oh, 'tis there I'd rest —
Once back in me own father's house I've left these fifty years!



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WILD ANIMALS

BY

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, Sc.D.

DIRECTOR OF THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL RUNGIUS

HE who enters the field of wild-animal psychology, even for a brief stroll, should pray to be delivered from the folly of seeing too much and the evil of knowing things that are not true. There is nothing more ruinous to the value of observations and deductions on the mental traits of animals than the vaulting imagination that always sees the marvelous and the boundless credulity that believes the incredible. Observations are useful only when they are squared by reason and common sense and grounded on the bed-rock of absolute truth.

While a considerable amount of serious study has been bestowed upon the mentality of the dog, the cat, the horse, and a few other domestic animals, the mental and moral moods and tenses of wild animals are but little known. It is natural for a hunter to believe that after meeting an animal twenty times in its own haunts he has acquired a fair understanding of its moral character. I know this through personal experience. But I have proved to my complete satisfaction that, no matter how well a hunter or field naturalist may learn the mental processes and traits of a free wild animal, he cannot possibly measure its intelligence nor sound the depths of its moral possibilities without making it captive and studying it in captivity.

Many human beings are "good" because they have never been under the harrow of circumstances nor sufficiently tempted to do wrong. It is only under the strain of strong temptation that human character is put through the thirty-third degree and tried out. No doubt a great many of us could be provoked to join a mob for murder, or forced to steal, or tortured into insanity. It is only under the artificial conditions of captivity, with loss of freedom, exemption from the daily fear of death, abundant food without compensating labor, and with every want supplied, that the potential "cussedness" of wild creatures comes to the surface. A captive animal often reveals traits never recognized in the free individual. These manifestations are of many kinds; but for the present moment we propose to consider only one.

To the lover of wild animals who no longer is troubled by the absurd question, "Do animals think?" there opens a vast and interesting field for observation and thought. Without unduly exalting the intelligence of the higher vertebrates, many thoughtful men and women have already discovered that the most interesting side of a wild animal is its mental processes as revealed in its actions and daily life.

The extent of the mental and moral parallelism between man and brute is a source of constant surprise. In a state of freedom, untrammeled by anything save the fear of death by violence, the deer or the mountain sheep works out in his own way his chosen scheme for the survival of the fittest — that is, of himself. In the wilds we see very few manifestations of the unadulterated criminal instinct. A fight between wild elk stags for the supremacy of a herd of hinds is not a manifestation of murder-lust, but of the natural instinct to multiply unmolested.

The killing of natural prey for daily food is not murder. A starving wolf on the desolate barren grounds may even kill and devour a wounded pack-mate without becoming a criminal by that act alone. True, such a manifestation of hard-heartedness and bad taste is very reprehensible; but its cause is hunger, not sheer blackness of heart. Among wild animals, the wanton killing of a member of the killer's own species constitutes murder in the first degree. Second-degree murder is unnecessary and wanton killing outside the killer's own species.

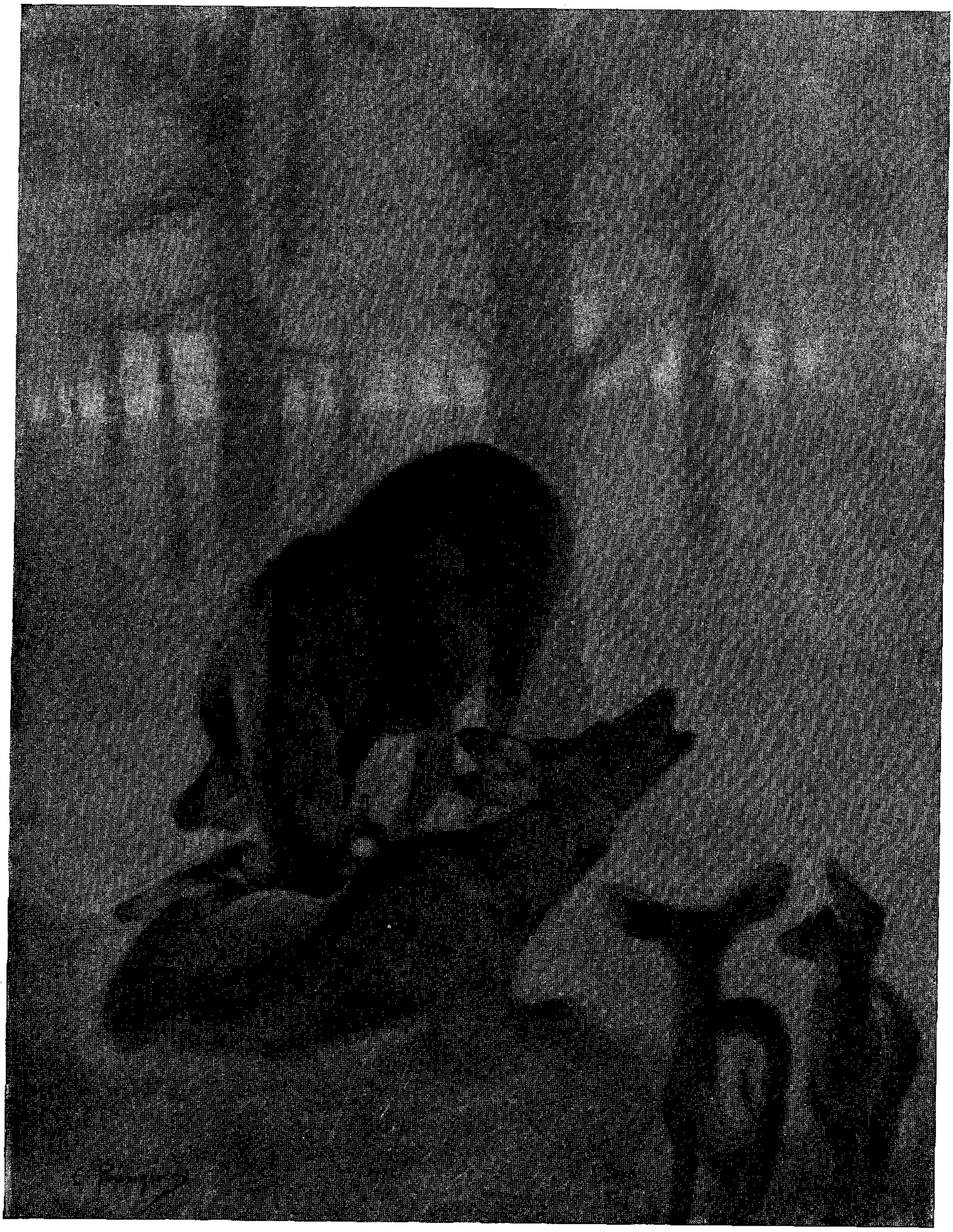
To many a wild animal there comes at times the murder-lust which under the spur of opportunity leads to genuine crime. In some of the many cases that have come under my notice, the desire to commit murder for the sake of murder has been as sharply defined as the fangs and horns of the murderers. Of the many emotions of wild animals which are revealed more sharply in captivity than in a state of nature, the crime-producing passions — jealousy, hatred, and the devilish lust for innocent blood — are most prominent. In the management of large animals in captivity, the criminal instinct is quite as great a trouble-breeder and source of anxiety as are wild-animal diseases and the constant struggle with the elements.

In many cases there is not the slightest premonitory manifestation of murderous intent on the part of an impending criminal. Indeed, with most cunning wisdom, a wild-animal murderer will often conceal his purpose until outside interference is an impossibility and the victim is entirely helpless. These manifestations of fiendish cunning and premeditation are very exasperating to those responsible for the care of animals in captivity.

In every well-regulated zoölogical park, solitary confinement is regarded as an unhappy and intolerable condition. Animals that live in herds or groups in large inclosures always exercise more, have better appetites, and are much more contented and happy than individuals that are singly confined. To visitors, a happy and contented community of deer, antelopes, bears, wolves, or birds is a source of far more pleasure than could be found in any number of solitary individuals. A small pen with a solitary animal in it at once suggests the prison-and-prisoner idea, and often arouses indignant compassion rather than pleased admiration. The peaceful community is the thing to strive for as the highest ideal attainable in an exhibition of wild animals; but mark the difficulties.

All the obstacles encountered in carrying out the community idea are created by the evil propensities of the animals themselves. Among the hoofed animals generally, every pair of horns and front hoofs is a possible storm-center. No keeper knows whether the members of his herd of deer will live together in peace and contentment until to-morrow, or whether, on any autumn or winter night, a buck will suddenly develop in his antlered head the thought that it is a good time to "kill something." In the pairing season we expect trouble, and the danger signal is always up. In October a male elk may become ever so savage, and finally develop into a raging demon, dangerous to man and beast; but when he manifests his temper *openly* and in the broad light of day, we feel that he is treating fairly both his herd-mates and his keepers. If he gives fair warning to the world about him, we must not class him as a mean criminal, no matter what he may do later on. It is our duty to corral him according to the violence of his rage. If we separate him from the herd, and he tears a fence in pieces and kills his rival, that is honest, open warfare, not foul murder. But take the following case.

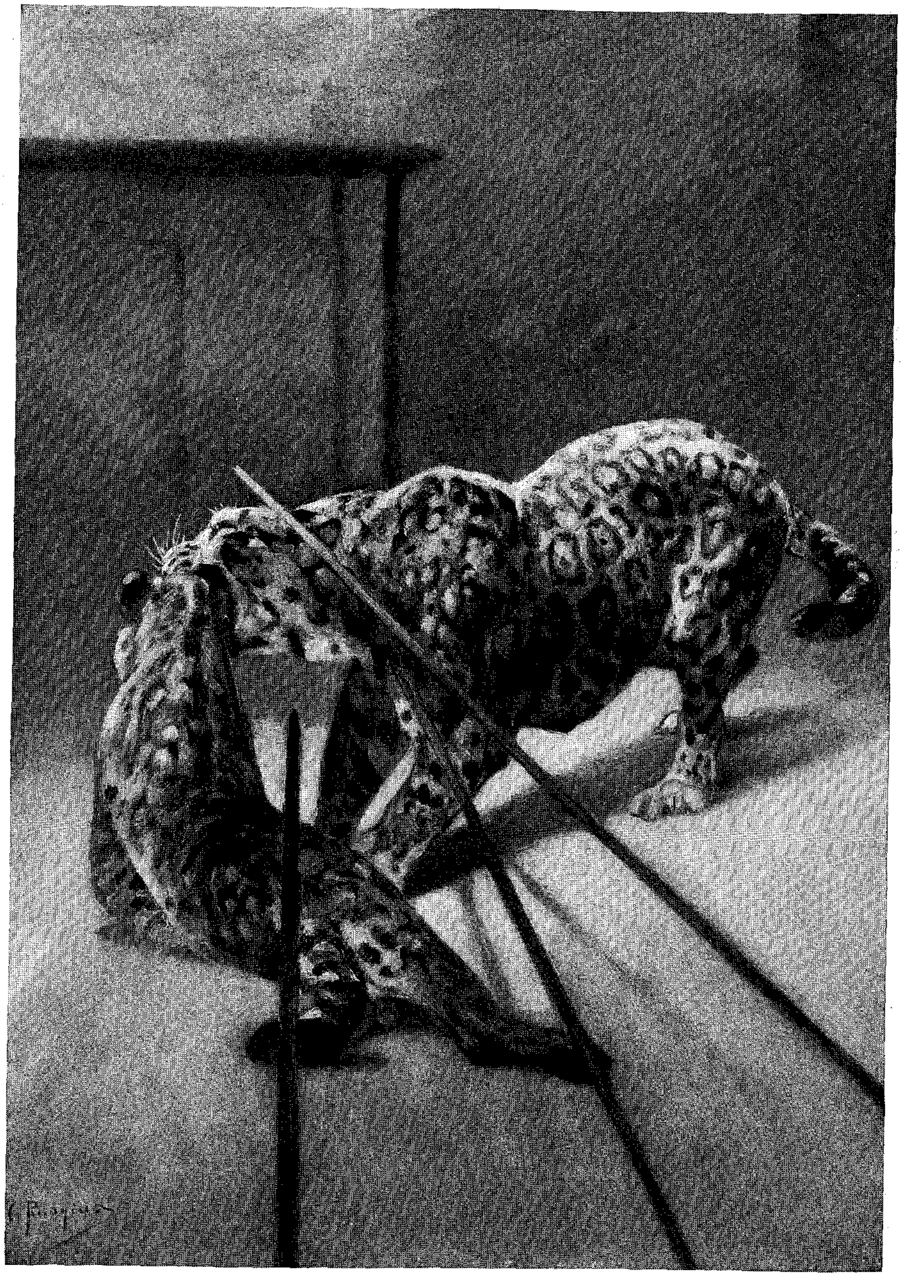
In October, 1905, the New York Zoölogical Park received from the state of Washington a young mule-deer buck and two does. Being



THE MURDER OF A MULE-DEER DOE BY HER CONSORT

"IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 6, 1906, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST WARNING, HE DECIDED TO COMMIT A MURDER; AND THE MOTHER OF THE TWO NURSING FAWNS WAS SELECTED AS THE VICTIM! . . . *HE GORED HER MOST SAVAGELY ABOUT TWENTY TIMES, AND KILLED HER*"

conspicuous members of the worst species of "difficult" deer to keep alive at Atlantic tidewater, and being also very thin and weak, it required the combined efforts of several persons to keep them alive. For six months they staggered about their corral, more dead than alive; but at last they began slowly to improve. The oldest doe gave birth to two fawns which actually survived. But, even when the mating season began, the buck continued to be languid

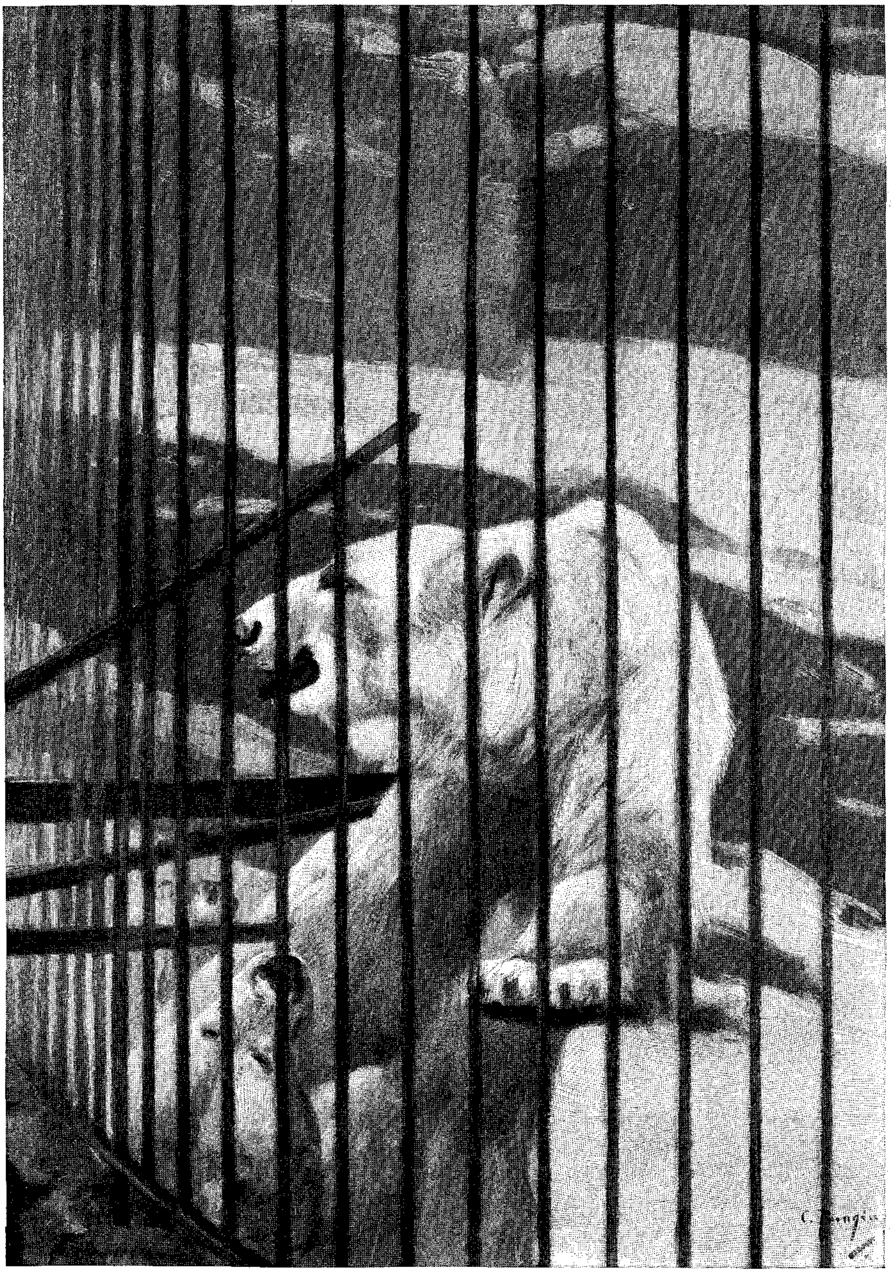


THE CRIME OF THE BIG JAGUAR LOPEZ

"ONE OF THE MOST CUNNING CRIMES I HAVE EVER SEEN AMONG WILD ANIMALS. . . . IN AN INSTANT, LOPEZ RUSHED UPON HER, SEIZED HER WHOLE NECK IN HIS POWERFUL JAWS, AND CRUSHED HER CERVICAL VERTEBRAE BY HIS AWFUL BITE"

and blasé. At no time did he exhibit signs of temper, or even suspicious vigor.

In the middle of the night of November 6, 1906, without the slightest warning, he decided to commit a murder; and the mother of the two nursing fawns was selected as the victim! Being weak from the rearing of her offspring, she was at his mercy. He gored

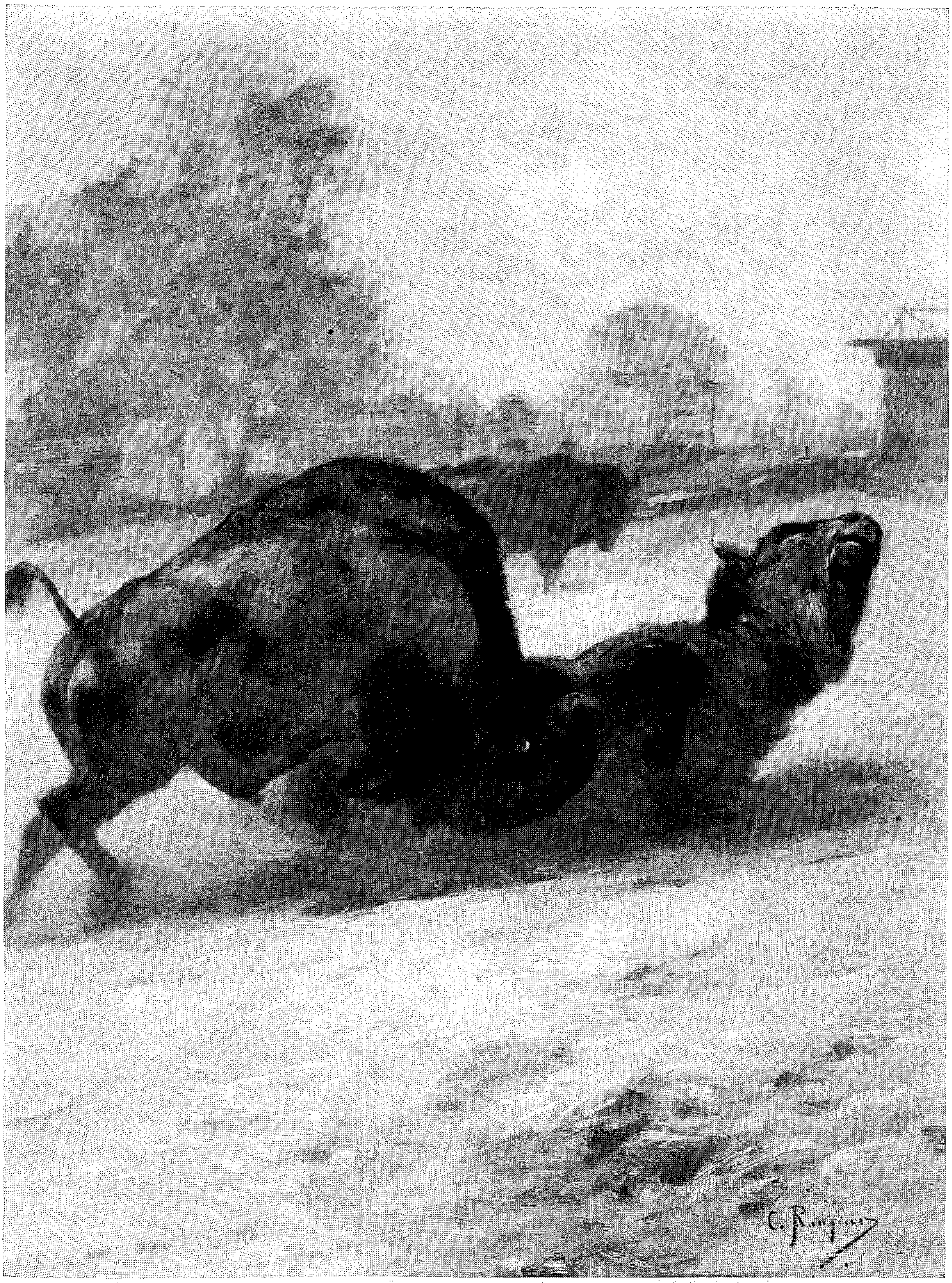


A POLAR BEAR TRAGEDY

"WHEN SHE FIRST FELL, THE SLOPE OF THE FLOOR BROUGHT HER NEAR THE BARS, WHICH GAVE US A CHANCE TO FIGHT FOR HER. . . . BUT EACH TIME WE BEAT HIM OFF, HE FLUNG HIMSELF UPON HER ANEW AND CRUSHED HER DOWN UPON THE SNOW"

her most savagely about twenty times, and killed her.

That was deliberate, fiendish, and cowardly murder. The killing of any female animal by the male consort is murder; but there are circumstances wherein the plea of temporary insanity is an admissible defense. In the autumn male members of the deer family often



THE KILLING OF THE BUFFALO BULL APACHE

IN THE SPRING OF 1904 APACHE WAS ADDED TO THAT PORTION OF THE HERD IN THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK OF WHICH BLACK BEAUTY WAS THE LEADER. THE NEW-COMER IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED BLACK BEAUTY'S SUPREMACY, AND WAS VICTORIOUS. BLACK BEAUTY AWAITED HIS OPPORTUNITY, AND ONE DAY, WHEN HE DISCOVERED APACHE LYING DOZING, GORED HIM TO DEATH

become temporarily insane and irresponsible, and should be judged accordingly.

Such distressing cases as the above are so common that whenever I go deer-hunting and kill a lusty buck, the thought occurs to me, "Another undeveloped murderer, perhaps!"

The most exasperating thing about these corral murders is the cunning treachery of the murderers. Take this as a typical case: For three years a dainty little male Osceola deer from Florida was as gentle as a fawn and as harmless as a dove. But one crisp morning Keeper Quinn, to whom every doe in his charge is as dear as a foster-daughter, was horrified at finding blood on the absurd little antlers of the Osceola pet. One of the females lay dead in the dark corner where she had been murdered during the night; and this with another and older buck in the same corral which might fairly have been regarded as an offensive rival.

The desire to murder for the sake of killing is born in some carnivorous animals, and by others it is achieved. Among the largest and finest of the felines, the lions and tigers, midnight murders are very rare. Individual dislike is shown boldly and openly, and we are given a fair chance to prevent fatalities. Among the lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, and pumas of the New York Zoölogical Park, twenty-eight in number, there has been but one murder. That was the crime of Lopez, the big jaguar, who deserved instant death as punishment. It was one of the most cunning crimes I have ever seen among wild animals, and is now historic.

For a year Lopez pretended ostentatiously to be a good-natured animal. Twenty times at least he acted the part of a playful pet, inviting me to reach in and stroke him. At last we decided to give him a cage-mate, and a fine adult female jaguar was purchased. The animals actually tried to caress each other through the bars, and the big male completely deceived us all.

At the end of two days it was considered safe to permit the female jaguar to enter the cage of Lopez. She was just as much deceived as we were. An animal that is afraid always leaves its traveling-cage slowly and unwillingly, or not at all. When the two sets of doors were opened, the female joyously walked into the cage of her treacherous admirer. In an instant, Lopez rushed upon her, seized her whole neck in his powerful jaws, and crushed her cervical vertebrae by his awful bite. We beat him over the head; we spiked him; we even tried to brain him: but he held her, as a bull-dog would hold a kitten, until she was dead. He had determined to murder her, but had cunningly concealed his purpose until his victim was fully in his power.

Bears usually fight "on the square," openly and aboveboard, rarely committing foul murder. If one bear hates another, he attacks at the very first opportunity; he does not cunningly wait to catch the offender at a disadvantage, when he is beyond the possibility of rescue. Bears frequently kill one another, and often maul their keepers, but not by the sneaking methods of the human assassin who stabs in the dark and runs away. I do not count the bear as a common murderer, even though, at rare intervals, he kills a cage-mate smaller and weaker than himself. One killing of that kind, done by Cinnamon Jim to a small black bear that had annoyed him beyond all endurance, was inflicted as a legitimate punishment, and was so recorded. The attack of two large bears, a Syrian and a sloth bear, upon a small Japanese black bear, in which the big pair deliberately attempted to disembowel the small victim, biting him only in the abdomen, always has been a puzzle to me. I cannot fathom the idea which possessed those two ursine minds; but I have no doubt that some of the many book-making men who read the minds of animals as if they were open books could tell me all about it.

On the ice-pack in front of his stone hut at the north end of the Franz Josef Archipelago Nansen saw an occurrence that was foul murder. A large male polar bear feeding upon a walrus was approached across the ice-pack by two small polar-bear cubs. The gorging male immediately stopped feeding and rushed toward the small intruders. They turned and fled wildly; but the villain pursued them far out upon the ice. He overtook them, killed both, and then serenely returned to his feast.

In February, 1907, a bear tragedy occurred in the Zoölogical Park which was a close parallel of the Lopez murder. It was a case in which my only crumb of satisfaction was in my ability to say, "I told you so," — than which no triumph can be more barren.

For seven years there lived together in the great polar bears' den of the Zoölogical Park two full-grown, very large and fine polar bears. They came from Nova Zembla, and both were males. Their rough-and-tumble wrestling, both in the swimming-pool and out of it, was a sight of almost perennial interest; and while their biting and boxing was of the roughest character and frequently drew blood, they never got angry and never had a real fight.

In the autumn of 1906 one of the animals sickened and died, and the impression prevailed afterward that the survivor was lonesome. The desirability of introducing a female companion was spoken of; but I was afraid to try the experiment.

Finally, however, Mr. Karl Hagenbeck, who has handled about forty polar bears to my one, wrote to us offering a fine female polar as a mate to the survivor. She was conceded to be one third smaller than the big male, but was fully adult and ready to breed. Without loss of time I answered, declining to make the purchase, on the ground that our male bear would kill the female. It was my belief that even if he did not at once deliberately murder her, he would wear her out by his rough play.

Mr. Hagenbeck replied with the assurance that, in his opinion, all would be well; that, instead of a tragedy taking place, the male would be delighted with a female companion, and that the pair would breed. As convincing proof of the sincerity of his views, Mr. Hagenbeck offered to lose half the purchase price of the female bear in the event of my worst fears being realized.

I asked the opinion of our head keeper of bears, and after due reflection he said:

"Why, no; I don't believe he'd kill her. He's not a *bad* bear at all. I think we could work it so that there would be no great trouble."

Mr. Hagenbeck's son also felt sure there would be no tragedy.

Quite against my own judgment of polar-bear character and in deference to the expert opinion arrayed against mine, I finally yielded. The female bear was purchased, and on her arrival she was placed for three weeks in the large shifting-cage which connects with the eastern side of the great polar bears' den.

The two animals seemed glad to see each other. At once they fraternized through the bars, licked each other's nose, and ate their meals side by side. At night the male always slept as near as possible to his new companion. There was not a sign of ill temper; but, for all that, my doubts were ever present.

At last, after three full weeks of close acquaintance, it was agreed that there was nothing to be gained by longer delay in admitting the female to the large den. But we made preparations for trouble. The door of the sleeping-den was oiled and overhauled and put in thorough working order, so that if the female should dash into it for safety, a keeper could instantly slide the barrier and shut her in. We provided pike-poles, long iron bars, lariats, meat, and long planks a foot wide. Heartily wishing myself a hundred miles away, I summoned all my courage and gave the order:

"Open her door a foot only, and let her put her head out. Keep him away."

The female bear had not the slightest fear or premonition of danger. Thrusting her head through the narrow opening, she looked upon the world and the open sky above, and found that it was good. She struggled to force the door open wider; and the male stood back, waiting.

"Let her go!"

Forcing the door back with her own eager strength, she joyously dropped the intervening eighteen inches to the floor of the den, and was free. The next second the male flung his great length upon her, and the tragedy was on.

I would not for hundreds of dollars—had I the option—see such a thing again. A hundred times in the awful half-hour that followed I bitterly regretted my folly in acting contrary to my own carefully drawn conclusions regarding the temper, the strength, and the mental processes of that male bear.

He never left her for ten seconds, save when, at five or six different times, we beat him off by literally ramming him away. When she first fell, the slope of the floor brought her near the bars, which gave us a chance to fight for her. We beat him over the head; we drove big steel spikes into him; we rammed him with planks, not caring how many ribs we broke. But each time we beat him off, and the poor harried female rose to retreat, he flung himself upon her anew and crushed her down upon the snow.

Gallantly the female fought for her life, with six wild men to help her. After a long battle—it seemed like hours, but I suppose it was between twenty and thirty minutes—the male bear recognized the fact that so long as the female lay near the bars his punishment would continue and the end would be postponed. Forthwith he seized his victim and dragged her down to the ice that covered the swimming-pool in the center of the den, beyond our reach. The floor of the den was so slippery from ice and snow that it was unsafe for any of the men to enter and try to approach the now furious animal within striking distance.

Very quickly some choice pieces of fresh meat were thrown within six feet of the bears, in the hope that the male would be tempted away from his victim. In vain! Then, with all possible haste, Keeper Mulvehill coiled a lasso, entered the den, and with the first throw landed the noose neatly around the neck of the male bear. In a second it was jerked taut, the end passed through the bars, and ten eager arms dragged the big bear close to the bars. Another lariat was put on him to guard against breakages, and no bear ever missed being choked to death by a narrower margin than did that one. The morsel of revenge in it was sweet. While he was held thus, two men went in and attached a rope to the now dying female, and she was quickly dragged into the shifting-cage.

But the rescue came too late. At the last moment, on the ice, the canine teeth of the big bear had severed the jugular vein of the female, and in five minutes after her rescue she was dead.

It is my belief that at first the male did not intend to murder the female. I think his first impulse was to play with her, as he had always done with the male comrade of his own size. But the *joy of combat* seized him, and after that his only purpose was to kill. My verdict is, not premeditated murder, but murder in the second degree.

In the order of carnivorous animals, I think the worst criminals are found in the marten family (*Mustelidae*); and if there is a greater villain than the mink, I have yet to find him out. The mink is a midnight assassin who loves slaughter for the joy of murder. The wolverine, marten, mink, and weasel all are courageous, savage, and merciless. To the wolverine Western trappers accord the evil distinction of being a veritable prince of darkness on four legs. To them he is the arch-fiend beyond which animal cunning and depravity cannot go. Excepting the profane history of the pickings and stealings of this "mountain devil" as recorded by suffering trappers, we know little of it; but if its instincts are not supremely murderous, its reputation is no index of its character.

The mink, however, is a creature that we know and fear. Along the rocky shores of the Bronx River, even in the Zoölogical Park, it perversely persists. In spite of traps, guns, and poison, and the killing of from three to five annually in our park, *Putorius vison* will not down. With us, the only creatures that practise wholesale and unnecessary murder are minks and dogs. The former kill our birds, and during one awful period when a certain fence was being rebuilt the latter destroyed several deer. A mink once visited an open-air yard containing twenty-two pinioned laughing-gulls, and during that *noche trieste* killed all of the ill-fated birds. But it did not devour even one, and it sucked the blood of only two or three.

On another tragic occasion a mink slaughtered an entire flock of fifteen gulls; but his joy of killing was short-lived, for he was quickly caught and clubbed to death. A miserable little weasel killed three fine brant-geese purely for the love of murder, and then he departed this life by the powder-and-lead route.

All the year round buffalo bulls are much given to fighting, and for one bull to injure or kill another is an occurrence all too common. Even in the great 27-thousand-acre preserve of the Corbin Blue Mountain Forest Association fatal fights sometimes occur. But it was left to a large bull named Black Beauty, in our Zoölogical Park herd, to reveal the disagreeable fact that under certain circumstances a buffalo may become a cunning and deliberate assassin.

In the spring of 1904 a new buffalo bull, named Apache, was added to the portion of our herd which up to that time had been dominated by Black Beauty. We expected the usual head-to-head battle for supremacy, succeeded by a period of peace and quiet. It is the law of the herd that after every contest for supremacy the vanquished bull shall accept the situation philosophically and thereafter keep his place.

At the end of a half-hour of fierce struggle, head to head, Black Beauty was overpowered by Apache and fled from him into the open range. To emphasize his victory, Apache followed him around and around at a quiet walk for several hours; but the beaten bull always kept a margin of safety of about four hundred feet between himself and the master of the herd. Convinced that Black Beauty would no longer dispute his supremacy, Apache at last pronounced for peace and thought no more about the late unpleasantness. His rival seemed to accept the situation, and rejoined the herd on the subdued status of ex-president.

For several days nothing occurred; but all the while Black Beauty was biding his time and watching his opportunity. At last it came. As Apache lay dozing and ruminating on a sunny slope, his beaten rival quietly drifted around his resting-place, stealthily secured a good position, and, without a second's warning, plunged his sharp horns deep into the lungs of the reclining bull. With the mad energy of pent-up and superheated fury, the assassin delivered stab after stab into the unprotected side of the helpless victim, and before Apache could gain his feet he had been gored many times. He lived only a few minutes.

It was foul murder, fully premeditated; and, had Black Beauty been my personal property, he would have been executed for the crime, without any objections or motions or appeals or far-fetched certificates of unreasonable doubt.

During the past ten years a number of persons have been foully murdered by animals they had fed and protected. The latest and one of the most deplorable of these tragedies occurred late in 1906, near Montclair, New Jersey. Mr. Herbert Bradley was the victim. While walking through his deer park, he was wantonly attacked by a white-tailed buck and murdered on the spot. At Helena, Montana, about five years ago, a strong man armed with a pitchfork was killed by a bull elk. There have been several other fatalities from elk.

The greater number of such crimes as the above have been committed by members of the deer family (deer, elk, moose, and caribou). The hollow-horned ruminants seem to be different. I believe that toward their keepers the bisons, buffaloes, and wild cattle entertain a certain sense of neutrality that in members of the deer family is, about half the time, totally absent. But there are exceptions; and a very sad and also notable case was the foul murder of Dick Rock, in 1903 or thereabout.

Dick Rock was a stalwart ranchman in the prime of life, who possessed a great fondness for big-game animals. He lived near Henry Lake, Idaho, not far from the western boundary of Yellowstone Park. He liked to rope elk and moose in winter, and haul them on sleds to his ranch; to catch mountain goats and mule-deer for exhibition; and to breed buffaloes. His finest bull buffalo, named Indian, was one of his favorites, and was broken to ride. Scores of times Rock rode him around the corral, barebacked and without bridle or halter. Rock felt that he could confidently trust the animal, and he never dreamed of guarding himself against a possible evil day.

But one day the blood-lust seized the buffalo and he decided to assassinate his best friend. The next time Dick Rock entered the corral, closing the gate and fastening it securely, — thus shutting himself in,— the big bull attacked him so suddenly and so fiercely that there was not a moment for either escape or rescue. We can easily estimate the suddenness of the attack by the fact that alert and active Dick Rock had not time even to climb upon the fence of the corral, whereby his life would have been saved. With a mighty upward thrust, the treacherous bull drove one of his horns deeply into his master's body, and impaled him so completely and so securely that the man hung there and died there! As a crowning horror, the bull was unable to dislodge his victim, and the body of the ranchman was carried about the corral on the horns of his assassin until the horrified wife went a mile and a half and summoned a neighbor, who brought a rifle and executed the murderer on the spot.

Such sudden onslaughts as this make it unsafe to trust implicitly, and without recourse, to the good temper of any animal having dangerous horns.

If bird-lovers knew the prevalence of the murder instinct among the feathered folk, no doubt they would be greatly shocked. Many an innocent-looking bird is really a natural villain without opportunity to indulge in crime. It is in captivity that the inherent wickedness of wild creatures comes to the surface and becomes visible. In the open, the weak ones learn to avoid danger and to escape when threatened; but, with twenty birds in one large cage, escape is not always possible. A "happy family" of a dozen or twenty different species often harbors a criminal in its midst; and when the criminal cunningly waits until all possibilities of rescue are eliminated, an assassination is the result.

Here is a partial list of the crimes in our bird collection during 1902:

A green jay killed a blue jay. A jay-thrush and several other small birds were killed by laughing-thrushes — which simply love to do murder! A nightingale was killed by a catbird and two mocking-birds. Two snake-birds killed a third one — all of them thoroughly depraved villains. Three gulls murdered another; a brown pelican was killed by trumpeter-swans; and a Canada goose was killed by a gull. All these victims were birds in good health.

There are a few tribes of human savages who are so far down in the moral scale that they kill their chronic invalids and their semi-helpless old men and women. It will be remembered that in our own country, Shack Nasty Jim, a Modoc Indian, tomahawked his own mother because she was old and could not easily keep up with the band on its retreat from the lava-beds.

It is deplorable, but nevertheless true, that in large mixed companies of birds, say where forty or fifty live together, it is a common thing for a sick bird to be set upon and killed, unless rescued and taken away by the keepers. In crimes of this class birds often murder their own kind, but they are quite as ready to kill members of other species. In 1902 a sick brant-goose was killed by its mates; and so were a red-tailed hawk, two saras cranes, two black vultures, a road-runner, and a great horned owl. An aged and sickly wood-ibis was killed by a whooping-crane; a night-heron killed its mate; and a gull was murdered by the other members of the flock.

Strange as it may seem, among reptiles there is far less of real first-degree murder than among mammals and birds. Twenty rattlesnakes may be crowded together in one cage, without a family jar. Even among cobras, perhaps the most irritable and pugnacious of all serpents, I think one snake never murders another, though they sometimes quarrel and also try to swallow one another. The big pythons and anacondas seem to know that good temper and peace promote longevity, and they almost never attack one another. And yet, a twenty-foot regal python with a bad heart—like Nansen's polar bear—could easily constrict and kill any snake of smaller size.

At this moment I do not recall one instance of wanton murder among serpents. It is well known that some snakes devour other snakes; but that is not crime. The record of the crocodilians is not so clear. It is a common thing for the large alligators and crocodiles in our reptile-house to battle for supremacy, and in these contests several fatalities have occurred. Some of these occurrences are not of the criminal sort; but when a twelve-foot alligator attacks and kills a six-foot individual, entirely out of his class and far too small to fight with him, it is murder.

Among sea creatures, the clearly defined criminal instinct, as exhibited aside from the never-ending struggle for existence and the quest of food, is rarely observed — probably because opportunities are so few. The sanguinary exploits of the grampus, or whale-killer, among whales small enough to be killed and eaten, are the onslaughts of a marine glutton in quest of food.

Among the fishes there is one murderer whose evil reputation is well deserved. The common swordfish of the Atlantic, forty miles or so off Block Island or Montauk Point, is not only the most fearless of all fishes, but is also the most dangerous. His fierce attacks upon the boats of men who have harpooned him and seek to kill him are well known, and his unparalleled courage fairly challenges our wonder and admiration. But, unfortunately, the record of the swordfish is stained with crime. When the spirit of murder prompts him to commit a crime in sheer wantonness, he will attack a whale, stab the unfortunate monster again and again, and pursue it until it is dead. This is prompted solely by brutality and murder-lust, for the swordfish feeds upon fish, and never attempts to eat any portion of a whale.

Once, in the Zoölogical Park, I felt compelled to execute an animal as a measure of general safety against its criminal intent. It seemed deliberately to have resolved to do murder. A Japanese wild boar of large size and fierce disposition was kept in a corral inclosed by a fence of strong steel wire. At first the animal was just reasonably bad, and his efforts to do mischief were directed chiefly against his keepers. As time went on, however, and the supply of good food without compensating labor continued, that boar's moral character broke down completely. Like many human beings, he could not stand prosperity. But his case developed in an acute form; he became an anarchist; and his murderous mind was possessed by a desire to burst out of prescribed bounds, upset the order of things, and slay for the love of slaughter.

As he grew more and more dangerous, I watched him closely; and finally it became evident that he had resolved to break out, or die in the attempt. With a long pike-pole from the bear-dens, I stood at the corner he selected for the final breach in the steel wire, and sought to punish him until he would desist. But opposition to his will only angered him the more. With his evil little eyes fixed on me in murderous fury and the foam churning from his snapping jaws, he charged the fence again and again. Had he broken out, a crazy Malay running amuck would have been a peaceful citizen compared with him. If he should break out among the visitors, into a crowd of helpless women and children!

There was but one thing to be done. I sent a messenger at speed to my office, received from him one of my heavy rifles, and a 45-caliber bullet through the brain of the raging boar quickly ended all danger from him. With his death, I think every man in the park experienced a feeling of profound relief.

I believe it can be proved that wild animals in a perfect state of nature are not nearly so much given to wanton murder of their own kind as are some races of men. The infrequency of animal murders cannot be due wholly to the many possibilities for the intended victim to escape, nor to the difficulty of killing. In every species murders are easily possible; but it is wholly against the laws of nature for free wild beasts to kill one another in wantonness. It is left to the lower races of men to commit murders without cause, and to devour one another. The family crimes and cruelties of certain savages completely eclipse in blackness and in number the doings of the more respectable wild beasts.

In wild animals and in men, crime is an index to character. The finest species of animals and the noblest races of men are alike distinguished by their abhorrence of the shedding of innocent blood. The lion, the elephant, the wild horse, the grizzly bear, the orang-utan, the eagle, and the whooping-crane are singularly free from the criminal instinct. On the other hand, even to-day Africa is full of black or half-black tribes whose members are actually fond of practising cruelty and murder. There is to-day in the Dark Continent many a "king" beside whom a hungry lion or a grizzly bear is a noble citizen.

The vices and virtues and the criminal propensities of mankind are mirrored in the lower animals to an astonishing degree. Some of us are entitled to be classed as high as the best of the "lower" animals, but a great many creatures in human form are morally lower than the respectable four-footed beasts.

MRS. McCLANAHAN, THE CHINESE LAUNDRY, AND BELLER

BY

MARY HEATON VORSE

AUTHOR OF "INABILITY TO INTERFERE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

THIS sketch is merely a foot-note to the way things are done in the New York in which my friend Mrs. McClanahan lives. Through her I caught glimpses of a social life full of complications about which my own life knows nothing. I learned from her scraps of the etiquette by which her life was governed. This etiquette seemed elaborate and cumbrous, and the way in which things were done — for example, getting rid of an undesirable fellow-tenant — seemed to me roundabout and lacking in simplicity. But how is one to judge of the social usages of a foreign country? All etiquette seems meaningless to the outsider.

I happened to hear of both Beller and the Chinese laundry in one day. I was waiting for my fitting when the child popped into the store. Her thin, elfish face was framed by a mass of elaborately curled hair and crowned by a "picture hat." Her skirts fell only to her knees, although she looked at least eleven or twelve, and she wore an elaborate black taffeta coat far too light for the keen December weather.

She stared at me, taking in every detail of my clothes, until Mrs. McClanahan said gently:

"Beller, you run over to the shop an' see what's keepin' Annie. Mrs. Perrin's *waitin'*, you say to her."

I *was* waiting, and had been for an hour, while Annie, Mrs. McClanahan's little daughter, was rummaging out my things from "the shop" where all the machining was done.

Mrs. McClanahan was no ordinary dressmaker. People who knew of her — notably a fashionable Fifth Avenue store — came to her for work they could not get done "this side of Paris"; for Mrs. McClanahan and her assistants, Miss Amelia and Miss Lady, had two precious gifts — one a love of perfect workmanship, and the other what she herself called "the touch."

It was my appreciation of her beautiful work that had made us friends, and she honored me by offering to make my gowns — even though she hated what she called the "snip, snap, and fuss o' customer dressmaking."

"You'll look *imported* when I get through with you," she told me. "Don't you never go payin' none o' them up-town prices again."

The munificence of my friend who was willing to turn her unique talent to the making of my poor clothes required certain returns beyond the reasonable sums I paid for them. I was expected, for example, to wait patiently — for hours, if need be — for my fitting. And wait I did, with all patience, while I watched through the wide show-windows what I could see of the world which lives back of Washington Square. I do not know, myself, what poor and inadequate glimpses they must have been, or how wanting in intelligence is my interpretation of what I thought I saw. I was, of course, too much amused by the picturesqueness of it to surmise accurately; for in foreign countries it is always our overgrown sense of the picturesque which stands between us and seeing a foreign people as they are. With this word of explanation, I return to my friends, who watched Beller's retreating figure in silence. Then Miss Amelia asserted:

"She ain't goin' to come to no good."

"No, I suppose she ain't," agreed Mrs. McClanahan, with her fine aloof air. "She's marked out for the bad, pore thing. Her looks an' all."

"Well, what d' you expect, with a mother like that?" demanded Miss Lady, with the air of defending Beller. They were all embroidering exquisite blouses and morning-jackets for a trousseau.

"Ain't this a dream?" Mrs. McClanahan asked of me. Then, "I'm awful sorry for pore Beller. Her mother ain't much, and Beller knows it. She understands the hull thing, Mrs. Perrin, an' she only twelve. An' curious! At keyholes — behind screens! An' if she sees the hurry-up wagon she'll run like the boys after the fire-engine!"

"What you s'pose she said to me the other day?" Miss Lady asked me. "She was watchin' that big Frenchwoman in Number 11. *You know*, Lillie. Well, Beller says, 'I know who she is; she'll be pulled some o' these days.'"

"Do you hear that!" Mrs. McClanahan turned to me, scandalized.

"Yes," said Miss Lady; "an' when I was comin' back from the shop, there sets Beller on the steps of Number 11, an' I says, 'What you doin' there, Beller?' An' the Frenchwoman came along just then, an' she says, 'She is vaitin' till vee be pulled,' an' she just held her sides laughin'."

"I never see such a child," said Mrs. McClanahan, turning to me. "I don't know whatever I'm goin' to do with her. She's got the queerest ideas. She'll fill Annie's head full."

"The cops all know her; she goes up to 'em all every morning an' asks 'em if they're going to arrest anybody to-day. An' she always speaks so polite!"

Miss Amelia furnished this detail of poor Beller's character.

"An' the other day one of 'em said, 'Yes; we're goin' to take you up for the Jerry Society.' An' what d' you think she said? She says, 'You can't get me now,' she says. 'Mis' McClanahan's lookin' after me now, an' she's *all right;* an', anyway, my mama she's *protected.*'"

"Oh, she's a sharp one! There ain't much passes *her* by!" groaned Mrs. McClanahan. "An', pore child, she's that lovin' an' affectionate!"

"It makes the pore kid real stuck-up because we're nice to her an' she knows we're all right. Ain't it sad?" Miss Lady asked me.

Just why Mrs. McClanahan was "looking after" this child I never knew; but it was probably from the same uncalculating kind-heartedness that made her "good to" so many of the unfortunates of the neighborhood.

In my friend's attitude toward women like Beller's mother there was a lack of sitting in judgment that I found surprising, for it is one of the unwritten laws of the woman's world with which I am familiar that one must show one's virtue by chastising vice. One may, if one prefers, try to help the vicious, or one may ignore their existence; but one may not accept them calmly and openly as part of the world as it is, which, as far as I could see, was precisely what these friends of mine did. Women like Beller's mother were there, just as the saloons were there and the pool-rooms were there — part of the established order of things. It never occurred to my friends to blame the individuals, any more than it occurred to them to sentimentalize over them or to try to do them good. You may be as "respectable" as you like, but if you live just off Carmine Street, and your store is opposite a black-and-tan saloon, your point of view is bound to be different from that of the people living on Washington Square.

Respectable was just what my three friends obviously were. They were luminously respectable, as any one could see at a glance; and the quality of their respectability, and the fine shades it had that my own more matter-of-fact respectability knew nothing about, I was to see never so clearly as this same afternoon when Annie and Beller finally arrived with my things. The two children came in, Beller munching a frankfürter.

"Don't them smell tasty!" exclaimed Mrs. McClanahan, greedily sniffing the air with her fine nostrils.

She was a heavy, blonde woman of unalterably calm, leisurely manner. The air of leisure extended to her assistants. I have never seen any of the three take so much as one hurried stitch, and both Miss Lady and Miss Amelia spoke with a calmness and indifference like their chief's; the days at Mrs. McClanahan's went by, large and spacious.

"Look out, Beller," said Miss Lady, with slow gentleness. "Don't get your greasy hands against Mis' Perrin's things."

Through the door which the children had left open, above the rank smell of sausage, came an odor faint, cold, penetrating.

"Smell that, Lillie?" said Miss Amelia. "It's that dope again."

"You shut the door, Annie," commanded Mrs. McClanahan.

"Ain't it horrid?" she asked me in her placid, indifferent voice. "It's them Chinymen. I'd as leave have Dagos an' garlic. I often say to 'Melia, — don't I, 'Melia? — I often say, 'Give me Dagos an' garlic.'"

"Oh, you know you don't mean that, Lillie," Miss Lady remonstrated. "Oh, no, Lillie, you'd never stand for Dagos; they're too full o' fight, and Lillie — Mis' McClanahan —" she went on, turning to me, "can't bear fights!"

"No, I can't bear fights," agreed Mrs.

McClanahan, with an air of confessing a virtue. "I can't bear fights; I get real upset when they're too near — don't I, Lady? — real upset. But still," she added as she deftly adjusted a piece of lace to the front of my gown, "it makes me kind o' sick to think o' all them Chinymen all doped right under our feet."

"They're sumpin' fierce," said Miss Lady, in her tranquil, dispassionate tones. "That dress's goin' to be sweet, Lillie."

"You know, Dave — that's Villeta's man's brother — he went down to get some laundry, an' they'd left the door open in back, an' they was lyin' around like worms — like worms," she repeated in her even tone, drawing her needle through the embroidery with precision. "There's colored boys goes there, too."

"I suppose there ain't a Chinyman in the district don't come there for his dope," said Mrs. McClanahan.

"I never could bear Chinymen; they're so *crawly*," Miss Amelia put in. "It makes me real nervous sometimes, Lillie, when I think o' all o' them doped Chinymen under where we're sittin'."

"I should think they'd get raided," I suggested.

"The *po*-lice ain't on to 'em; this ain't a quarter for opium-joints," explained Mrs. McClanahan; her tone implied good-natured contempt for the police.

"No; they don't know everything about this part o' town."

"I guess they don't," agreed Mrs. McClanahan, and I fancied there was a note of quiet exultation in her voice.

"But why don't you tell them about this Chinese place and have it raided?" I asked — very sensibly, it seemed to me.

At this Miss Lady gasped a little "Oh!" and Mrs. McClanahan turned her ample person toward me with a certain majesty.

"I ain't never yet been mixed up with the *po*-lice, Mrs. Perrin," she informed me; "no, not all the years I had my store here, an' all the things I could tell about this neighborhood — and there's plenty happened here! It'd look nice in the papers, wouldn't it, that Mrs. McClanahan's place was over a dope-joint? It'd be good for my business to have the *po*-lice and reporters running in, an' me testifying in court." And it was now I was to realize what delicate shades a serviceable virtue like respectability was capable of. "My business is *respectable;* I ain't havin' nothing to say to any police — no, nor no information to give. We don't never know nothin'; do we, Lady?"

"Do you see that woman over the way?" continued Mrs. McClanahan. "The one with the dirty baby. Ain't that child a sight, 'Melia? It's awful! That's Mrs. Rothenberg. She's been witness in a murder an' I don't know how many 'saults an' batteries. She lives in a turrible tough tenement. But I'd live in a tougher an' I wouldn't be called to no witness-stand! No, Mrs. Perrin; be respectable, I say, an' people'll respect you. An', if I say it, my neighbors, whatever they may be, always respected me. Ain't they, Lady?"

"They always have, Lillie," agreed Lady dutifully, holding out a bit of embroidery and looking at it with a critical eye.

"I think I see myself in Jefferson Market Court." Mrs. McClanahan reddened at the idea. "I think I hear the neighbors sayin', 'Mis' McClanahan was witness for the opium-joint under her place.' I says to Mis' Rothenberg, 'You gettin' to be quite a regular witness, ain't you?' An' she says, 'My God!' she says, 'seein' all you do, I don't see how you keep out.' 'Mis' Rothenberg,' I says, '*I don't never know nothing!*'"

It is very difficult, I find, to give an exact picture of the little store and of my three pleasant friends, or to describe adequately their air of perfect detachment when they discussed the happenings around them. One felt the offending Chinese laundry was miles away, even when Miss Amelia confessed to being nervous at sitting directly over "doped Chinymen."

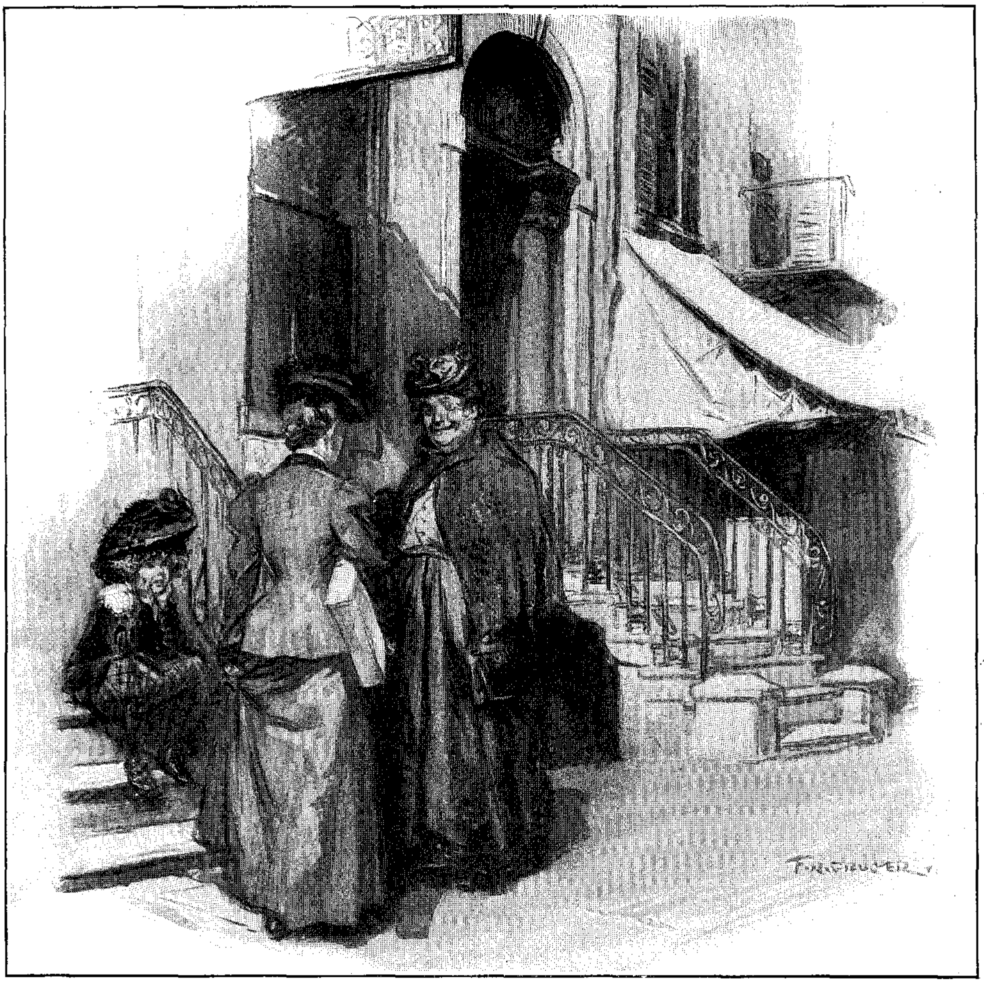
As Mrs. McClanahan brought out her points as to why interference from the police would be undesirable, and as she drove her reasons in with such force, I realized that my suggestion had been indelicate, and, anxious to retrieve myself, I asked humbly:

"I don't suppose you could ask the landlord to do anything about it?"

"No," Mrs. McClanahan agreed. "Donovan an' me's been landlord an' tenant without a word for eighteen years. Donovan supports McClanahan in this ward. I'd never give it away to Donovan that I was on."

I perceived again that there were in Mrs. McClanahan's life social intricacies that my more meager environment knew nothing about.

McClanahan, I knew, was "in politics." I never have known exactly what he did for politics or what politics did for him; and the reason I never knew was that these facts were so open and apparent to my friends — so apparent, indeed, that I never had the courage to ask a question. So talk of McClanahan, his pull, his friends, went on over my head. Annie knew about her father, and Beller understood; but I, though I belonged to the League for Po-



"'SHE IS VAITIN' TILL VEE BE PULLED'"

litical Education, never did, because my false pride forbade my exposing the depths of my ignorance.

I saw McClanahan once. He stuck his head in the door — a big, red, choleric Irishman — and cried out, exultant, "I got Seligman cinched," and retired before he could have heard his wife's admiring "Good enough!"

"Seligman," she explained, " 's the Sheeny that's just bought the big box-fact'ries on Grove. He's been standin' off, an' that fat Dutchman Schwartz's been after him, but I knew McClanahan'd get him."

"I wonder does Donovan know?" asked Miss Lady. "Donovan hogs everything McClanahan does in this ward. If he gets a show, he'll say it was him nailed Seligman."

"Let him say," responded Mrs. McClanahan. "McClanahan done it, and Seligman knows he done it."

This is merely by the way and has no direct bearing on my story; it only serves to show how much my friends knew that I was ignorant of.

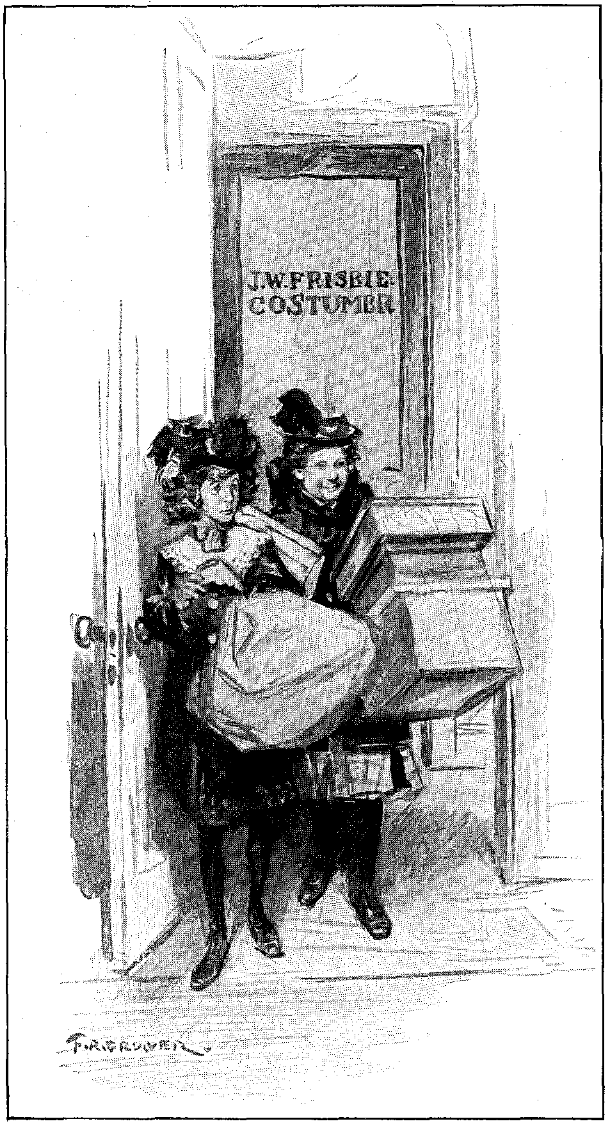
It was some time before I made my way again to Mrs. McClanahan's. I passed the pawnshops and saloons and second-hand clothing and furniture-shops which, between them, supplied most of the wants of the neighborhood, and finally arrived within view of Mrs. McClanahan's store.

It shone out distinct from the other dingy stores around, and yet it partook also of the shabby surroundings. It was not an exotic in the neighborhood, but rather the handsome, prosperous member of a plain family, with still a strong family resemblance to its ugly brothers and sisters. It was on a corner, and had wide, comfortable doors and big plate-glass windows all around.

The proportions of the house showed that it had once been a portly dwelling-house in the years when Carmine Street had been a polite residence quarter; but it was so long since this house had housed a respectable family that it had forgotten this time itself, and spent its declining years jovially sheltering Heaven knows what strange birds of passage.

It was on what had once been the first floor, and was approached by a flight of wooden steps, the house having long since parted with its flight of stone. A large sign bearing simply the name "L. G. McClanahan" hung over the door. The hospitable show-windows were dressed without the smallest attempt at tasteful display. They were occupied by four lay figures; their wigs were frowzy, their waxen countenances buffeted and battered; but their very dilapidation gave them an appealing aspect, for, instead of the smirking dummies of show-windows, these poor creatures looked like huge wax dolls which had done honorable service in the nursery.

So far, the store was in keeping with the squalor of the neighborhood; but each of the damaged manikins was dressed in a negligée so airy, so graceful, that if one had a love of pretty clothes one must stop and look again, and if you happened to pass the corner often, which was not likely if you were a person of a genteel walk in life, you would notice, too, that the toilet of the dummies was changed often — after nightfall they were stripped entirely and left to shiver through the cold night. Whatever the lovely matinées had done to give the impression that the shop was a cut above its neighbors was counteracted by a garish fancy dress and three curly wigs which dangled from another window; for L. G. McClanahan thriftily rented a section of her store to "another party," as she said.



"THE TWO CHILDREN CAME IN, BELLER MUNCHING A FRANKFÜRTER"

As I went in, Beller was hanging around Miss Lady's neck.

"I don't see what you care, Lady," she was saying.

"You'll ketch somethin' if you keep on," Mrs. McClanahan warned her.

"I only wanted to see them take him away in the ambulance," explained Beller.

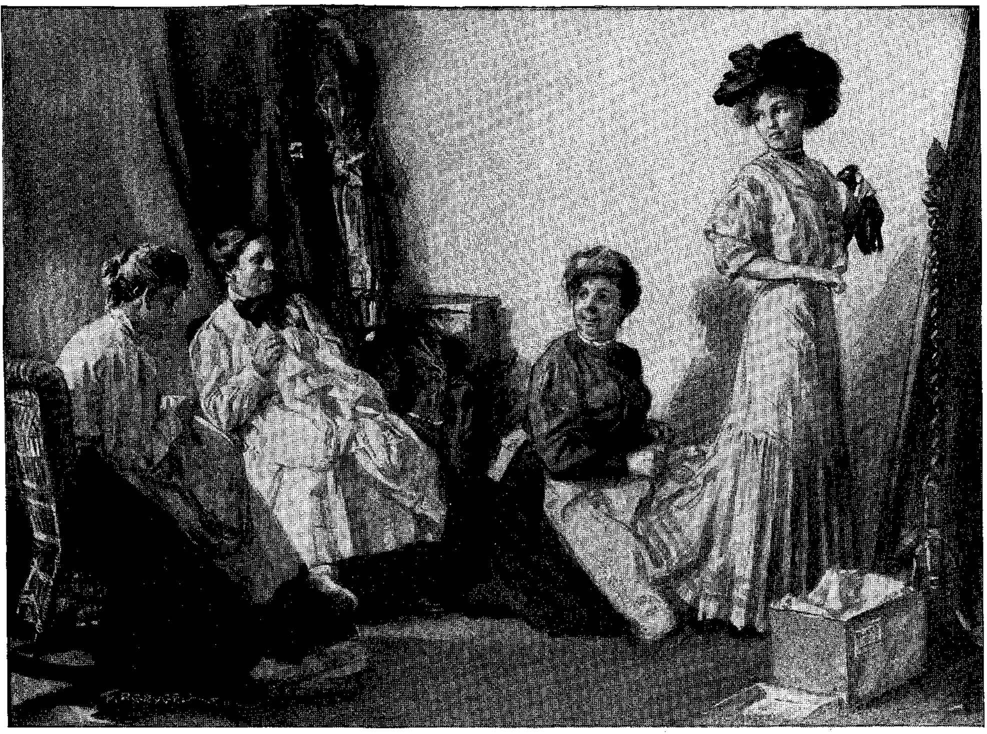
"What makes you so crazy 'bout ambulances and hurry-up cases?" inquired Mrs. McClanahan.

"I don't know," replied the child, her fingers in her mouth.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing! If I ever ketch you goin' where there's a smallpox case again, I'll tell your ma I won't look after you! Why, she heard there was a case o' smallpox somewhere off Bleecker, Mrs. Perrin, and didn't she go tryin' to find the house!"

Beller was crying the easy tears with which children of her type relieve their feelings. Miss Amelia put a kind hand on the child's thin shoulder.

"Run out and play, and forget about it," she advised, at which Beller departed on a run to catch up with a big negro lad who went lounging up the street.



"I OFTEN SAY TO 'MELIA, 'GIVE ME DAGOES AN' GARLIC'"

"What you s'pose she's hangin' round Dave all the time for?" Miss Amelia asked. Beller was in close conversation with Dave, her sharp little face sparkling with eagerness.

"Now where do you s'pose she's off to? I can't see her any more," said Miss Amelia from her post at the window. "Run out, Annie, an' see which way Beller's gone."

"She ain't in sight," Annie reported.

"This ain't the first time, Lillie, she's disappeared like this," Miss Lady mused.

"She's small for her age — but she's 'most thirteen," Mrs. McClanahan remarked irrelevantly. The three women exchanged glances.

"You don't suppose —" began Miss Amelia.

"I suppose I'm goin' to find out where she disappears to!" Mrs. McClanahan cut in, drawing her thread back and forth with beautiful precision. "And I suppose I'm goin' to make her mother do something about her. I'm not one to sit down and see a child go wrong right under my eyes, Mrs. Perrin," she added virtuously.

"What will you make her mother do?" I asked.

"I'll make her send Beller to a good, stylish school — a Sisters' school'd be best. You'd never dream, to look at her — Beller's ma, I mean — butter wouldn't melt."

"There's Beller now," announced Amelia. "She popped right up like a rabbit from the basement. Do you think, Lillie, she's been maybe at the laundry? What you takin' to be washed, Beller?" she asked sweetly, as the child came in.

"Nothin'; I ain't been in the laundry."

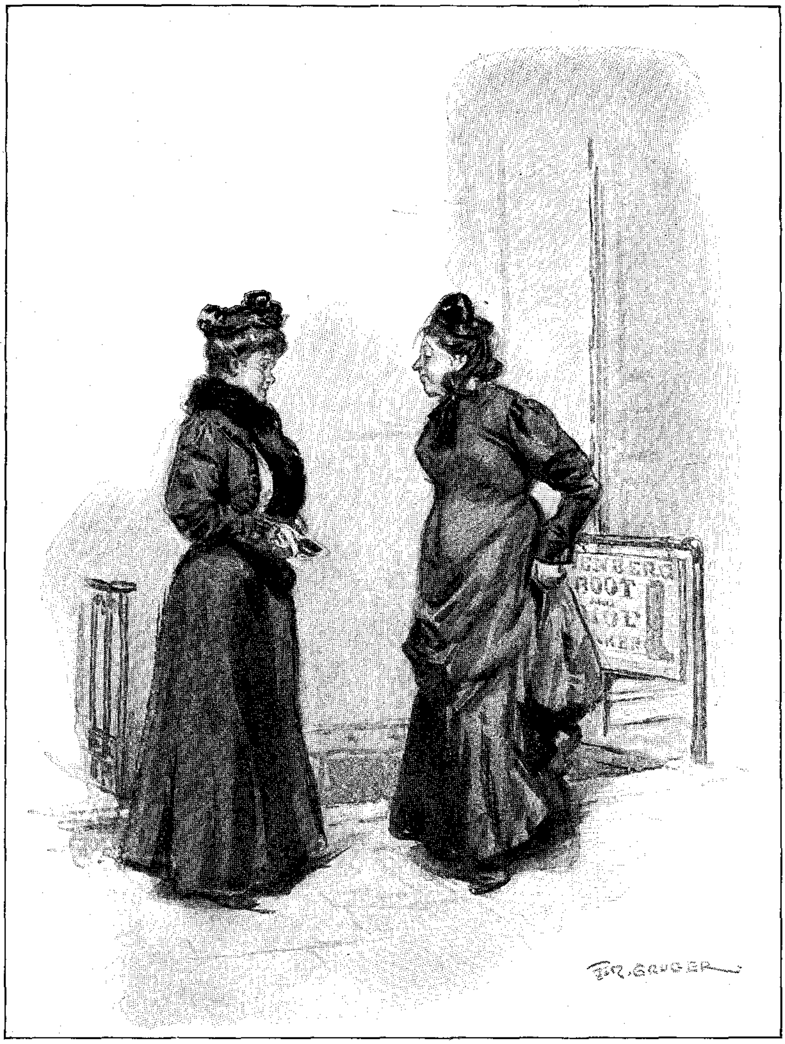
"There ain't no use lyin', Beller," pursued Mrs. McClanahan placidly. "You been hangin' round there for days. You sneak in every chance you get."

"They're lyin' around all doped, lots of 'em, five or six." Beller was unable to keep her news to herself. "Would there be a raid, Aunt Lillie — would they come after 'em if the cops knew?" The child's face was flushed with excitement.

"How you talk, Beller!" said Mrs. McClanahan, her head on one side, looking at her work. "You don't know much, do you? Don't you know all them places is *protected?* But you ain't, let me tell you, and I'll speak to your ma if I catch you in there again. You march upstairs an' practise your music lesson. Her ma has her take music lessons, Mrs. Perrin."

After Beller's departure an ominous silence fell on my three friends; eye met comprehending eye. It was evident that more had happened than I understood.

"Now that was luck, my gettin' in about



"'MIS' ROTHENBERG,' I SAYS, 'I DON'T NEVER KNOW NOTHING'"

her not knowin' nothin'," Mrs. McClanahan said.

"But you wouldn't trust her, would you, Lillie, not to talk?" asked Miss Lady.

"Not *so* far!" replied Mrs. McClanahan, measuring off the eye of her needle and holding it up for our inspection.

"You know, Lillie, you said before, if they got on to 'em it's just the kind o' place they *would* raid."

"An' so it is. I guess Donovan charges 'em a pretty good rent. I guess there wouldn't be nothin' to be got out o' 'em. That Chinese place has got to go!" Mrs. McClanahan's tone was final.

"They're so thick-headed, they pay no attention to Beller's talk, an' yet they might; you never can tell. The cops round here all make a pet o' Beller!"

"I guess the boys don't want no raids in the ward just now," Miss Amelia remarked.

"It's just places like this"—Mrs. McClanahan made a downward motion with her thumb—"that *gets* raided, Mrs. Perrin. They's nothin' in it for nobody not to raid 'em! An' it sounds grand in the papers: 'Opium-Joint Discovered off Carmine Street.' You an' me, Lady, would get our pictures took for white slaves. I'll speak to McClanahan to-night."

"Will he go to your landlord?" I asked.

The tolerant look that I sometimes aroused now spread over my friend's wide, powdered face.

"No," she said gently, "no; McClanahan won't speak to Donovan. I shouldn't want Donovan to think I said nothin'. 'Twould be a bad thing if they was to get scrappin'."

"It'll have to be done real careful," said Miss Amelia.

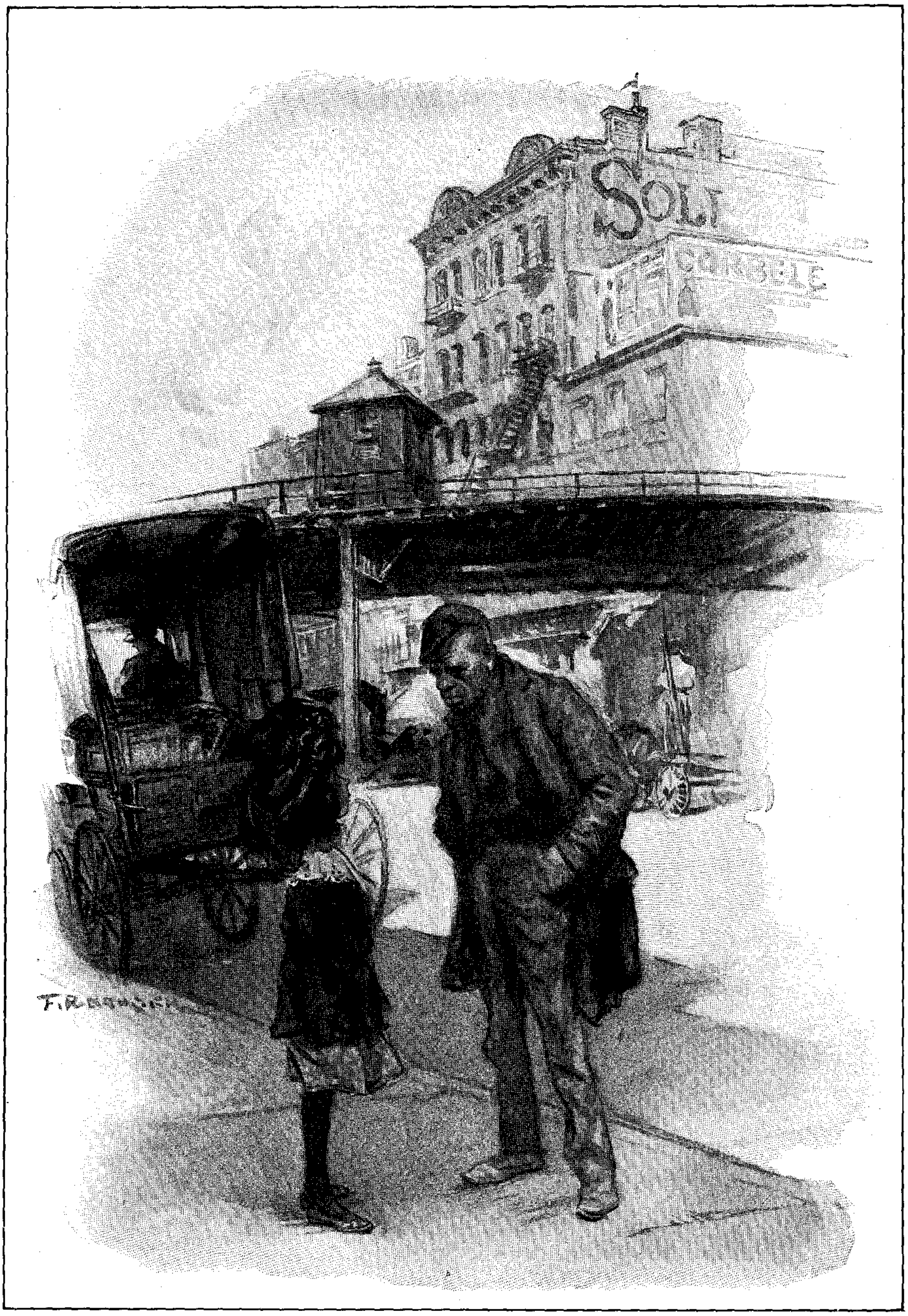
"Yes, real quiet an' careful," Mrs. McClanahan agreed.

"But Donovan owns a good lot o' property in our ward, an' he's not lookin' for trouble. Them new buildin' laws is fine for makin' a man stand in with his party."

"'Tain't often Mrs. McClanahan troubles McClanahan," said Miss Lady.

"But he knows I mean business when I want sumpin' done—an' he does it quick. I guess, after Seligman, McClanahan won't have to speak twice about a little thing like this."

"I shouldn't think Donovan would want them, anyway," I said.



"BELLER WAS IN CLOSE CONVERSATION WITH DAVE"

"Tenants that ain't respectable pays best," responded Mrs. McClanahan simply.

It is hard for me to understand why Mrs. McClanahan had to "keep out altogether," or why McClanahan shouldn't have asked Donovan out and out; but any etiquette seems senseless to the outsider, and Mrs. McClanahan moved in a world where etiquette is far more exacting than in my own.

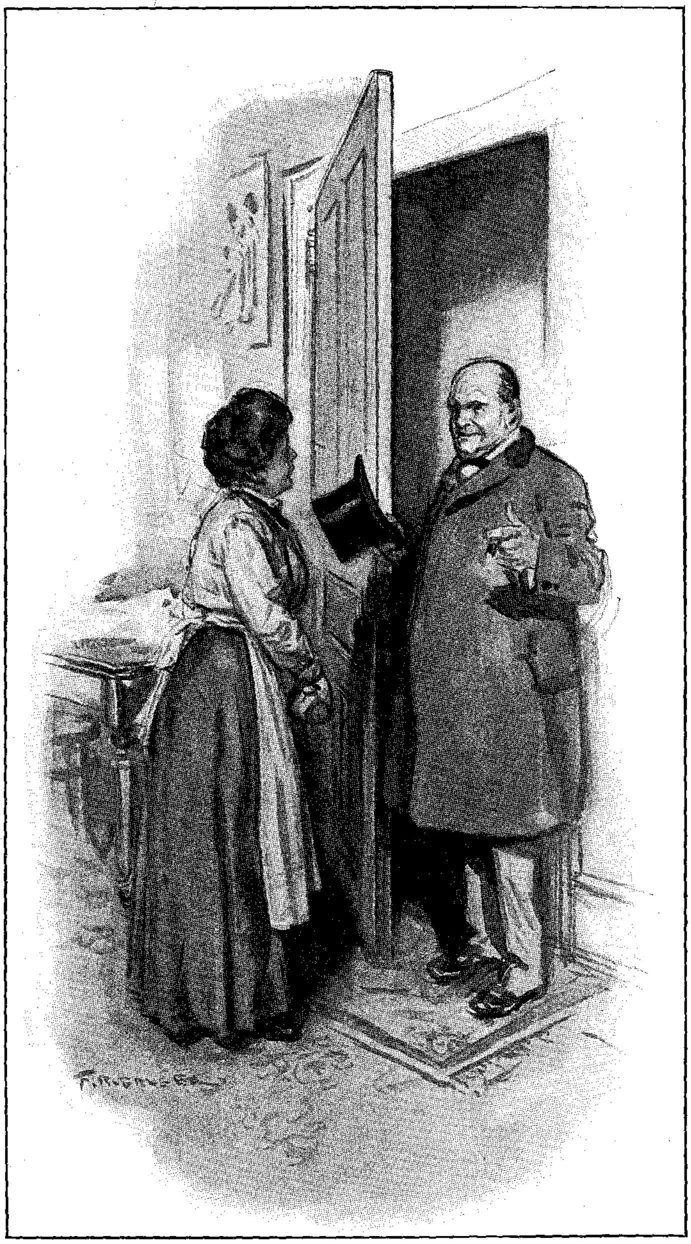
When next I went for a fitting, I found her talking about some new paper that was to be put on the wall. She was using her finest society manner.

"You always did agree, Mr. Donovan," she said, "that the best-grade papers does credit to a landlord and saves money in the end." Then, not disdaining a little gallery play:

"I see you're losing your tenants in the laundry. Well, I hope for our sakes you'll get just such quiet ones again."

Then, after the man had gone: "You see, Mrs. Perrin, it just pays to never know nothin', like me — don't it, Lady?"

"Sure, Lillie," replied Miss Lady.



"'I SEE YOU'RE LOSING YOUR TENANTS IN THE LAUNDRY'"

GREAT FIRST NIGHTS AT THE LYCEUM*

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS
AND FROM DRAWINGS BY ERIC PAPE

TWO EARLY PORTRAITS OF ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA

IRVING'S PRODUCTIONS OF "EUGENE ARAM," "CHARLES I.," "THE CUP," AND OTHER PLAYS

THE years at the Lyceum, as I look back upon them, are divided into two periods — *before* "Macbeth" and *after*. I divide it up like this, perhaps, because "Macbeth" was the most important of all our productions, if I judge it by the amount of preparation and thought that it cost us, and by the discussion which it provoked. Our plays from 1878 to 1887 were "Hamlet," "The Lady of Lyons," "Eugene Aram," "Charles I.," "The Merchant of Venice," "Iolanthe," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Cup," "The Belle's Stratagem," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Olivia," "Faust," "Raising the Wind," and "The Amber Heart." I give this list to keep myself straight.

"The Lady of Lyons" was put on in April, 1879. I have already said that I never could cope with Pauline Deschapelles, and why Henry wanted to play Melnotte was a mystery. Claude Melnotte after Hamlet! Oddly enough, he was always attracted by fustian. He simply revelled in the big speeches. The play was beautifully staged; the garden scene alone probably cost as much as the whole of "Hamlet." The march past the window of the apparently unending army — that good old trick which sends the supers flying around the back-cloth to cross the stage again and again — created a superb effect. The curtain used to go up and down as often as we liked and chose to keep the army marching! The play ran some time — I suppose because even at our worst the public found *something* in our acting to like.

"Eugene Aram"

As Ruth Meadowes I had very little to do, but what there was, was worth doing. The last act of "Eugene Aram," like the last act of "Ravenswood," gave me opportunity. It was staged with a great appreciation of grim and poetic effect. Henry always thought that the dark overhanging branch of the cedar was like the cruel outstretched hand of fate. He called it the fate tree, and used it in "Hamlet," in "Eugene Aram," and in "Romeo and Juliet."

In "Eugene Aram" the fate tree drooped low over the graves in the church-yard. On one of them Henry used to be lying in a black cloak as the curtain went up on the last act. Not until a moonbeam struck the dark mass did you see that it was a man.

He played all such parts well. Melancholy and the horrors had a peculiar fascination for him — especially at first. But his recitation

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of the poem "Eugene Aram" was finer than anything in the play — especially when he did it in a frock-coat. No one ever looked so splendid in a frock-coat! He was always ready to recite it — used to do it after supper, anywhere. We had a talk about it once, and I told him that it was *too much* for a room. No man was ever more willing to listen to suggestion or less obstinate about taking advice. He immediately moderated his recitation and made it less theatrical. The play was a good repertoire play, and we did it later on in America with success. There the part of Houseman was played by Terriss, who was quite splendid in it, and at Chicago my little boy Teddy made his second appearance on any stage as Joey. He had, when still a mere baby, come on to the stage at the Court in "Olivia," and this must be counted his *first* appearance, although the chroniclers, ignoring both that and Joey in "Eugene Aram," *say* he never appeared at all until he played an important part in "The Dead Heart."

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ELLEN TERRY AS HENRIETTA MARIA

"IN THE LONE TENT, WAITING FOR VICTORY,
SHE STANDS WITH EYES MARRED BY THE MISTS OF PAIN,
LIKE SOME WAN LILY OVERDRENCHED WITH RAIN."

From Oscar Wilde's sonnet to Miss Terry's "Henrietta Maria"

It is because of Teddy that "Eugene Aram" is associated in my mind with one of the most beautiful sights that I ever saw in my life. He was about ten or eleven at the time, and as he tied up the stage roses, his cheeks, untouched by rouge, put the reddest of them to shame! He was so graceful and natural; he spoke his lines with ease and smiled all over his face! "A born actor!" I said, although Joey was my son. Whenever I think of him in that stage garden, I weep for pride, and for sorrow too, because before he was thirty my son had left the stage — he who had it all in him. As a stage-director and an artist I have reason to be proud of him, but I regret the lost actor *always*.

"Charles I."

Henry Irving could not at first keep away from melancholy pieces. Henrietta Maria was another sad part for me, but I used to play it well except when I cried too much in the last act. The play had been one of the Bateman productions, and I had seen Miss Isabel Bateman as Henrietta Maria and liked her, although I could not find it possible to follow her example and play the part with a French accent!

I constantly catch myself saying of Henry: "That is by far the best thing he ever did." I could say it of some things in "Charles I." — of the way he gave up his sword to Cromwell, of the way he came into the room in the last act and shut the door behind him. It was not a man coming on to a stage to meet some one. It was a king going to the scaffold, quietly, unobtrusively, and courageously. However often I played that scene with him, I *knew* that when he first came on he was not aware of my presence.

Much has been said of his "make-up" as Charles I. Edwin Long painted him a triptych of Vandyke heads which he always had in his dressing-room, and which is now in my possession. He used to come on to the stage looking precisely like the Vandyke portraits, but not because he had been busy building up his face with wig-paste and such-like atrocities. His make-up in this, as in other parts, was the process of *assisting subtly and surely the expression from within.* It was elastic, and never hampered him. It changed with the expression. As Charles he was assisted by Nature, who had given him the most beautiful Stuart hands; but his clothes most actors would have consigned to the dust-bin! Before we had done with "Charles I." these clothes were really threadbare. Yet he looked in them every inch a king.

His care of detail may be judged from the fact that in the last act his wig was not only greyer but had far less hair in it. I should hardly think it necessary to mention this if I had not noticed how many actors seem to think that age may be procured by the simple expedient of dipping their heads, covered with a mat of flourishing hair, into a flour-barrel!

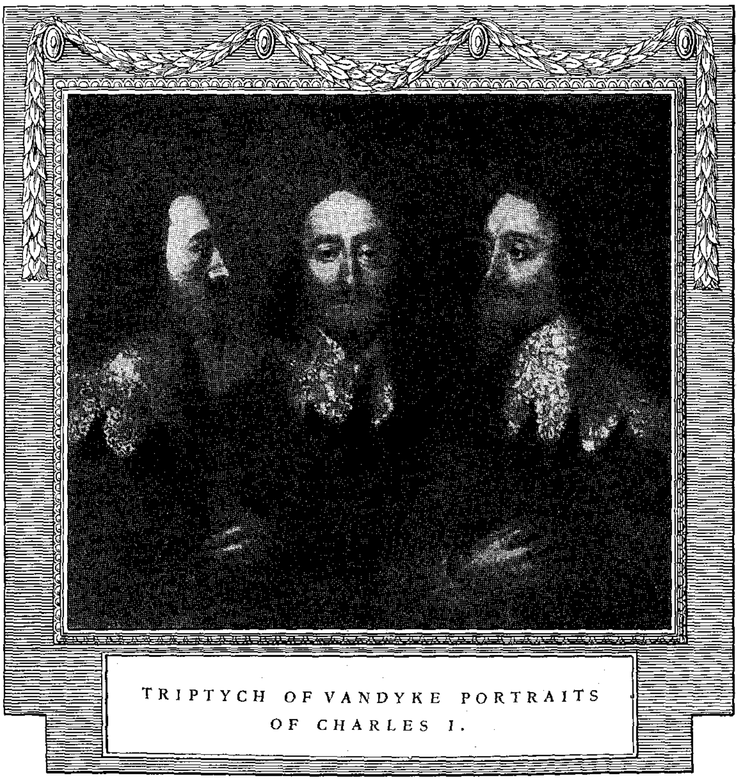
Unlike most stage kings, he never seemed to be *assuming* dignity. He was very, very simple.

Wills has been much blamed for making Cromwell out to be such a wretch — a mean blackguard, not even a great bad man. But in plays the villain must not compete for sympathy with the hero, or both fall to the ground! I think that Wills showed himself a true poet in this play, and in the last act a great playwright.

Some people thought me best in the camp scene in the third act. I was proud of it myself when I found that it had inspired Oscar Wilde to write me this lovely sonnet:

> In the lone tent, waiting for victory,
> She stands with eyes marred by the mists of pain,
> Like some wan lily overdrenched with rain:
> The clamorous clang of arms, the ensanguined sky,
> War's ruin and the wreck of chivalry,
> To her proud soul no common fear can bring:
> Bravely she tarrieth for her lord the king,
> Her soul a-flame with passionate ecstasy.
> O Hair of Gold! O Crimson Lips! O Face!
> Made for the luring and the love of man!
> With thee I do forget the toil and stress,
> The loveless road that knows no resting-place,
> Time's straitened pulse, the soul's dread weariness,
> My freedom, and my life republican!

That phrase "wan lily" represented so well what I had tried to convey, not only in this part, but in Ophelia! I hope that I thanked



This triptych of Vandyke heads, which is now in the possession of Miss Terry, was painted for Sir Henry Irving by Edwin Long, and always hung in Irving's dressing-room. His celebrated "make-up" as Charles I. was modelled directly after these portraits

Loaned by Mr. Robert Ross

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF OSCAR WILDE

Oscar enough for it at the time. Now he is dead and I cannot thank him any more. I had so much *bad* poetry written to me that these lovely sonnets from a real poet should have given me the greater pleasure. "He often has the poet's heart who never felt the poet's fire." There is more good *heart* and kind feeling in most of the verses written to me than real poetry. "One must discriminate," even if it sounds unkind. At the time that Whistler was having one of his most undignified "rows" with a sitter over a portrait and wrangling over the price, another artist was painting frescos on the roof of St. Paul's for nothing. "It is sad that it should be so," a friend said to me, "but *one must discriminate.* The man haggling over the sixpence is the great artist!"

How splendid it is that *in time* this is recognized. The immortal soul of the artist is in his work, the transient and mortal one is in his conduct.

"The Merchant of Venice"

Another sonnet from Oscar Wilde — to my Portia this time — is the first document that I find in connection with "The Merchant," as the play was always called by the theatre staff:

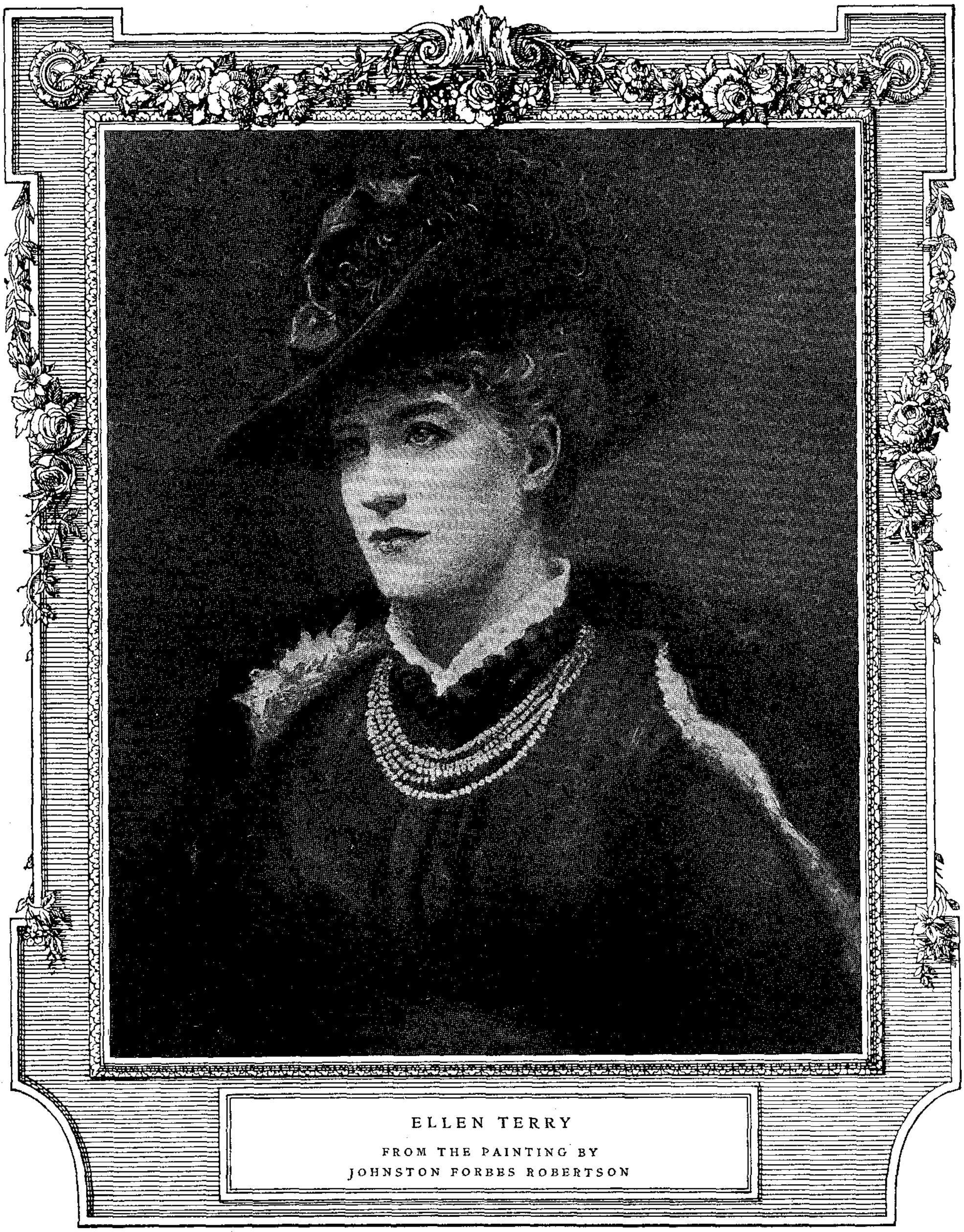
I marvel not Bassanio was so bold
To peril all he had upon the lead,
Or that proud Aragon bent low his head,
Or that Morocco's fiery heart grew cold.
For in that gorgeous dress of beaten gold
Which is more golden than the golden sun,
No woman Veronese looked upon
Was half so fair as thou whom I behold.
Yet fairer when, with wisdom as a shield,
The sober-suited lawyer's gown you donned,
And would not let the laws of Venice yield
Antonio's heart to that accursèd Jew —
Oh Portia! take my heart; it is thy due:
I think I will not quarrel with the bond.

Henry Irving's Shylock dress was designed by Sir John Gilbert. It was never replaced, and only once cleaned by Henry's dresser and valet, Walter Collinson. Walter, I think, replaced "Doody," Henry's first dresser at the Lyceum, during the run of "The Merchant of Venice." Walter was a wig-maker by trade — assistant to Clarkson the elder. It was Doody who, on being asked his opinion of a production, said that it was fine — "not a *join* to be seen anywhere"! (A "join," in theatrical wig-makers' parlance, is the point where the front-piece of the wig ends and the actor's forehead begins.) It was Walter who was asked by Henry to say which he thought his master's best part. Walter could not be "drawn" for a long time. At last he said, "Macbeth." This pleased Henry immensely, for, as I hope to show later on, he fancied himself in Macbeth more than in any other part.

"It is generally conceded to be Hamlet," said Henry.

"Oh, no, sir," said Walter. "*Macbeth.* You sweats twice as much in that."

GEORGE ALEXANDER AS BASSANIO



ELLEN TERRY

FROM THE PAINTING BY
JOHNSTON FORBES ROBERTSON

Forbes Robertson appeared with Irving and Terry in a number of the great Lyceum productions, playing Claudio in "Much Ado about Nothing," the Duke of Buckingham in "King Henry VIII.," and Sir Lancelot in "King Arthur." Ellen Terry writes of him: "As a boy he was far more of an artist than an actor." His painting of the church scene in "Much Ado" hung for many years in the famous Beefsteak Room at the Lyceum

In appearance Walter was very like Shakespeare's bust in Stratford Church. He was a most faithful and devoted servant, and was the only person with Henry when he died. Quiet in his ways, discreet, gentle, and very quick, he was the ideal dresser.

The Lyceum production of "The Merchant of Venice" was not so strictly archaeological as the Bancrofts' had been, but it was very gravely beautiful and effective. If there was less attention to details of costume and scenery, there was more attention to the play. To the end it was a safe "draw," both in England and America. By this time I must have played Portia over a thousand times.

The severe attack made on my acting of the part in *Blackwood's* I have already referred to. The suggestion that I showed too much of a "coming-on" disposition in the casket scene affected me for years, and made me self-conscious and uncomfortable. At last I lived it down. Any suggestion of *indelicacy* in my treatment of a part always blighted me. Mr. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll" of the immortal "Alice in Wonderland") once brought a little girl to see me in "Faust." He wrote and told me that she had said (when Margaret begins to undress), "Where is it going to stop?" and that perhaps, in consideration of the fact that it could affect a mere child disagreeably, I ought to alter my business!

ELLEN TERRY AS IOLANTHE

"We played 'Iolanthe' instead of the last act of 'The Merchant of Venice.' I never liked it being left out. . . . Shakespeare *never* gives up in the last act, like most dramatists"

I had known dear Mr. Dodgson for years and years — he was as fond of me as he could be of any one over the age of ten. But I was *furious*. "I thought you only knew *nice* children," was all the answer that I gave him. "It would have seemed to me awful for a *child* to see harm where harm is. How much more when she sees it where harm is not!"

But I felt ashamed and shy whenever I played that scene. It was the casket scene over again.

The unkind *Blackwood's* article, which, report said, was written by the husband of a Portia of other days, also blamed me for showing too plainly that Portia loves Bassanio before he has actually won her. This seemed to me unjust, if only because Shakespeare makes Portia say *before* Bassanio chooses the right casket:

> One half of me is yours — the other half yours . . .
> *All yours!*

Surely this suggests that she was not concealing her fondness like a Victorian maiden, and that Bassanio had assuredly won her love, though not yet the right to be her husband.

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil," and the criticism made me alter the setting of the scene and so contrive it that Portia was behind and out of sight of the men who made hazard for her love.

Dr. Furnivall, a great Shakespearean scholar, was so kind as to write me the following letter about Portia:

"Being founder and director of the New Shakespeare Society, I venture to thank you most heartily for your most charming and admirable impersonation of our poet's Portia, which I witnessed to-night with a real delight. You have given me a new light on the character, and by your so pretty by-play in the casket scene have made bright in my memory forever the spot which almost all critics have felt dull, and I hope to say this in a new edition of Shakespeare.

"Again, those touches of the wife's love in the advocate when Bassanio says he'd give up his wife for Antonio, and when you kist your hande to him behind his back in the Ring bit — how pretty and natural they were! Your whole conception and acting of the character are so true to Shakespeare's lines that one longs he could be here to see you. A lady gracious and graceful, handsome, witty, loving and wise, you are his Portia to the life."

"That is Shakespeare"

That's the best of Shakespeare, *I* say — his characters can be interpreted in at least eight different ways, and of each way some one will say: "That is Shakespeare!" The German actress plays Portia as a low-comedy part. She wears an eighteenth-century law wig, horn spectacles, a cravat (this last anachronism is not confined to Germans), and often a moustache! There is something to be said for it all, though I should not like to play the part that way myself!

Lady Pollock, who first brought me to Henry Irving's notice as a possible leading lady, thought my Portia better at the Lyceum than it had been at the Prince of Wales'.

"Thanks, my dear Valentine and enchanting Portia," she writes to me, in response to a photograph that I had sent her, "but the photographers don't see you as you are, and have not the poetry in them to do you justice.... You were especially admirable in the casket scene. You kept your by-play quieter, and it gained in effect from the addition of repose — and I rejoiced that you did not kneel to Bassanio at 'My lord, my governor, my King.' I used to feel that too much like worship from any girl to her affianced, and Portia's position being one of command, I should doubt the possibility of such an action. . . ."

I think I received more letters about my Portia than about all my other parts put together. Many of them came from university men. One old playgoer wrote to tell me that he liked me better than my former instructress, Mrs. Charles Kean. "She mouthed it as she did most things. . . . She was not real — a staid, sentimental 'Anglaise,' and more than a little stiffly pokerish."

Henry Irving's Shylock was generally conceded to be full of talent and reality, but some of his critics could not resist saying that this was *not* the Jew which Shakespeare drew! Now, who is in a position to say what *is* the Jew that Shakespeare drew? I think Henry Irving knew as well as most! Nay, I am sure that in his age he was the only person able to decide.

ELLEN TERRY AS CAMMA IN "THE CUP"

Tennyson's play "The Cup" was one of the most beautiful of Irving's productions. "It was called a failure," writes Ellen Terry, "but it ran one hundred and twenty-five nights, and every night the house was crowded"

Some said his Shylock was intellectual and appealed more to the intellect of his audiences than to their emotions. Surely this is talking for the sake of talking. I recall so many things that touched people to the heart! For absolute pathos achieved by absolute simplicity of means, I never saw anything in the theatre to compare with his Shylock's return home over the bridge to his deserted house after Jessica's flight.

A younger actor, producing "The Merchant of Venice" in recent years, asked Irving if he might borrow this bit of business. "By all means," said Henry, "with great pleasure."

"Then why didn't you do it?" inquired my daughter bluntly, when the actor was telling us how kind and courteous Henry had been in allowing him to use this stroke of invention.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished actor.

My daughter told him that Henry had dropped the curtain on a stage full of noise and lights and revelry. When it went up again the stage was empty, desolate, with no light but a pale moon and all sounds of life at a great distance — and then over the bridge came the wearied figure of the Jew. This marked the passing of time between Jessica's elopement and Shylock's return home. It created an atmosphere of silence and the middle of the night.

"*You* came back without dropping the curtain," said my daughter, "and so it wasn't a bit the same."

"I couldn't drop the curtain for the business," answered the actor, "*because it needed applause to take it up again!*"

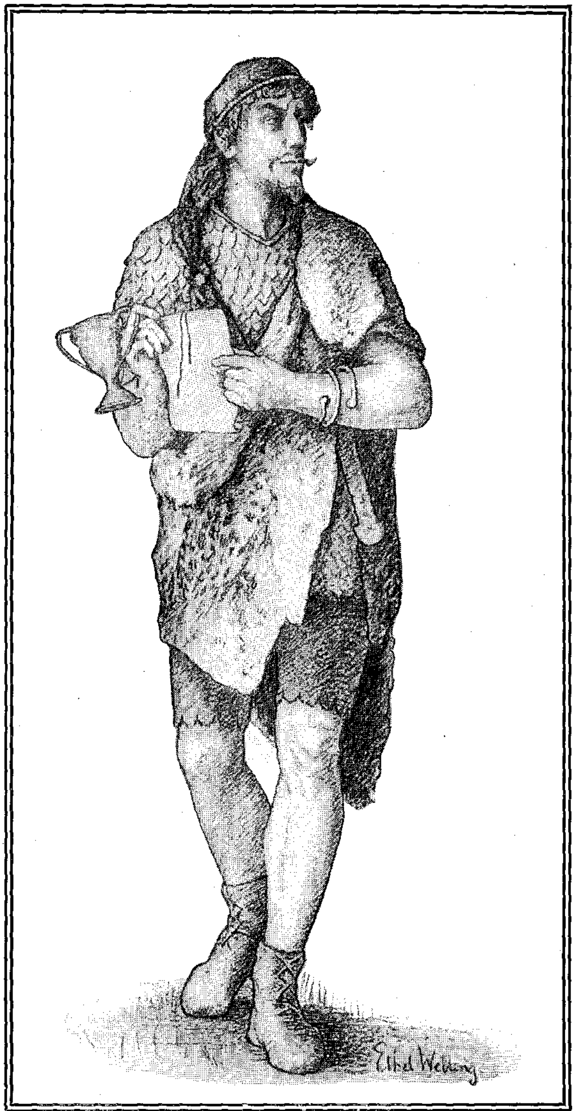
Irving's Heroic Perseverance

Henry Irving never grew tired of a part, never ceased to work at it, just as he never gave up the fight against his limitations. His diction, as the years went on, grew far clearer when he was depicting rage and passion. His dragging leg dragged no more. To this heroic perseverance he added an almost childlike eagerness in hearing any suggestion for the improvement of his interpretations which commended itself to his imagination and his judgment. From a blind man came the most illuminating criticism of his Shylock. The sensitive ear of the sightless hearer detected a fault in Henry Irving's method of delivering the opening line of his part:

> Three thousand
> ducats — well!

"I hear no sound of the usurer in that," the blind man said, at the end of the performance. "It is said with the reflective air of a man to whom money means very little."

The justice of the criticism appealed strongly to Henry. He revised his reading not only of the first line, but of many other lines in which he saw now that he had not been enough of the money-lender.



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HENRY IRVING AS SYNORIX

"Henry Irving . . . conceived his own type of the blend of Roman intellect and sensuality with barbarian cruelty and lust. With a pale, pale face, bright red hair, gold armour and a tiger-skin, a diabolical expression and very thin crimson lips, he looked handsome and sickening at the same time"

In more recent years he made one change in his dress. He asked my daughter Edy — whose cleverness in such things he fully recognised — to put some stage jewels on the scarf that he wore round his head when he supped with the Christians.

"I have an idea that when he went to that supper he'd like to flaunt his wealth in the Christian dogs' faces. It will look well, too — 'like the toad ugly — venomous,' wearing his precious jewels on his head!"

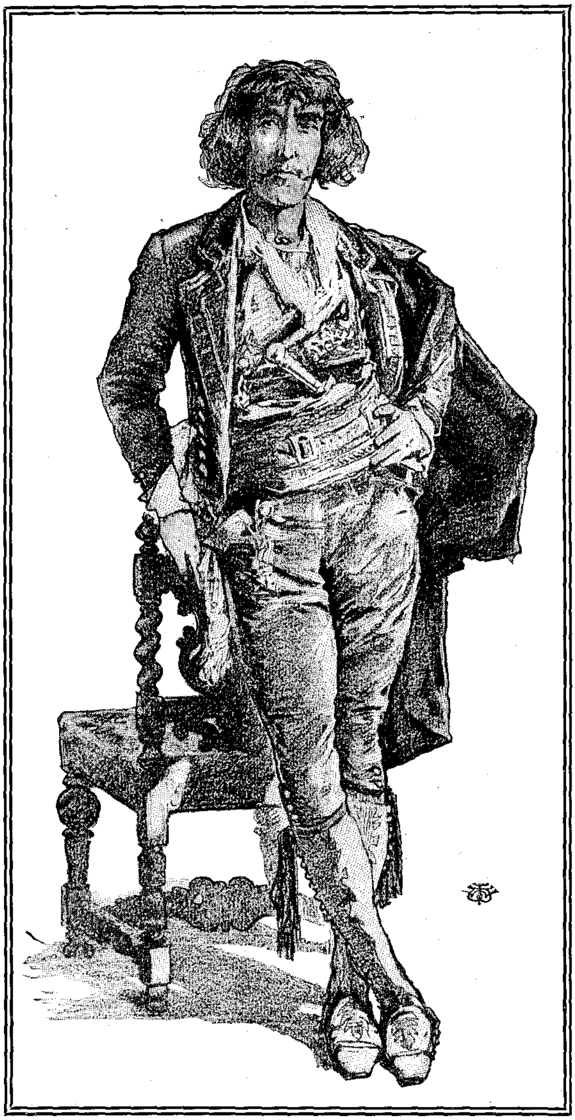
The scarf, witnessing to that untiring love of throwing new light on his impersonations which distinguished Henry to the last, is now in Edy's possession. She values no relic of him more, unless it be the wreath of oak-leaves that she made him for "Coriolanus."

"The Merchant of Venice" was acted two hundred and fifty consecutive nights on the occasion of the first production. On the hundredth night every member of the audience was presented with Henry Irving's acting edition of the play, bound in white vellum — a solid and permanent souvenir, paper, print, and binding all being of the best. The famous Chiswick Press did all his work of this kind. On the title-page was printed:

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

At the close of the performance, which took place on Saturday, February 14, 1880, Henry entertained a party of three hundred and fifty at supper on the stage. This was the first of those enormous gatherings which afterward became an institution at the Lyceum.

It was at this supper that Lord Houghton surprised us all by making a very sarcastic speech about the stage and actors generally. It was, no doubt, more interesting than the "butter" which is usually applied to the profession at such functions, but every one felt that it was rather rude to abuse long runs when the company were met to celebrate a hundredth performance! Henry Irving's answer was delightful. He spoke with good sense, good humour, and good breeding, and it was all spontaneous. I wish that a phonograph had been in existence that night and that a record had been taken of the speech. It would be so good for the people who have asserted that Henry always employed journalists (when he could not get Poets Laureate!) to write his speeches for him! The voice was always the voice of Irving, if the hands were sometimes the hands of the professional writer. When Irving was thrown on his debating resources he really spoke better than when he prepared a speech, and his letters prove how finely he could write! Those who represent him as dependent in such matters on the help of literary hacks are just ignorant of the facts.



HENRY IRVING AS FABIAN DEI FRANCHI

In "The Corsican Brothers" Irving had to compete with old playgoers' memories of Charles Kean and Fechter. "There was something in him," writes Ellen Terry, "to which the perfect style of the period appealed, and he spoke the stilted language with as much truth as he wore the cravat and the tight-waisted, full-breasted coats"

Alexander as Bassanio

During the many years that I played Portia I seldom had a Bassanio to my mind. It seems to be a most difficult part, to judge by the colourless and disappointing renderings that are given of it. George Alexander was far the best of my Bassanio bunch! Mr. Barnes—"handsome Jack Barnes," as we called him—was a good actor, is a good actor still, as every one knows; but his gentility as Bassanio was overwhelming. It was said of him that he thought more of the rounding of his legs than of the charms of his affianced wife, and that in the love scenes he appeared to be taking orders for furniture! This was putting it unkindly, but there was some truth in it.

He was so very dignified! My sister Floss (Floss was the first Lyceum Nerissa) and I once tried to make him laugh by substituting two "almond-rings" (a biscuit with a hole in it, much eaten at the time) for the real rings. "Handsome Jack" lost his temper, which made us laugh the more. He was quite right to be angry. Such fooling on the stage is very silly. I think it is one of the evils of long runs! When we had seen "handsome Jack Barnes" imperturbably pompous for two hundred nights in succession, it became too much for us, and the almond-rings were the result.

Mr. Tyars was the Prince of Morocco. Actors might come and actors might go in the Lyceum Company, but Tyars went on forever. He never left Henry Irving's management, and was with him in that last performance of "Becket" at Bradford on October 13, 1905 — the last performance ever given by Henry Irving, who died the same night.

Tyars was the most useful actor that we ever had in the company. I should think that the number of parts he has played in the same piece would constitute a theatrical record.

I don't remember when Tom Mead first played the Doge, but I remember what happened! He began the speech in the trial scene very slowly:

> Shylock I think, and the world thinks so too.

Between every word Henry was whispering: "Get on—get on!" Old Mead, whose memory was never good, became flustered, and at the end of the line came to a dead stop.

"Get on, get on," said Henry.

Mead looked round with dignity, opened his mouth and shut it, opened it again, and, in his anxiety to oblige Henry, did get on indeed — to the last line of the long speech:

> We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

The first line and the last line were all that we heard of the Doge's speech that night — the shortest version of it on record.

ELLEN TERRY AS CAMMA

"Iolanthe"

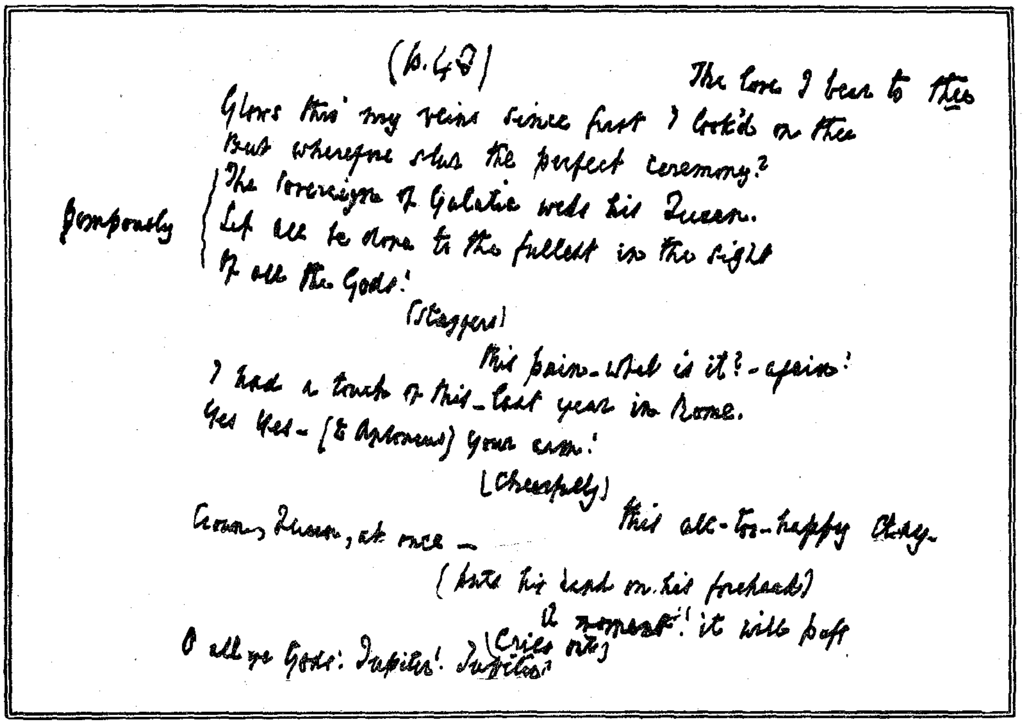
We had a beautiful scene for this play — a garden with a dark pine forest in the distance. Henry was *not* good in it. He had a Romeo part which had not been written by Shakespeare. We played it instead of the last act of "The Merchant of Venice." I never liked its being left out, but people used to say like parrots that "the interest of the play ended with the trial scene," and Henry believed them — for a time. I never did. Shakespeare *never* gives up in the last act, like most dramatists.

Twice in this part I forgot that I was blind! The first time was when I saw old Tom Mead and Henry Irving groping for the amulet which they had to put on my breast to heal me of my infirmity. It had slipped on to the floor, and both of them were too short-sighted to see it! Here was a predicament! I had to stoop and pick it up for them.

The second time, I put out my hand and cried: "Look out for my lilies!" when Henry nearly stepped on the bunch with which a little girl friend of mine supplied me every night I played the part.

Iolanthe was one of Helen Faucit's great successes. I never saw this distinguished actress when she was in her prime. Her Rosalind, when she came out of her retirement to play a few performances, was too slow. It was more like a lecture on Rosalind than like Rosalind herself. Yet here and there were touches of great beauty. I remember being particularly struck by her treatment of the lines in the scene where Celia conducts the mock-marriage between Orlando and Ganymede. Another actress whom I saw as Rosalind, when the words, "And I do take thee, Orlando, to be my husband," were out of her mouth, put up her hand and said a vulgar "A-oh" behind it — earning a laugh, no doubt. Helen Faucit flushed up and said the line with deep and true emotion, suggesting that she was indeed giving herself to Orlando and could not make a joke of it.

Mead distinguished himself in "Iolanthe" by speaking of "that immortal land where God hath



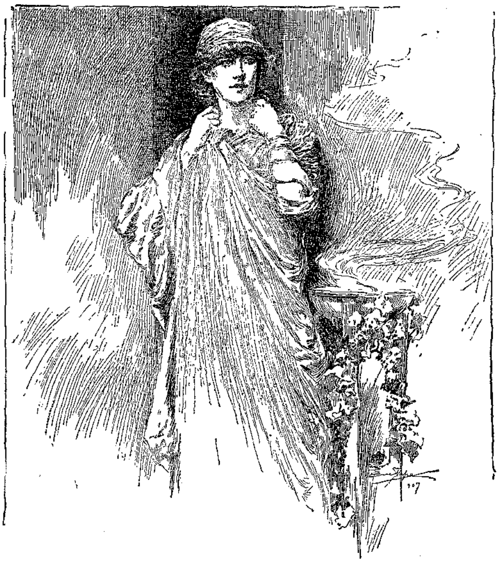
(p. 48)
The love I bear to thee
Glows thro' my veins since first I look'd on thee
But wherefore slur the perfect ceremony?
Pompously { The sovereign of Galatia weds his Queen.
Let all be done to the fullest in the sight
Of all the Gods!
(Staggers)
This pain — what is it? — again!
I had a touch of this — last year in Rome.
Yes Yes — [to Antonius] your arm!
[Cheerfully]
Crown, Queen, at once — this all-too-happy day.
(puts his hand on his forehead)
A moment! it will pass
O all ye Gods! Jupiter! Jupiter! (Cries out)

A PAGE FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF TENNYSON'S DRAMA "THE CUP"

"The Cup" is founded on a story from Plutarch. Synorix, the ruler of a Roman province, has been expelled by his own people, and Sinnatus has succeeded him. In order to overthrow his rival and possess himself of Camma, Sinnatus' wife, he becomes a Roman spy and implicates Sinnatus in a conspiracy. By persuading Camma that her husband's life is in danger, he contrives a secret meeting, at which he offers her violence. Sinnatus, coming to her defense, is stabbed and denounced. Camma takes refuge in the Temple of Artemis, where she is still pursued by Synorix, who has been reinstated. On the eve of their marriage she pledges him in a poisoned cup

his — his — er —room? — no — lodging? — no — where God hath his apartments!"

The word he could not hit was, I think, "dwelling." He used often to try five or six words before he got the right one *or* the wrong one,— it was generally the wrong one,— in full hearing of the audience.



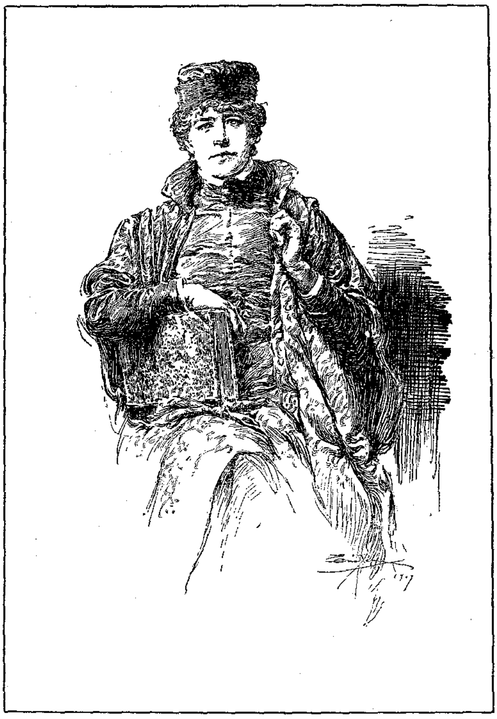
Drawn by Eric Pape

"THE CUP," ACT II.

"*The Corsican Brothers*"

This was the play with which the Lyceum reopened in the autumn of 1880. I was on the last of my provincial tours with Charles Kelly at the time, but I must have come up to see the revival, for I remember Henry Irving in it very distinctly. He had not played the dual rôle of Louis and Fabian dei Franchi before, and he had to compete with old playgoers' memories of Charles Kean and Fechter. Wisely enough, he made of it a "period" play, emphasizing its old-fashioned atmosphere. In 1891, when the play was revived, the d'Orsay costumes were noticed, and considered piquant and charming. In 1880 I am afraid they were regarded with indifference, as merely antiquated.

The grace and elegance of Henry as the civilised brother I shall never forget. There was something in *him* to which the perfect style of the d'Orsay period appealed, and he spoke the stilted language with as much truth as he wore the cravat



Drawn by Eric Pape

ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA

Ellen Terry has played Portia over a thousand times. Austin Brereton, the celebrated critic, has written: "That matchless embodiment will be famous in the annals of the stage as long as history lasts"

and the tight-waisted, full-breasted coats. Such lines as "'Tis she! Her footstep beats upon my heart!" were not absurd from his lips.

The sincerity of the period, he felt, lay in its elegance. A rough movement, a too undeliberate speech, and the absurdity of the thing might be given away. It was, in fact, given away by Terriss as Château-Renaud, who was not the smooth, graceful, courteous villain that Alfred Wigan had been, and that Henry wanted. He told me that he paid Miss Fowler, an actress who in other respects was not very remarkable, an enormous salary because she could look the high-bred lady of elegant manners.

"The Cup"

In Hallam Tennyson's life of his father I find that I described "The Cup" as a "great little play." After thirty years (nearly!) I stick to that. Its chief fault was that it was not long enough, for it involved a tremendous production, tremendous acting, had all the heroic size of tragedy, and yet was all over so quickly that we could produce a long play like "The Corsican Brothers" with it in a single evening.

Tennyson read the play to us at Eaton Place. There were present Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, William Terriss, Mr. Knowles, who had arranged the reading, my daughter Edy, who was then about nine, Hallam Tennyson, *and* a dog — I think Charlie, for the days of Fussy were not yet. Tennyson, like most poets, read in a monotone, rumbling on a low note in much the same way that Shelley is reputed to have screamed in a high one. For the women's parts he changed his voice suddenly, climbed up into a key which he could not sustain. In spite of this, I was beginning to think how impressive it was, when I looked up and saw Edy, who was sitting on Henry's knee, looking over his shoulder at young Hallam and laughing, and Henry, instead of reproaching her, on the broad grin. There was much discussion as to what the play should be called, and as to whether the names "Synorix" and "Sinnatus" would be confused.

"I don't think they will," I said, for I thought this was a very small matter for the poet to worry about.

"I do!" said Edy in a loud, clear voice. "I haven't known one from the other all the time!"

"Edy, be good," I whispered.

Henry, mischievous as usual, was delighted at Edy's independence, but her mother was unutterably ashamed.

"Leave her alone," said Henry; "she's all right."

Tennyson at first wanted to call the play "The Senator's Wife," then thought of "Sinnatus and Synorix," and finally agreed with us that "The Cup" was the best, as it was the simplest title.

The production was one of the most beautiful things that Henry Irving ever accomplished. It has been described again and again, but none of the descriptions is very successful. There was a vastness, a spaciousness of proportion, about the scene in the Temple of Artemis which I never saw again upon the stage until my own son attempted something like it in the church scene that he designed for my production of "Much Ado about Nothing" in 1903. A great deal of the effect was due to the lighting. The gigantic figure of the many-breasted Artemis, placed far back in the scene-dock, loomed through a blue mist, while the foreground of the picture was in yellow light. The thrilling effect always to be gained on the stage by the simple expedient of a great number of people doing the same thing in the same way at the same moment was seen in "The Cup," when the stage was covered with a crowd of women who raised their arms above their heads with a large, rhythmic, sweeping movement and then bowed to the goddess with the regularity of a regiment saluting.

At rehearsals there was one girl who did this movement with peculiar grace. She wore a black velveteen dress with a row of corals round her neck, and I called her "Hamlet." I used to chaff her about wearing such a grand dress at rehearsals, but she was never to be seen in any other. Not long after the first night of "The Cup" she disappeared. I made enquiries about her, and found that she was dying in a hospital. Poor Hamlet! I bought some tall lilies and rushed off to the hospital to see her. The next time I went, she was dead, and the nurse told me that she had said: "Take off my corals, but let her lilies be buried with me." The girls at the theatre told me that she was very poor, and that underneath her black velveteen dress, which she wore summer and winter, she had nothing but a pair of stockings and a chemise.

Quite as wonderful as the temple scene was the setting of the first act, which represented the rocky side of a mountain, with a glimpse of a fertile table-land and a pergola with vines growing over it at the top. The acting in this scene all took place on different levels. The hunt swept past on one level; the entrance to the Temple was on another. A goatherd played upon a pipe. Scenically speaking, it was not Greece, but Greece in Sicily, Capri, or some such hilly region.

Not the Roman in Appearance

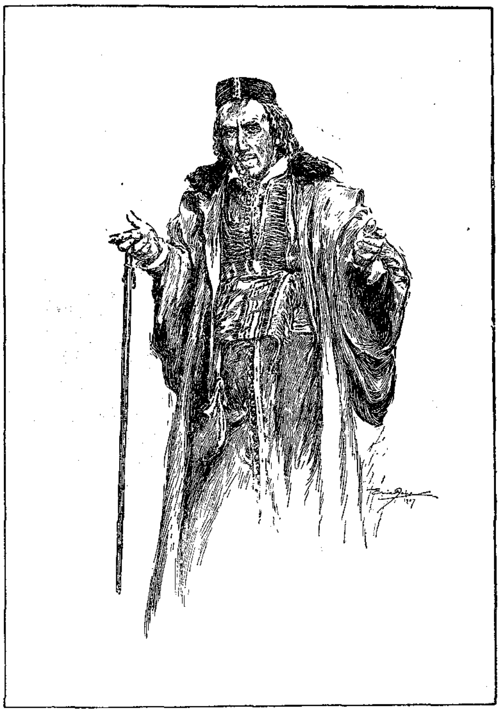
Henry Irving was not able to look like the full-lipped, full-blooded Romans such as we see in long lines in marble at the British Museum, so he conceived his own type of the blend of Roman intellect and sensuality with barbarian cruelty and lust. Tennyson was not pleased with him as Synorix! *How* he failed to delight in it as a picture I can't conceive. With a pale, pale face, bright red hair, gold armour and a tiger-skin, a diabolical expression and very thin crimson lips, Henry looked handsome and sickening at the same time. *Lechery* was written across his forehead.

The first act was well within my means; the second was beyond them, but it was very good for me to try and do it. I had a long apostrophe to the goddess with my back turned to the audience, and I never tackled anything more difficult. My dresses, designed by Mr. Godwin, one of them with the toga made of that wonderful material which Arnott had printed, were simple, fine, and free.

I wrote to Tennyson's son Hallam after the first night that I knew his father would be delighted with Henry's splendid performance, but was afraid he would be disappointed in me.

DEAR CAMMA [he answered]: I have given your messages to my father, but believe me, who am not "common report," that he will thoroughly appreciate your noble, *most* beautiful and imaginative rendering of Camma. My father and myself hope to see you soon, but not while this detestable cold weather lasts. We trust that you are not now really the worse for that night of nights. With all our best wishes,
Yours ever sincerely,
HALLAM TENNYSON.

I quite agree with you as to H. I.'s Synorix.



Drawn by Eric Pape

HENRY IRVING AS SHYLOCK

The idea of producing "The Merchant of Venice" first suggested itself to Irving during a yachting-trip to Morocco and the Levant. On his return to London, he broached the project to Stoker and Loveday, and three weeks later the curtain went up on an unbroken run of two hundred and fifty nights, the longest run of the play ever known

The music of "The Cup" was not up to the level of the rest. Nan Winchelsea's setting of "Moon on the field and the foam," written within the compass of eight notes for my poor singing voice, which will not go up high nor down low, was effective enough; but the music as a whole was too "chatty" for a severe tragedy. One night, when I was singing my very best:

Moon, bring him home, bring him home,
Safe from the dark and the cold,

some one in the audience *sneezed.* Every one burst out laughing, and I had to laugh, too. I did not even attempt the next line.

"The Cup" was called a failure, but it ran one hundred and twenty-five nights, and every night the house was crowded! On the hundredth night I sent Tennyson the Cup itself. I had it made in silver from Mr. Godwin's design — a three-handled cup, pipkin-shaped, standing on three legs.

"A BOOK FOR MOTHERS"

BY

LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL," "EZEKIEL IN TRANSIT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

BOTH Miss North and Ezekiel were at school early. Miss North apparently considered it an opportunity of advantage.

"Come here, Ezekiel," she began, looking up from her desk. Ezekiel approached.

"Now, I want you to put your mind on this, Ezekiel," she went on, taking the bull by the horns, "and see if you can tell me why it is that you have been doing so badly in your work for the last few days. Of course, you must know that you have been doing very badly, don't you?"

Ezekiel looked rather grieved at hearing the matter put so plainly, but did not offer an immediate explanation.

"Well, now, I suppose there must be some reason for this," went on Miss North logically, "because don't you know how very well you *have* been doing—until just lately? Why, of course there must be some reason for it."

"Yas'm, mus' be so," agreed Ezekiel faintly.

"Yes, of course. Now, what is it?"

"*I* dunno'm," returned Ezekiel, as if he were really the very last one who should be expected to know.

"Well, you must find out, Ezekiel," announced Miss North concisely, "and you must begin to do *very much* better again."

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel, apparently perfectly willing to investigate, and perfectly willing to improve, too, if it were really necessary.

"Yas'm. . One time I'se a-wukkin' fer Mis' Simons in de gyarden, an' she come along an' talk jes dat-a-way, too. Say:

"'W'y, 'Zek'el, yer mus' do *ve'y much* better'n dis. Is I 'blige set righ' down yere an' *watch yer?'* she say. An' I say, 'No'm.' An' she say, well, certainly *look* like she is. So she se' down, an' fus' yer know, she's a-readin' outen a book an' ain' payin' no mo' 'tention ter me 'n 's ef I ain' dere 'tall."

"Yes; that hasn't really very much to do with this, but still I can imagine, too, that it might have been so."

"Yas'm; an' praesen'ly, after she's been a-readin' quite a li'l' while, she gotten up ag'in an' walk off, an' say dat certainly's de mos' no-'count book where's been written fer some time; she reckon she could 'a' done better 'erself."

"I don't doubt it," murmured Miss North—"not for a moment. Well, Ezekiel, I shall expect to notice a great improvement in you to-day."

"Yas'm. Say she reckon she could 'a' done better 'erself. Is yer ever written a book, Miss No'th?"

"No, I never have," admitted Miss North.

"Cuz I'se writin' a book now," he went on meditatively.

"Are you?" Miss North felt painfully inferior. "What is your book about, Ezekiel?"

"'Bout—'bout chillen—an' mothers," explained Ezekiel modestly. "Is yer say yer ain't nuver written a book yit, Miss No'th?"

"Never," reiterated Miss North, bound to be truthful to the bitter end.

"Cuz I doan't guess Mis' Simons nuver written a book, nudder," he went on ruminatingly but consolingly. "No'm, I doan't guess she nuver did."

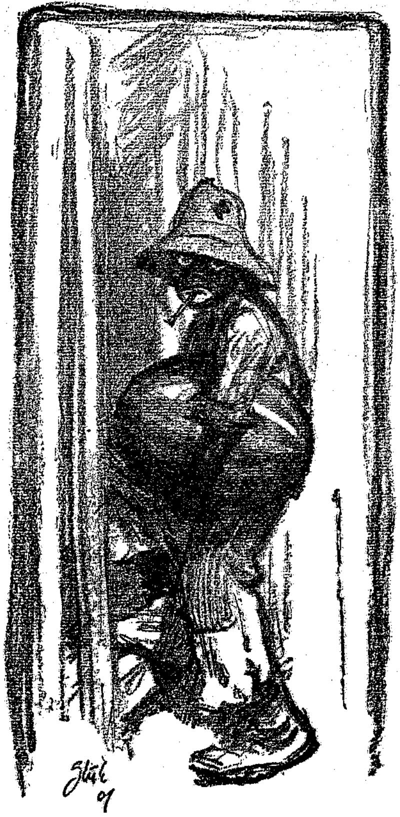
"I don't believe she ever did, either," returned Miss North, taking hope. "But, now, this book of yours, Ezekiel—you say it is about children and ——"

"'Bout chillen an'—mothers," explained Ezekiel again; "but mo' specially 'bout mothers."

"I see. Don't you find it rather a large subject? That is—don't you find it rather—rather hard to write about children and mothers?"

"Yas'm, kine o' hard; specially 'bout mothers."

"Yes, I should think so," agreed Miss North.



"HE STARTS RIGHT OFF GITTIN' TRIFLIN' AN' BAD"

"Perhaps you will let me see your book sometime. Do you think you could?"

"Yas'm. Yer kin see it now, ef yer wants ter. Yas'm, yer kin see it right now, Miss No'th."

"No, it is time for the bell now. But sometime, sometime I should like very much to see it. Take your seat now, Ezekiel."

And the children, in a long, winding file, had marched in.

But it was not until the morning was almost gone, and the immaculate specimen copy for the daily writing lesson was being painstakingly reproduced on long, straight lines, that the first complaint of the day was made.

"Ole 'Zek'el Jerden, he ain' doin' no writin' lesson," came the voice of righteous indignation; "he's writin' sump'n' else."

To be sure. Ezekiel was writing in his book.

"Ezekiel," began Miss North in suggestive tones, "do you remember what I told you this morning?"

"Yas'm,"—Ezekiel's book disappeared inside his desk,—"yas'm, I'se gwine do my writin', Miss No'th."

But it was the afternoon that was almost gone when the next complaint came in. Again they were reproducing neat little paragraphs from the blackboard, and again there came an indignant voice:

"'Zek'el Jerden ain't copyin' no home-wuk 'tall!"

Certainly not. Ezekiel was writing in his book.

"Ezekiel,"—Miss North's voice sounded uncompromising,—"you may bring that book to my desk."

Ezekiel rather sheepishly made his way to the desk and deposited a magnificent, checkered-backed note-book.

"Now you may copy your home-work. I begin to see why you have fallen back in your work, Ezekiel."

But the children, in a long, winding file, had marched out again, and again Ezekiel stood before Miss North's desk. Across the front row sat three small and meek-looking individuals, whose glances back and forth among themselves and up toward Miss North alternated between broad but surreptitious grins and modest, long-suffering looks of resignation.

"I should like you very straight and quiet in the front row, please," suggested Miss North.

Their general appearance, at this point, was so altogether nice and irreproachable that it really seemed rather indelicate of Miss North to have referred to it at all.

"And now, Ezekiel, as I said before, I begin to see why you have fallen back in your work."

"Yas'm," responded Ezekiel, evidently quite clear on the matter, too.

"Now, my suggestion is that you finish this book up just as soon as possible, and then perhaps you will be able to turn your attention to your school-work again."

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel, absolutely agreeable.

"Well, now, how *nearly done* is the book? Do you think you could finish it to-night?"

"'Bout—'bout half done, I reckon; yas'm, I could finish it ter-night."

Miss North picked up the checkered-backed note-book and glanced over three or four painstakingly written pages.

"It isn't going to be a very long book, is it? Perhaps that is just as well, too. Well, suppose you read it to me as far as you have gone."

"Yas'm," and Ezekiel obligingly took the book and began to read.

"'A Book For Mothers,'" he announced.

"That is the title, I suppose," suggested Miss North intelligently. "But I thought it was going to be both for mothers and children."

"No'm; *'bout* mothers an' chillen, but specially *for* mothers."

"Oh, yes, of course. Now go on, Ezekiel, and I won't interrupt."

The three across the front row looked quite impressed at the turn events had taken, and Ezekiel began again. According to oral interpretation, his written manuscript might have been about like this:

"'A BOOK FOR MOTHERS

"'Eve'y mother where has sense should read dis book. Co'se, ef she ain't got no sense, I s'pose it ain't gwine do no good anyway, but ef she has, w'y, read it.'"

This stipulation being made in regard to the readers of the book, Ezekiel glanced at Miss North (who, being taken a bit unawares, made haste to compose her countenance) and continued:

"'Eve'y chile, at de age o' twelve years ole, co'se begins gittin' triflin' an' bad, an' runs out on de street at night, an' down ter Jones's corner, an' sometime look like his mother cyan' do nothin' wid 'em 'tall—at de age o' twelve years ole.'"

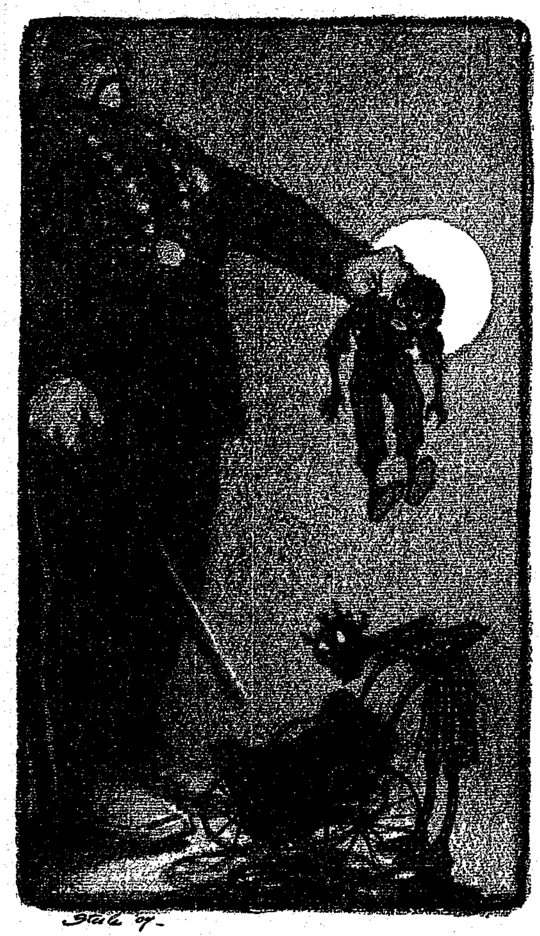
"Is it always exactly at twelve?" put in Miss North modestly.

"Yas'm. 'So at de age o' twelve years ole eve'y mother mus' learn 'er chillen 'tain't right ter ac' no sech a way. An' ef she cyan't learn 'em, she mus' whup 'em, an' ef dat ain't no use, she mus' mek 'em go hongry 'mos' all time, an' whup 'em ag'in, an' ef dat ain't no use, w'y, she mus' read 'em de Bible an' see 'ow dat'll wuk.

"'My country, 'tis o' thee,
Sweet land o' liberty,
O' thee I sing!'"

From all appearances Miss North had again been taken unawares.

"What? What was that? What did you say, Ezekiel?"



"P'LICE SAY, 'WUZ YOU DE CAUSE O' DIS DISFIGGERMENT, BOY?'"

"I jes put in a li'l' pote-ry," explained Ezekiel, "jes a li'l' verse o' pote-ry to make it go 'long r'al smooth an' soun' kine o' easy."

"Oh! Go on, Ezekiel!"

"Yas'm. 'Cuz, co'se, 'tain't right fer chillen to go runnin' out at night 'thout their mother. So, ef de Bible ain't no use, w'y, she mus' jes go runnin' right 'long, too.'"

There was an audible snicker from one of the three in the front row—whether from mere nervous emotion at this forecast of a few of the scenes which were doubtless in store for him at the age of twelve, or from real joy, was not at the moment apparent.

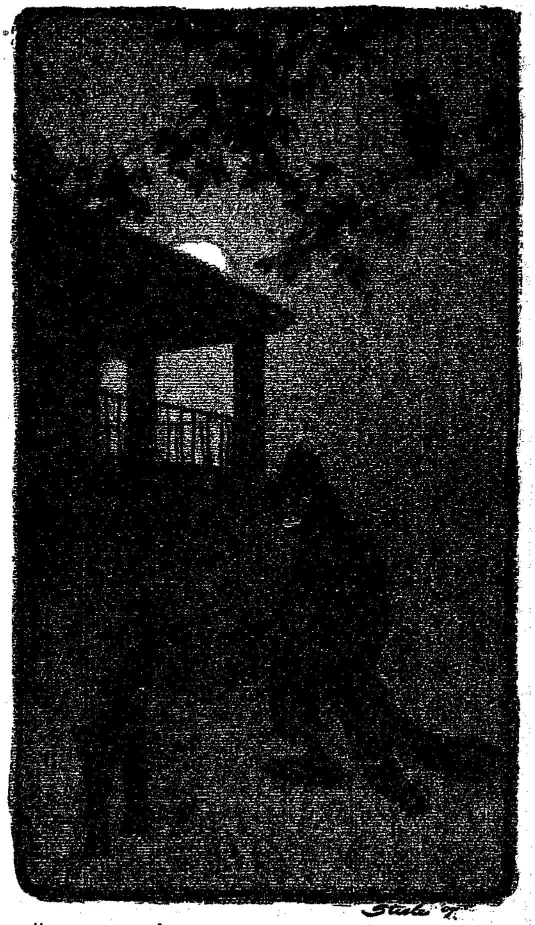
"'Once 'twas a li'l' boy,'" went on Ezekiel, "'an' he's a r'al good li'l' boy, too, an' allays went ter Sunday-school an' mine 'is mama, an' ain't nuver run down ter Jones's corner 'cep'n' w'en she sen' 'im wid de 'lasses-bucket, an' allays jes ez good! Twell nex' he know he's twelve years ole. An' den, co'se, he starts right off gittin' triflin' an' bad.

"'Well, ef 'is mama had did like she oughter, an' whup 'im an' read 'im de Bible an' run out after 'im on de street, o' co'se 'twouldn' nuver 'a' come out way it did. But she ain't do no sech a thing. She jes say ef he ac' dat-a-way, w'y, she ain't gwine bother wid him 'tall. So, w'at yer s'pose 'appen ter de li'l' boy? Well, one night 'bout twelve o'clock he wek up—ya-as, 'twuz jes ez de clock's strikin' twelve, an' fus' he jes lay dere studyin' 'bout what he'll do nex'. An' den he 'cide it's gittin' kine o' wea'ysome layin' dere ser long 'thout sayin' nary word ter nobody, so he got outen de baid an' start right out on de street.

"'An' fus' thing he seen a-comin' down de road wuz a li'l' gyurl a-trundlin' 'long a baby-ca'iage wid a li'l' baby a-settin' right up on de seat a-chewin' on a clo'es-pin.'"

"Twelve o'clock at night, did you say it was, Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm, jes 'zackly twelve o'clock. 'An' some'ow it seem ter mek de li'l' boy kine o' mad w'en he seen de baby a-settin' up on de seat a-chewin' on de clo'es-pin, so w'at yer s'pose he done? W'y, he jes hop right up in de ca'iage an' set right plumb down top o' de baby, an' mash 'im ser flat dat praesen'ly, w'en he jump out on de groun' an' look in de ca'iage ag'in, w'y, 'tain' nothin' lef' o' de baby 'tall, 'cep'n' a kine o' li'l' flat cake, like, not no bigger'n dis!'"



"HE JES BUS' RIGHT INTO A LADY'S HOUSE AN' STOLE ALL HER JEW'LRY"

At this point Ezekiel was obliged to stop and point out to Miss North his sketch of the baby's remains.

"'Well, w'en de li'l' gyurl come roun' an' look in de ca'iage like she's gwine set 'er baby up r'al nice ag'in, an' ain' foun' nothin' 'cep'n' de li'l' flat cake, w'y, den co'se *she's* mad.

"'"Now, ain't yer 'shame ter do 'im like dat!" she say. "Well, I'se gwine call de p'lice an' show 'im jes w'at yer done!"

"'So she call de p'lice, an' de p'lice come an' look in de ca'iage.

"'"Sho! Now, ain't dat too bad!" p'lice say. "Wuz you de cause o' dis disfiggerment, boy? Well, suh! I'se gwine 'rest yer fer 'sault an' battery!"

"'So de li'l' boy's 'rested fer 'sault an' battery, an's 'blige go ter jail an' stay dere all de res' of his life.

"'*De rose is red, de vi'let's blue,*
De honey is sweet, an' so are you,
Li'l' gyurl where sits on de seat in de corner,
Three cheers fer de red, white, an' blue!'"

This delightful mingling of sentiment and patriotism was evidently merely thrown in to relieve the stress and tension of the moment. At any rate, the three little boys in the front row drew a short breath of relief at the temporary stay in proceedings, and Ezekiel continued:

"'Well, de nex' time de li'l' boy went out on de street at night, w'at yer s'pose he done? W'y, he jes bus' right into a lady's house an' stole all her jew'lry. So de lady went climbin' out de winder after 'im, an' cotch 'im by de coat an' call de p'lice, an' he's 'rested ag'in, an' dat time dey had 'im shot fer a burglar.

"'But he keep on jes ez triflin' an' bad's ever, an' nex' time he met a ole gen'leman, an' 'mence ter wrastle wid 'im right on de street.

"'"Well, w'at yer doin'?" ole man say. "Well, I reckon I'se 'blige call my li'l' dawg!" So ole man call 'is li'l' dawg, an' de li'l' boy run right up a tree, an' de li'l' dawg after 'im. But soon's dey's up de tree, w'y, de li'l' boy se' down on one branch, an' de li'l' dawg se' down on anudder branch, an' so dey jes set dere a-blinkin' at de dark.

"'"Well, w'at you-all a-settin' up dere like dat fer?" ole man say. "Come down!"

"'But dey set dere jes same, a-blinkin' at de dark.

"'An' ole man holler ag'in, an' de moon come a-risin' up in de sky, an' den dey jes set dere a-blinkin' at de moon.

"'"Well, I'se gwine climb up an' git yer, den," ole man say, an' he 'mence ter climb de tree. But de win' 'mence ter blow an' de tree 'mence ter rock, an' higher up ole man got de mo' de win' keep on blowin' an' de tree a-rockin' back an' fofe, back an' fofe, an' de li'l' boy an' de li'l' dawg still a-settin' on de branch a-blinkin' at de moon.

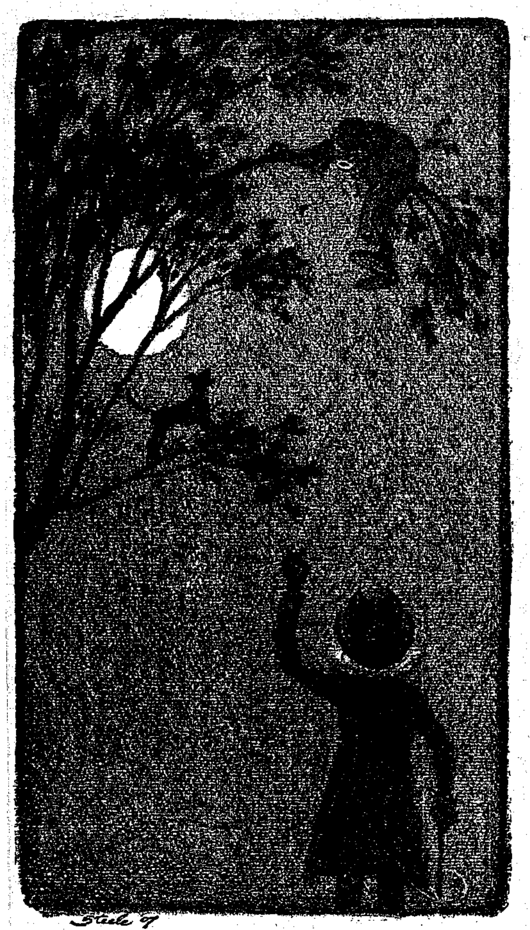
"'"Come down!" ole man say. An' same time he spoken de words de win' jes blew 'im right outen de tree an' he tum'le down on de groun' daid!

"'"See w'at yer done!" li'l' dawg say. An' same time *he* spoken de words, ole win' jes blew 'im right outen de tree an' *he* tum'le down daid on de groun', too.

"'But de li'l' boy jes keep on a-settin' on de branch a-blinkin' at de moon.

"'An' w'en de p'lice come 'long an' foun' 'em all daid 'cep'n' de li'l' boy where's settin' on de branch, w'y, dey 'rest him an' ca'ied him off ter jail, an' dat time dey had 'is haid chop off fer a murd'rer.

"'*De gol'en rule, de gol'en rule,*
Oh, dat's de rule fer me!
Ter do to others ez you would
Ez you should do ter me!



"'WELL, I'SE GWINE CLIMB UP AN' GIT YER, DEN,' OLE MAN SAY"

"'An' nex' time, he met a ole lady; an' ole lady 'mence ter scole 'im right smart fer bein' out ser late in de night, so w'at yer s'pose he done?

"'W'y is a elephunt like a brick?'

"(I'se 'fraid it's gittin' kine o' wea'ysome 'long yere, so I jes put in a li'l' riddle.)

"'W'y is a elephunt like a brick?

"'Cuz cyan't neider one of 'em climb a tree.

"'An' she 'mence ter scole 'im right smart fer bein' out ser late in de night, so w'at yer s'pose he done?'

"I thought o' sump'n' else, too!

"W'y is a elephunt like a pertater?

"Cuz cyan't neider one of 'em climb a tree!"

"H'm, yes! I see! I see! I see! *But what did he do, Ezekiel?*" interrupted Miss North, in some alarm at this new field which was opening up with such a wealth of possibility.

"W'y is a elephunt like a *bag o' salt?*

"W'y, cuz cyan't neider one of 'em climb a tree!

"I'se mekkin' 'em up myself, Miss No'th, an' it's jes ez easy!

"W'y is a elephunt——"

"*I see! But wait—Ezekiel!* Now—now tell me what he did!"

"Well — well, yer see, I ain't 'zackly 'cide what he is done, cuz dat's jes ez fur's I'se went w'en I 'mence 'bout de elephunts.

"W'y is a elephunt——"

"Yes! Yes, indeed! Certainly! And yet, that does n't seem to be a very good place to leave it, either!"

"No'm; 'tain' no place ter leave it."

"So what did he do to the old lady? Wouldn't it be nice to have him do something very *kind*, just for a little change?"

"Yas'm," agreed Ezekiel, picking up connections again.

"An' de ole lady 'mence ter scole 'im right smart fer bein' out ser late in de night, so w'at yer s'pose he done? W'y, he give her a nice li'l' bag o' cough-drops."

"That was kind, I am sure." Miss North thought she saw the end in view. "Now, how are you going to finish it?"

"An' den he went home an' drown 'isself in de well."

Ezekiel paused, evidently considering his labors practically over.

"That was a little sudden, wasn't it?" suggested Miss North, "just a little sudden?"

"Yas'm, but dat ain't quite de en', nudder. De en' is 'bout mothers. Like dis:

"An' so eve'y mother mus' watch out right smart. Cuz, co'se, de same thing *might* 'appen ter any li'l' boy. An' dat's w'y dey mus' learn 'em ter do right, an' read 'em de Bible, an' run down ter Jones's corner after 'em. Cuz dey'll git inter right smart o' trouble ef dey doant. An' specially 'bout de age o' twelve years ole."

"And so that is the end. Well, supposing you sit down, Ezekiel, and finish it."

. . . The three little boys had gone, feeling that they had had a rather strenuous and impressive half-hour, and Ezekiel turned in the doorway and looked back again at Miss North.

"Show your book to Miss Jane, Ezekiel, if you see her. I think — perhaps she would like it. Good night."

"Night, Miss No'th."

The next morning Miss North was at school early again. So also was Ezekiel.

For some minutes she worked quietly at her desk, and he sat in his seat, while his eyes wandered dreamily around the room. Then she pushed a pile of papers into her desk drawer and looked up.

"Did you read your book to Miss Jane last night, Ezekiel?"

"Yas'm."

"And how did she like it? What did she say about it?"

"Say it doan' soun' like r'al sense, an' say she reckon I'se wastin' my time. Say she reckon I better frow it 'way an' jes put my mine on my books."

"Throw it away?"

"Yas'm. But I ain't frow it 'way," he went on cheerfully,— "no'm; I jes burn it up."

"What? What did you say, Ezekiel?"

"I ain't frow it 'way — no'm; I jes burn it up."

"Burned it up!" Miss North found herself feebly recalling the fate of the "French Revolution." *"Burned it up!* Why—why did you burn it up!"

"Well, yer see, long's I'se *finish* it, I jes 'cide I won't bother no mo' wid it; so I jes burn it right up. But"—he looked a bit regretful—"but I — I reckon I could write yer anudder book — ef yer feels dat-a-way 'bout it, Miss No'th! W'y, I reckon I could write anudder one — jes ez good — Miss No'th!"

"I don't doubt that you could, my child; I don't doubt it."

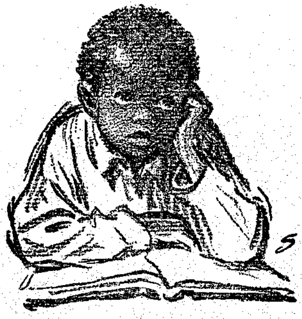
She smiled in a way that he hardly understood, and glanced up at the clock. Then they both remembered a conversation which they had had the morning before.

"No, you needn't write me another one, Ezekiel. You know you are going to begin and *work hard* now."

The soft, dreamy, willing little dark face looked back into hers, and suddenly, in a vivid, flashing moment, she felt the full meaning of a bitter truth — of a childlike, willing, erring race transplanted from the gentle drift of an Oriental country to the stern, exacting West — surrounded there by another people, uncomprehending and impatient. In the full light of the moment she felt ashamed that she should have ever been less realizing — should have ever been found wanting in her part, so simple compared with theirs.

"Yes, Ezekiel," she repeated mechanically, "you are going — to work hard."

"Yas'm," he murmured, "I'se gwine try."



THE POMP AND PANOPLY OF WAR

BY

FREDERICK WALWORTH

IT was night, and it rained, steadily, penetratingly.

Along the hub-deep road, a dismal caravan; before, a guard of cavalry; behind, another; and, at intervals in the line of laboring wagons, still other weary troopers. Water dripped miserably from the bellies of the horses and ran from the troopers' broad hats. They slipped in the sodden saddles and rode with bent heads. The cry of the caravan rang up to heaven.

For the most part, the troopers were silent and morose. They were blind tired, and it was night, and it rained. They were part of a beaten army in full retreat. Each was folded in bitterness as in a mantle. Occasionally one damned the road, or his saddle, or even his horse; beyond that, they were silent.

But the curses of the drivers harrying the plunging mules, the pistol-cracks of rawhide whips, the infrequent crisp voice of an officer, the slam-bang and back again of trace and tongue, the groan of mud-bound axles, the sough and swash of the pasty road — these rose through the rain and were lost, for they were not the voices of the caravan.

Pervading all and subduing all and overwhelming all, rose the harrowing sounds of wounded men — men who would have been in torment with every muscle quiet, here gripped as in the ingenious toils of an inquisition. The springless wagons answered faithfully the challenge of every rock and gully in the rain-plowed road. They pitched and slued — endwise, sidewise, and cornerwise. They stopped with a heart-breaking jolt and started only with a four-mule jerk. And the wrecks of strong men pitched and slued with the wagons; and there was no help.

Behind, a victorious enemy; on either flank, hostile cavalry, fingering the country, feeling for them in the dark, like the antennae of some gigantic insect or the tentacles of an octopus. Before, somewhere beyond, in the black and rain, the river — this they must cross; then surgeons, nurses, and help for those who still lived. Now there was no help. The given word was: "On to the river!" The officers steeled themselves against the shrieks and prayers of the caravan, and the column drove through. And it rained.

In the sixth wagon from the head of the train sat a boy, fighting his second fight. He wasn't old enough to be there; but the mill still ground and must be fed, and recruiting-officers were not particular.

At any rate, the boy was there. He had carried a rifle in a brilliant, futile charge the day before, and had come back, by a comrade's help, with the "red badge of courage" trickling down his shoulder. He lay in the straw and thought on the last word as they had helped him into the wagon:

"Hang on to Williamsport, and you'll be all right."

He was fighting the fight to "hang on." It would have been hard in a hospital ward, with quiet and peace and calm and soft-footed nurses. Here it resolved into a savage hand-to-hand struggle with odds of road and wagon and rain laid against.

The splintered ends of broken bones ground together in his shoulder. It seemed to him he could hear them snap and sliver with every bump in the road. The torn muscles were swollen and sensitive till the rubbing of his clothing was as fire. Withering twinges shot needlelike through and across as the vehicle lurched and pitched.

Twelve men lay in the wagon with him — an unlucky number, he thought, and ground out a smile. They were packed in tight and hard, knees doubled up and backs against the jolting side-slabs. It was inky dark.

Across from the boy, his vis-à-vis, whose cramped knees rubbed his own, a man was dying. The coughing sob of every breath, hard-won, laid clear a tale of clogged lungs and internal hemorrhage. It did not affect the boy much. He wondered chiefly at the man's persistent grip on life. Why didn't he die and be done? Presently he thought he had died. There fell an interval which seemed to stretch into minutes. Surely he must be dead now.

The boy pushed out a foot to ease his legs at the other's expense, since this other was dead. The man began his choking fight again. By the sound, blood came with every breath. The boy wondered if it was rain or blood he felt on his legs. He withdrew his foot. He felt like a trespasser. The man was not dead.

On his right a shape with a bandaged head spoke at intervals, and at intervals was still. Suddenly he started violently, jostling his neighbors.

"My God! lie still," cried a voice out of the dark.

"It's the old spring," came the exultant answer. "Best water in ten miles. Where's the gourd?" The tone fell to melancholy. "Somebody's stole the gourd."

The voice guttered out, in maudlin murmurs, execrations on the thief. The man opposite measured time with a broken pump — cough and wheeze, cough and wheeze.

Directly, one broke into agonized cries, as though he had held his pain till it snatched away his grip and tore a way out. He had been thrust, low through the body, with a bayonet — a hideous wound. He writhed in agony and threw others in commotion. His voice ran up a jumping scale and broke in frantic screams. He begged to be put down by the roadside and left to die. He tore at his wound and prayed for death.

"It's here!" he shrieked. "It's burning my bowels. Oh, I can't stand it! Christ, let me die!"

It was horror incarnate. The others were awed to silence. The regular pumping of the broken lungs opposite punctuated the frenzied screams. The boy felt the hair lift on his neck as the hideous shrieks mangled the night. He felt no great pity. His feelings were blunted like an edge-turned blade. They no longer cut his nerves. But he was fearful. Fear sometimes appears when other emotions have gone. The cries of the suffering wretch affected him in the darkness like the sudden cry, by night, of a wild beast. He could not fully understand. He was afraid.

The driver lashed the mules and cursed desperately to drown this horror of horrors. There was no help. Shortly, the screams broke off as suddenly as they had begun.

"Wish to hell I knowed who stole that gourd," urged the one with the broken head. He turned sharply to the boy:

"Did you steal that gourd?"

"Oh, for God's sake, lie still!" moaned the voice out of the dark.

The boy asserted innocence with care and circumstance. It was eminently fitting, of course, that this man should suspect him of stealing his gourd. However, he was innocent. He offered to show the man that he had no gourd about him. It was of much importance that he be so convinced. Ultimately he was convinced; he subsided into melancholy cursing of the thief.

The endless minutes of the night wormed through. The boy thought it must be close on morning. They must be nearing the river. He wished that the canvas side was up, that he might see the east. He knew he had ridden for hours. The measurement of time by clocks is a crude device. Horses floundered past.

"What time is it, Captain?" asked a voice.

"Ten o'clock."

They had started at nine — by the clock.

One groaned in delirium and spoke: "I says, 'Sure we can, Cap,' I says, an' we fixed bay'nits an' went up a-yellin'. But we couldn't do it. No, sir, we couldn't do it. An' it was my fault. I says, 'Sure we can, Cap,' I says, an' —" He wandered aimlessly and with repetition.

One went the charge again. "Come on, boys!" he yelled. "Damn the Yanks. Give 'em hell! Give 'em hell!" Over and over sprang the fierce admonition, till he wearied and fell silent. The man opposite choked and coughed for breath.

The boy's shoulder throbbed with a steady pulse. Each beat ran over him in a tingling wave and rippled off at his finger-tips. He wished he knew how many beats ran to the minute. Then he might count them and track the time. It was not pleasant to decide it was morning and find it was only ten o'clock — decidedly not pleasant.

The front wheels pitched in a hole and flung the men in a mass forward. The paroxysm seized the bayonet-wounded wretch, and his screams wrought through the night like red-hot needles. He seized the sides of the wagon and dragged himself upright, racking his muscles in blind search for relief. His legs twisted and writhed like snakes in a bonfire.

"Help! Help! Kill me—oh, my God, kill me! Don't let me suffer so." The words were gasps cut close by shrieks which carved like knives. Even these other wounded felt thrills of horror. The being wounded was nothing; they were all wounded. Senses were dulled and sensibilities in abeyance; but this thing pierced through to their shock-dimmed minds and stirred them dully. Chiefly they had a feeling of wonder. This was beyond them, a thing apart.

And there was no help. Presently the screams ceased, and he dropped back limp and panting.

"Ten o'clock," thought the boy, and he must "hang on" till morning. The crazy jolting of the wagon kept his wound open, and it bled persistently. He could feel the trickling lines, one running to the fell of his chest and another to his armpit. He pressed his hand tight upon his shirt and lessened the flow. His arm was cold and senseless, his shoulder numb. He was not suffering much now. But he was so-o-o sleepy!

He dared not sleep. He might bleed and bleed, and sleep and sleep, and not awaken at Williamsport. He must "hang on." And it was ten o'clock — only ten o'clock!

One broke into singing, with a laugh:

"*Oh, I love my love an' my love loves me.*
(Whoa! go 'long thar, critter.)
Oh, I love my love an' my love ——"

"For God's sake, keep still! Can't you let a man die quiet?"

"'Sure we can, Cap,' I says; an' it was all my fault. We couldn't do it. No, sir, we couldn't do it."

The man with the drilled lungs sat up and fought death with heavy, bloody sobs. Even those in delirium ceased speaking to let this man die. But he would not, and presently sagged back, and the irregular pulse went on — cough and wheeze, cough and wheeze.

The caravan warped, snakelike, round a hill. The wagon pitched wickedly fore and aft like a bucking horse. The front wheels sank to the hubs and the vehicle stopped with a racking jolt. Strong men cried out in mortal pain. The boy felt the red lines ripple again along the old channels. He clutched his shoulder savagely. This thing should not bleed him to death. He was full of the injustice of it. It was unfair!

The mules, stung by whip and oath, snatched the creaking wagon forth, and into the hole dropped the rear wheels; and again strong men cried through clenched teeth.

The road swung sharply to the left, and the rain beat in the open front and drenched the sufferers. The boy grew cold, and was so-o-o sleepy. Every muscle protested bitterly against this keeping awake. The man next him muttered drowsily:

"Believe Sam Thomson stole that gourd. Always was a low-down, sneakin' cuss."

Silence, except for the sobs of the broken pump and the driving rain on the canvas and the splash of the straining mules.

"Never was so thirsty, an' there was the spring, same as ever — water just a-bubblin' up; an' the gourd stole by some onary thief." The broken wretch fell to weeping.

"Come on, boys! Give 'em hell! Give 'em hell! Give 'em —" The cry died weakly, and his neighbors felt the bulk between them stiffen sharply and relax like a wetted cloth. Ultimately it grew cold and hard; they elbowed it callously for room, and it gave grudgingly.

The road grew smoother, and the mules were pushed to a trot. The wagon swayed and plunged, and flung its burden like so many loose sacks of grain. Only one of the sacks was hard and cold and unyielding. It bumped and mauled its fellow-sacks without mercy. They had shouldered it. Now was its turn. It gouged and elbowed viciously.

"*Oh, I love my love an' my love loves me.*
(Whoa! go 'long thar, critter.)
Oh, I love my love an' my love ——"

The voice broke in a groan as the wagon pitched dizzily on a rock. The boy was mechanically counting the coughs of the broken pump to keep awake.

Suddenly the screams from the man with the bayonet wounds began again, redoubled. Two officers rode beside the wagon.

"Awful!" said one.

"Awful!" echoed the other. "Let's get away."

They spurred forward out of ear-reach. The writhing wretch dragged himself to the rear of the wagon and pitched out in the mud. The mules of the next wagon balked and shied at the figure squirming at their feet and shrieking in the agony of the red-hot coals within him. The caravan halted while they gathered him up and returned him to his place, limp and moaning.

Strange shapes played before the boy's eyes, hobgoblins, gnomes, dwarfs, giants — an army of them. He was not astonished. They were new forms, but perfectly natural. Indeed, he was not sure that they were even new; he had known them always, of course.

They advanced and became trees, and it was not in the least extraordinary. Here was the oak he had treed the coon in — there was the coon now. For some reason, he was tired, deadly tired. He would lie down and rest beneath these trees.

He neared them, and they changed to men with rifles. This also was strictly as it should be. They had always been men with rifles.

The air was full of the crash of big guns. The roar of battle burst about him, "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." He was in a maze of sound and motion. The very air snapped and crackled with conflicting currents. He was whirled along.

There was old Sparks, his captain, shouting: "Come on, boys! Damn the Yanks! We can lick 'em." He answered quickly: "Sure we can, Cap" — or was it some one else? "'Sure we can, Cap,' and we fixed bay'nits and went up a-yellin'." It was some one else, of course.

Directly he saw something a great way off, moving toward him through the air. He willed to get out of the way, but his muscles balked. He was anchored rock-fast. It came slowly and majestically. The sounds of battle faded and lapsed. In the blank silence, this thing swung upon him with an oily smoothness beyond a shadow of turning. His organs ceased their functions. He could not move; he could not cry out; he could not breathe. It was going to hit him. It did hit him, full on the shoulder.

He jumped with the pain, and was awake. It was his next neighbor's head. He shoved him away angrily. The bulk lolled over on the next man, loose and sprawling, as though the wires which had held it were cut. The next man was righteously indignant. He shoved it back upon the boy. Eventually they learned he was dead, and propped him between them, and he turned to stone.

The pumping opposite had ceased. The boy did not remember hearing it stop. He turned to the driver and asked what time it was.

"'Bout two o'clock, I reckon."

He must have slept, after all. The night was passing. "When will we reach the river?" he asked.

"'Bout sun-up, I reckon."

It would not be long now. He would hang on.

It was the hour before dawn, when sick men die. Sick men were dying. Every wagon was a hearse as well as an ambulance. The men were silent, except for unconscious groans when the wagon bumped upon hard going.

The boy strained his eyes out into the black beyond the driver for the first signs of dawn. It was dark as the heart of the world. He thought if he could see one streak of light, one promise of the morning, he could "hang on." The blind black walled him in. After a time he sank back. He was weary, weary, weary! Every inch of him had its separate discord. He stretched out his legs, and the man opposite made no protest. The boy pushed him a little aside, and he moved, in his entirety, so much inorganic matter.

The rain ceased, but day tarried. The boy's mind was clouding. The fight was going against him; the odds were too heavy. There was a numb lack of sensation at the base of his brain. His face was crisping hot, and he felt dimly that he was slipping away from himself. It didn't make much difference whether he "hung on" or not. He wanted sleep, rest, quiet. He had a sensation of being immensely tall. He felt that, if he could see his hand, it would be a long way off — probably a mile.

Sounds came to him from an infinite distance. He was no longer a part of the world; he occupied a star apart. He could hear the groans of earth and the oaths of men, but across a blank abyss. He stood on the verge, and all things dropped into nothing just beyond his toes. It was thrilling; he was immensely uplifted. He was no longer weary. He was a god. No man could say him nay; he and men were forever separate.

His star was drifting away from earth. The gap widened at his feet smoothly and swiftly. He was out in the open heaven. He saw the ball of the earth turning heavily and silently receding.

The roar of the world's traffic came up to him brokenly and faintly. He had an instant when he was homesick to be back in the turmoil, when he was lonely here in the unfamiliar splendor of the universe. That passed, and he was at peace.

He looked down, down, down through unmeasured miles of white light, and saw other worlds — green, red, yellow like the sun. They rolled and spun in the brilliant waves of ether; they winked at one another athwart the interlying spaces; they romped and danced and circled lightly in the pulsating radiance. But he was leaving them all. They dwindled smaller and smaller; they became points in a sea of light, far-seen and faint. Softly they slipped into the background of the heavens and were not. He was swinging in space, swinging — swinging ——

The wagon dipped down a long hill, the mules backing on the pole. The road thrust sharply to the right, and the caravan splashed in the ford. Later came a doctor. He examined a limp figure hurriedly.

"Dead," he said, and hastened to the next.

"Pore little devil!" said the driver. "Couldn't make out to hang on."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

BY

FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM

"YES, Mother, I wish you would see to the dinner. I'm going to have fish and potatoes. Yes, I know the children don't like it, but I guess they'll be hungry enough to eat it, and it's cheap. I want to finish this waist for Susie; she's wearing the skirt now, and if I don't get the waist done pretty soon, the skirt'll all wear out. Don't you remember the time I got Willie's trousers made first? By the time the jacket was done the trousers were worn out, so I had to get some more cloth for new ones; then the jacket got torn, and I might have gone on forever if he hadn't fallen into the pond and the whole thing shrunk so I had to peel it off him and give it to Merton.

"What's that baby got in his mouth? Yes, do see, Mother. Mercy! It's a button. I should have hated to have him swallow it. It's one off of Jennie's coat, and I don't believe I could have matched it. Goodness gracious! here's Merton home from school. What did you come home for?" Mrs. Foster stared at the new arrival.

"I didn't feel well, and the teacher let me come." Merton stood in the doorway, balancing himself on one leg.

"Dear me! I hope you're not going to be sick. Dr. Ridewell's last bill isn't paid yet. Put out your tongue. Where do you feel bad?"

Merton rubbed one small, grimy hand across the front of his jacket. "Right here."

"Your tongue isn't coated. I guess you'll feel better when you take some medicine. Mother," calling to her mother in the kitchen. "You go and tell grandma to give you some medicine out of the bottle on the kitchen shelf."

Merton disappeared, but in a few moments reappeared at the door opening into the kitchen, with his grandmother behind him.

"Before I knew what he was up to, that child had taken some of his father's hair-oil."

"Well, Mother, I should have thought you could have looked after him. How much did you take, Merton?"

"Only a little bit," whined Merton. "It tasted horrid!"

"I should have thought it might. Well, I guess it won't kill you. Your father makes it himself, and he doesn't put anything poisonous in it. You go play with the baby, Merton, and I guess you'll feel better. It's no use to give you any medicine now. If that isn't the door-bell! No, you don't look fit to go, Mother. I don't either, for that matter. I do hope it isn't a caller. The parlor's as cold as —" Mrs. Foster had reached the front door. She opened it for a good-looking, well-dressed woman.

"Won't you come in, Lucy?" asked the hostess.

"Why, yes, thank you, but I can't stop. I was just going by, and I wondered if you wouldn't like to join the reading circle we're getting up." The caller was in the parlor by this time, but she did not sit down. Little clouds of frozen breath floated about her mouth. "It will only be one dollar."

"No, I can't." Mrs. Foster tried hard not to breathe, that the coldness of the house might be less apparent. She put one hand to the back of her collar, which had come unpinned, and laid the other, with studied carelessness, over a spot on the front of her skirt. "I — I wish I could, but, you see, I'm so busy."

"Yes, of course," the caller assented sweetly, lifting her eyes from the dust-covered table to a cobweb hanging from the ceiling. "I know that with so many children — but you always cared so much for reading when you were a girl."

Mrs. Foster smiled faintly, and could scarcely be said to breathe a reply as she ushered her visitor to the front door. She returned to the living-room to find that Merton, in his efforts to amuse the baby, had upset the work-basket.

"Mercy, Merton, what have you been doing? Now you pick those things straight up. And be careful the baby doesn't put anything in his mouth. Where did I put that waist? Have you touched my sewing?"

She discovered the waist on a chair. "Where's my thimble? Have you seen my needle, Merton? What's the baby crying about? Has he pricked himself? Why, *that's* my needle. Here, mother'll kiss it, dear. Oh, how he cries! I suppose he's sleepy. No, mother can't take you; she's got to sew. Well, I suppose I shall have to rock him. It's too cold up-stairs where his crib is."

Mrs. Foster rocked the baby until Merton, emitting a shrill whistle in the character of a steam-engine, aroused the child, who promptly wriggled from his mother's lap to the floor.

"There, Merton, you woke up the baby. I guess you're sick a great lot. Oh, here come the rest of the children. School's out! I guess Susie's waist will be finished sometime next year. You amuse the baby, Merton, while I help grandmother set the table."

Three children came into the kitchen by one door as Mrs. Foster entered by the other.

"Willie Foster, how did you tear your jacket so? The pocket is all ripped out."

"Wrastlin'," said Willie laconically. "What you got for dinner? Fish! Well, give me some. I'm in a hurry."

"You'll have to wait till I can mend that jacket. You haven't got another thing to wear to school."

"Aw, pin it up."

"Give it to me, I'll mend it," said the grandmother, "while you're eating dinner."

"It's a shame for you to leave your dinner, Mother. Tell Merton to bring the baby out. Susie, what are you fussing about?"

"Jennie's taken my spoon."

"Give her her spoon, Jennie."

"I won't take it unless she licks it," cried Susie.

In the midst of this altercation, the outer door opened and a tall girl walked into the room.

"What have you got for dinner? My, how I hate fish and potatoes! Hullo, baby dear; glad to see sister? Don't make such a noise, children. Gracious, what a looking room! Why didn't you eat in the dining-room, Mother?"

"Because it looks like fury — my sewing's all there. Sit down, Lizzie, and don't find fault."

The girl took off her hat and fluffed out her pretty light hair. Then she slipped the jacket from her slender figure. Meals being a matter of business, accompanied by small pleasure, in the Foster household, the children were soon pushing back their chairs.

"Now you wash your hands at the sink. Yes, I know they ought to have napkins, Lizzie, but I have to save on the washings. Merton's eaten a pretty good dinner; I guess I'll let him go to school. He said he felt sick, and he took some of your father's hair-oil. Here's mother with Willie's jacket. Now you be careful of it, Willie, and don't you go wrestling any more in your school clothes. Susie, you come in the other room and try on your waist — you've got time enough. Can you look after the baby, Lizzie?"

"Yes; I've got some extra time this afternoon," said Lizzie, drawing her chair close to the baby's.

After the children, with Merton among them, had trooped off to school, Lizzie brought the baby into the living-room and sat down opposite her mother.

"Mother — " she began.

"Well, what is it?" Mrs. Foster sewed busily.

"I got Sadie Andrews' wedding invitation to-day, and she's invited me to the reception. It was nice of her to ask me."

"There isn't any reason why she shouldn't. She was in your class in school, and she just happened to go a little higher than you did and be a teacher, that's all. You're as much ahead of Sadie Andrews — if she is going to marry a school-teacher."

"She's invited lots of her old schoolmates. I wish I could go."

Her mother sewed fiercely now. "I suppose you'd have to have a new dress."

"Yes, of course. I haven't got a thing but my silk waist, and that's all worn out under the arms. I've patched it once. I don't see how I can buy a new one, either. I've got to have a new coat; I can't freeze in my old one."

"Well, I like to have you go to places like that, but I don't see what I can do."

"You can't do anything. Never mind. I guess nobody'll miss me." She gave a little laugh, and her mother stopped her sewing and looked up.

"I suppose," she began slowly, "I could make over my wedding-dress for you."

"Oh, I wouldn't let you do that!" But a brighter glow had come into the girl's face, and she hugged the baby closer.

Mrs. Foster turned toward the grandmother. "Mother, what do you think? Do you s'pose we could make over my wedding-dress for Lizzie?"

"Why, I thought you were saving it for her till she got married."

Mrs. Foster stuck her needle viciously into Susie's waist. "Well, I ain't. My best wish for Lizzie is that she may never get married. I'm glad enough to give it to her for somebody else's wedding."

"Why, Mary —" began the grandmother.

Mrs. Foster rose. "Come up to the attic with me, Lizzie, and we'll see about the dress."

Lizzie put the baby on the floor. "Oh, I don't know as I ought to take it, Mother. But I do want to go! Jim says he'll hire a dress suit."

Mrs. Foster paused in the doorway. "What's Jim got to do with it?"

Lizzie colored to the roots of her fair hair. "Nothing, only he's invited."

"I don't see what Sadie Andrews invited him for."

"I'd like to know why not?" demanded Lizzie, with unusual heat. "He was in her class ——"

"Well," cried Mrs. Foster, "I want you to understand, Lizzie Foster, that I'm not dressing you up for Jim Blake."

She turned and went out of the room, with Lizzie following, and they climbed the two flights of stairs to the attic room in silence. Lizzie sat down on the floor, in the little cold room, in front of a haircloth trunk. Her mother opened it and drew from its depths something pinned carefully in a sheet. She sat down in one of the broken chairs in the room and began to take out the pins.

Soon there lay across Mrs. Foster's lap a pretty purple silk rimmed with a soft black fringe. A perfume floated through the barren room. Mrs. Foster smoothed the fringe with her worn, calloused hands; Lizzie lifted the folds to peer between them as she measured, with feminine eyes, the possibilities contained therein.

"Yes, Lizzie," said her mother suddenly, "I meant it when I said I hoped you'd never get married. Getting married is the most awful thing in this world. When I put this dress on I was the happiest girl you ever saw. William and I were going to do lots of things together. This wasn't my only pretty dress, either. I had earned the money school-teaching. Your father never went so far along in school as I did, but I thought he was awful smart, if he did have a small salary. We had this house all furnished; we've got the same parlor set now, and the chambers are just about the same.

"We didn't take any wedding trip—we came right home here; William had spent all his money in buying the house. He called it buying. It was mortgaged to the roof, and we've been saving up for interest ever since. He was going to take the trip the next year. Well, that year I worked hard trying to keep things new, and William was so contented at home we didn't go round much. If you don't take your pleasure when you can, you don't ever get it. The next year I didn't feel well enough to go anywhere, if your father had wanted to. Since I've been married I've made just one trip away from home, and that was one night, twenty miles away, to a funeral. Well, then you came, and I tried harder than ever to keep you nice and things nice; Mother didn't live with me then. P'r'aps you think I like to eat in the kitchen and have things topsy-turvy."

"Oh, Mother, I didn't mean to find fault!"

Her mother moved her head as if impatient of the interruption. "Of course, there was never enough money; there wasn't enough in the beginning, but we thought we'd make it do, like all the fools that want to get married. Your father never got any raises to speak of. He's afraid they'll turn him off at the factory if he asks for more, so he just plods on, and there's ten now where there was two. Yes, I know you and George help out some. Well, I kept thinking I'd take some comfort when you'd grown up — and then George came."

"Why, Mother, weren't you glad to have us?" The girl's soft eyes were troubled.

"Oh, yes, of course; the only comfort I ever had in my married life was with my babies, but that was always spoiled by wondering what they were coming to. I always thought so much of education. I wanted you to go to the normal school. You'd have been where Sadie Andrews is to-day if you could have gone to teaching instead of at work in the factory. I suppose if I'd had more gumption I'd have managed for you somehow; but I was always so tired with the babies. I don't care so much about George; he's like his father — he doesn't care for books. I've never done anything for you, Lizzie."

"Oh, yes, Mother, you have." Lizzie moved her hands on the purple silk so that her finger-tips touched her mother's.

"I've given you life and kept you alive, if that's anything." Mrs. Foster gave a short laugh. "Well, let's go down-stairs. I guess I can fix this dress." She began to pin the sheet about it. "Lucy Fellows was here this morning. She looks five years younger than I do, and she's two years older. She wanted me to join a reading club, because I used to be so fond of reading. I did try to take up a course of reading after I was married. Of course, I never had much schooling for these days, but I did pretty well for then; and now I can't speak an English sentence straight. I don't care about clothes, but I do like refined folks and things." She rose.

"I'm telling you this, Lizzie," she said over her shoulder to her daughter, as she went out of the room, "so that you won't go and throw yourself away on some good-looking man that hasn't a cent to his name. I tell you, the romance wears off pretty quick."

Lizzie sat on the floor immovable for some moments after her mother left, though she had heard all that was said. Her cheeks were rosy when at last she trailed after her mother down the stairs.

On the evening of the wedding reception Lizzie went off in innocent triumph, dressed in the purple silk gown, which had been remodeled with wonderful taste, considering its limitations. She came home late, and found her mother, the only one of the family awake, sitting up for her in the living-room. The fire was out, and her mother sat sewing, with a shawl pinned tightly around her shoulders, and the pitiless lamplight falling on her lined face.

"There, let's see how you look. Take off your cape and turn around. I don't believe there was a prettier dress there."

The girl laughed a little. "There wasn't. Somebody said I was the belle of the evening." She laughed again, and her mother coughed. "Why, it's awfully cold here. You ought not to sit up this way, Mother."

"What would you do if you had five or six pairs of stockings to darn and your father complaining that I don't keep things mended up?"

"Where is father?" Lizzie sat down on the opposite side of the table. Her purple dress threw a warm glow into the room; her golden hair seemed to radiate with light.

"He's asleep and snoring. He doesn't care how late I sit up or how cold I am."

Lizzie reached her hand across the table. "Here, let me have that darning. While I'm doing it I'll tell you about the reception."

"Yes, do — though I'm 'most too tired to take any interest in anything. The baby's been fretful to-day, and Mother's rheumatism is worse, and Will sprained his ankle playing foot-ball, and Susie thinks she's got a cold."

"Oh, it's too bad!" Lizzie bent lower over the darning. Her mother looked across at her curiously.

"What makes your cheeks so red, Lizzie? You don't mean to say you're warm in this cold place?"

The girl put her hand to her face. "Are they red?" she asked carelessly.

"Lizzie Foster, what's that on your finger?" Her mother leaned suddenly across the table. "What is it?"

Lizzie dropped the stocking in her lap and held out one shaking hand beneath the lamplight. "Jim gave it to me," she said softly.

She did not look at her mother; her head drooped into the circle of light until her hair shone brighter than the slender ring.

"Jim Blake?" asked the mother. It seemed as though the cold of the room could be heard in her tones. "Lizzie Foster, what do you mean? Hold up your head and look at me." New lines grew in the mother's face.

"Oh, Mother, don't speak that way. Jim is so good — and — he loves me — and I'm so happy. Please don't look so, Mother!"

"Do you know how much he gets a week?" All the tragedy of the commonplace was in her voice.

"Yes; it — it isn't much —— "

"Ten dollars," said the inexorable tones. "That's worse than I and your father — if anything can be worse."

"Oh, Mother, don't!" The girl's eyes grew large with tears. "He — he expects a raise; we sha'n't get married till he gets a raise, and — Mother, you know Jim's nice!"

"He's good enough, I suppose." Her mother leaned back in her chair. "To think I should have dressed you up in my wedding-dress for this — to go through with all I've been through with! Well, you know what it is —— "

"Oh, but, Mother, it's different with us from what it was — with anybody. We love each other so, and he doesn't want me to work hard; he wants me to be happy, and —— "

"A little over twenty years ago there was a man said just those things to me, and now he's snoring up-stairs."

"Oh, Mother, don't!" the girl cried out chokingly. She rose and stood before her mother. "You ought not to talk so. Are you sorry you married father? Don't you love him? I'm sure he loves you. He said — he told me" — she paused, searching her memory — "only two weeks ago he told me he thought I was almost as smart as my mother. Are you sorry you've got us?"

The mother closed her eyes, so that the girl did not see that the lashes were wet. "No, I don't suppose I'm *sorry* — but I'm disappointed; I've always been disappointed." She tried to give another short laugh, but it stopped midway.

"Oh, Mother," — the girl knelt down beside her and put both arms about her; it seemed like a left-over caress from this new love,—"you mustn't be disappointed. I'm so happy! It's beautiful to have a good man love you. And he's — he's so good! Oh, Mother, look at me."

The mother opened her tired eyes and looked. The purple silk flowed over the dingy carpet, but its glow was dulled by the radiance of the young face just before her. "Aren't you going to kiss me, Mother, and say you're glad for me?"

"I can't lie for you, Lizzie," said the mother grimly. Suddenly she bent forward and kissed her daughter, then detached herself from her embrace. "I guess I may as well go to bed. I couldn't sew any more to-night."

The girl took up her hat and cape and stood watching her mother while she put out the light. The glow had not died from her face; perhaps it was of the sort that lasts a lifetime. Her mother came toward her, and the two went out of the room together, the girl a few steps ahead in her soft, sweeping silk. But when they reached the darkness of the upper hall the mother turned toward her daughter.

"I didn't mean to be cross, Lizzie," she said. The girl made a quick step toward her. "Of course, I hope you will be happy — and perhaps you will."

EDITORIALS

THE REIGN OF LAW AND THE MODERN TOOLS OF INDUSTRY

THE series of articles by Burton J. Hendrick upon the Metropolitan Street Railway, just published in McCLURE'S, offers a striking and typical example of how the appropriation of property by fraud and violence has taken place in the United States in the past without any practical interference by the law.

The group of men who put through the Metropolitan Street Railway manipulation obtained rights upon the streets which were secured practically without compensation. To do this, the obtainers of the franchises were compelled to have as their confederates the representatives of the city in the city government. There was ample knowledge, when they secured these rights, that they were worth great sums of money. Their taking over without return to the city was as patent a delivery and receipt of stolen goods as would be the handing over of the securities of a bank to outside accomplices by its directors.

By a combination of political and financial forces, the Metropolitan Syndicate was enabled to crowd into a corner such competitors as the Third Avenue Road, and to take their property from them virtually by force. The promoters of the Metropolitan grossly overcapitalized the property secured by these methods. Retaining the management, they proceeded to divert millions of the company's assets into their own pockets; then, after manipulating the stock of the company upon the stock-market, on the basis of false representations, they unloaded their holdings upon the public, and left the worthless shell they had plundered in the hands of the investor.

This is robbery, as clearly and certainly as the work of any footpad upon a dark street. Moreover, its results are so great and dangerous to society that they are, in many ways, far worse than those of ordinary thieving and burglary. As our industrial civilization grows and concentrates, the one class of property which must be safely available for the investment of the man of moderate means is the securities of the corporation. They should be as safe to buy as producing farm-land, for a greater and greater proportion of the capital of the country must be invested in them. Instead, they are so unsafe that the very name of the stock-market has become a synonym for gambling. They are unsafe now simply because the corporation and its management have never yet been thoroughly brought under the control of law.

In a sense, we are living to-day on a frontier of civilization — the crude frontier of the new civilization which the twentieth century is to achieve. The social and industrial developments of the past fifty years have brought forth forces and institutions which, in the past, have been as little controlled by law as individuals in a state of semi-savagery. It is the great task of America, already undertaken by such men as President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes, to bring these forces under control; in other words, to establish an orderly and safe civilization, where the property and enterprise of the individual will be properly protected by the state.

"THE NEEDS OF OUR NAVY"

SECTION 252 of the Regulations of the United States Navy contains the following general instruction for officers:

"All persons belonging to the Navy are forbidden to publish, or to cause or to permit to be published, directly or indirectly, or to communicate by interviews, private letters, or otherwise, except as required by their official duties, any information concerning the acts or measures of any department of the government, or of any officer acting thereunder, or any comments or criticisms thereon."

For years the great body of our Naval officers have been anxious to inform the people of the United States of the incredible mistakes which have been made and are being perpetuated in our Navy. All that time this rigid regulation has held them dumb. In the meanwhile the American public has been absolutely ignorant of the Navy's actual condition.

In the January McCLURE's there was an article, "The Needs of our Navy," by Henry Reuterdahl. That article, as completed, did not stand as the work of any one person. Mr. Reuterdahl brought to it the unusual knowledge of a man who has had more actual sea-going experience on our battle-ships than any one civilian in this country. But the article did not represent the information and the experience of Mr. Reuterdahl alone. His statements were verified and added to by this magazine from the large body of information possessed by all the competent active officers of our Naval service. The finished article in reality represented the first full statement of the officers of the Naval service to the general public of the United States on the condition of its Navy.

"If I were rich enough," said one high officer, in private conversation, "I would put that article as an advertisement in every magazine in the United States, and keep it there until the American people woke up."

Let the Officers of the Navy Speak

But the voice given to the officers of the Navy in our article is not adequate. In the first place, the article dealt with only the most obvious and important of the Navy's defects. In the second place, there is only one way in which the Navy's free opinion of the system which binds it down can be secured. This is through an investigation of the methods and product of the Navy Department by Congress. At the time our article was prepared, the officers of the Navy — outside of those in charge of the bureaus — dared not speak publicly. Immediately after it appeared, they refused definitely to discuss it, saying that they feared court martial if they did so.

It can scarcely be doubted now that Congress will give the officers of our Navy the opportunity of free speech in a Congressional investigation of the Department; and when the service speaks freely, the really startling arraignment of the Navy will begin to be made. Our article not only kept to the great indisputable main facts, but these facts were stated with the utmost conservatism.

The statements of the magazine have stood every possible test of criticism, and grown stronger by the process. The article was not a loose general arraignment of our Naval system; it was a statement of specific facts, covering thirteen magazine pages. In these pages there were scores of detailed statements. There is only one way of answering an article of this kind. It cannot be dismissed with general ridicule; it offers a mark too broad to miss, if it is wrong in any detail. It cannot be met by such familiar generalities as: "Ton for ton and gun for gun, we have the best war-ships in the world."

The open answers to the article came, of course, almost without exception, from the men who stand or have stood responsible for the conditions which were criticized. Rear-Admiral Willard H. Brownson, then head of the Bureau of Navigation, was one of these; Chief Constructor Washington Lee Capps, head of the Bureau of Construction, and Lewis Nixon, the ex-Naval Constructor and designer of the *Oregon* class of battle-ships, were others. There were also perfunctory statements by Secretary Metcalf and Admiral Dewey.

A Fleet of Armored Cruisers

The first and most bitterly attacked charge in our January article was that the main armor-belts of the American battle-ships were under water, or nearly so. That these armor-belts are in this position cannot now be disputed. Secretary Metcalf, in a widely printed statement, has announced that when the fleet left Hampton Roads for the Pacific Ocean the main water-line of the battle-ships' armor was, as we said, not more than six inches above water. As a matter of fact, except in one or two ships, where it barely appeared, it was below water — in some cases nearly a foot.

Having stated that the main armor-belt is below the water, Mr. Metcalf is further quoted as follows concerning our article:

"We will take the criticism of the water-line armor-belt. This man says that only a small part of it appears above the water, leaving secondary armor to protect the ship. He does not mention the fact that there is but one inch difference in the two armors. One is eleven and the other ten inches."

It would seem as if Secretary Metcalf must have been misquoted in this statement. In the fleet of battle-ships which left Hampton Roads December 16 for the Pacific there was not one which had a secondary side armor thicker than eight inches. This secondary armor on the different ships ranged from eight down to five and a quarter inches. Armor of this thickness is easily penetrated by the twelve-inch shells which are now the chief projectiles of naval warfare. In fact, armor of this thickness is, in some ways, worse than none, because it arrests a shell just enough to cause it to explode with great certainty when it reaches the inside of a vessel.

There was not, strictly speaking, a battle-ship in the fleet leaving Hampton Roads. It was, as far as its armor was concerned, a fleet of slow armored cruisers, and was familiarly alluded to as such by at least one of its highest officers. Of the ships now building, only two, the 20,000-ton Dreadnoughts, will have secondary armor as thick as ten inches. And on these the juncture between the two thicknesses of armor will come, when the ship is loaded for naval warfare, upon the water-line, just where it should not be. When all these ships are fully loaded, their heavy armor-belts are practically submerged; when their stores and coal are more than half consumed there is not enough armor above water to be of any practical protection to the water-line. This is true of every ship yet built or planned.

Throwing Away Coal to Raise the Armor-belt

Mr. Lewis Nixon, designer of the *Oregon* class of battle-ships, takes a different view from Mr. Metcalf. He holds that the water-line armor is the one to be relied upon for the defense of the ship's water-line, but he believes that, although this is submerged when the vessel is loaded, it can be easily raised to a proper level by throwing away coal. He says:

"Now I am coming to the criticism of Mr. Reuterdahl, that our armor-belt is under water. The critic's trouble is not of eyesight, but understanding. When in trim for a fight, the *Oregon*, *Indiana*, and *Massachusetts* have six hundred tons of coal in their bunkers. Then the water-line armor extends from three feet above to four and a half below the water-line. But when starting out on a long cruise, the bunkers hold eighteen hundred tons of coal, and the water-line armor is submerged. It is easy to get rid of the extra coal in time to meet any emergency of battle, but without it no long cruise would be possible."

In other words, when an enemy is sighted, the duty of an American battle-ship must be to start throwing coal overboard. Now, this singular operation is not provided for in the equipment of our battle-ships, or any battle-ships in the world. There is special machinery for taking coal aboard, but none whatever for hoisting it up out of the bunkers. It is loaded into the vessel's bunkers from the upper deck by the force of gravity; it must be hoisted out against it, largely by hand. This work, consequently, must be slow. To raise one of our battle-ships one inch, from 60 to 75 tons of coal must be thrown away. This would take not less than an hour and a half. To raise a ship two feet would require throwing away at least from 1,500 to 1,800 tons of coal — that is, nearly all the coal it carries. This would take at the very least thirty-six hours. After either of these operations the crew would scarcely be in condition for vigorous fighting. And after the last the ships would have lost a large share of their coal — a supply nearly as essential to a war-ship as ammunition. A battle-ship without coal is as helpless as a raft. It can neither seek a fight nor run away.

Armor-belts on Foreign Ships

Chief Constructor Capps, whose bureau designed the present ships, is quoted as follows:

"Those who, without a complete knowledge of all the circumstances of the case, have urged a raising of the water-line belt-armor, are not supported in their contention by either theoretical or practical consideration, or the practice of the principal foreign navies in such matters; and it is, moreover, noteworthy that one of the most conspicuous designs of battle-ships — which has been alluded to as the battle-ship par excellence — is reported on good authority to have a greater immersion for the lower edge of the water-line belt-armor than is provided for in any of our battle-ships, including the last designed."

This quotation is somewhat obscure. If Constructor Capps is speaking solely of the lower edge of the armor, he is no doubt right. Our criticism merely said that the upper edge of our armor was submerged, or nearly so. If, on the contrary, the earlier part of the quotation alludes to the height of the top of the armor-belt, Admiral Capps must have been misrepresented. The practice of the leading foreign navies is well known to be entirely in the direction of an armor-belt of ample height above the water-line.

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, one of the foremost English authorities, when interviewed by an American correspondent, following our article, said:

"Personally I do not know whether the charge that the armor-belts of your latest ships are placed below the water-line instead of above is true; but, if it is true, this error of design is likely to prove a source of great danger. Some of the older ships of the British Navy are equipped in this manner, but not those constructed in recent years."

It is now an axiom in naval construction, in all the navies of the world, that the armor-belt should be in its best place to protect the water-line when the vessel is fully loaded. Instead of being raised from a submerged position when an enemy is sighted, by the impossible operation of hoisting by hand hundreds of tons of coal, the armor-belt of foreign ships, when it rises too high because of the use of coal and supplies, is lowered by opening sea-cocks and letting water into the ship's double bottom. This takes, not forty hours, but about ten minutes. It is not necessary to go to foreign authorities for confirmation of this policy; the General Board of our own Navy has reported to the Secretary of the Navy that the armor-belts on our ships should be so placed as to be in the best position to protect the water-line when the ships are fully loaded.

How our Armor-belt Became Submerged

It seems superfluous, however, to argue that an armor-belt, designed to protect the water-line, should not be under water. It is more profitable and interesting to consider how such an outrage on common sense came to exist in the American Navy. Mr. Nixon, who was a designer at the beginning of our present Navy, furnishes this explanation. He says:

"Seventeen years ago, when we built the ships of the *Indiana* [*Oregon*] class, the old idea of coast-line battle-ships still prevailed. Congress tried to limit us to ships with a coal capacity of 400 tons. I realized that was not enough. Ships must be built to go to sea. If we are going to fight, they must be efficient to get to the fight on time, and they can't depend on colliers. So we gave to those ships a coal capacity of 1,850 tons. Of course, that coal loaded them down and sunk the armor-belt away below where it should have been."

Congress, Mr. Nixon says, has never given the Department the money it needed to build big ships — the type of battle-ship it wanted — and the Department has done the best it could with the appropriation it secured. The fact, then, is that, not getting appropriations for big ships, the Department, instead of designing ships which it could build properly with the money it has secured, has built ships which are at the proper height in the water before the necessary supply of coal is put on board. When they are loaded down for a campaign, their armor-belt sinks under water. Mr. Nixon, in his interview, has explained the apparently inexplicable in showing how this practice of the American Navy could possibly come to pass. In doing so he has performed a real service to the American people.

The Low Free-board: A Sample Trip

The second point made in our January article was that our battle-ships and cruisers were so low on the water that in fairly rough weather one third of their guns could not be used. Definite figures were given to show this. These figures have not been successfully questioned, either in regard to our own battle-ships or in regard to the relation of their height to the height of foreign ships. Admiral Brownson is quoted as saying that, in a recent trip from New Orleans to Hampton Roads on the cruiser *West Virginia*, he pointed out to President Roosevelt in a rough spell of weather off Hatteras that all of the vessel's guns could be fired while she was going fifteen miles an hour.

It is a further fact, to which Admiral Brownson does not allude, that green seas came aboard the *West Virginia* on that trip, dashed clear over the forward turret, and mounted from there to the bridge, where they smashed in the windows of the pilot-house. These windows are twice as high as any gun position on the vessel, and three times as high as most of its guns. At just what moment Admiral Brownson pointed out the guns of the *West Virginia* to the President cannot, of course, be definitely determined; but it was certainly not at this period. If the ports had been opened at this time, the turrets would have been flooded and the ammunition handling-rooms filled with water.

The third point made in our article was that the powder-magazines of our war-ships were in constant and terrible danger from the open shafts leading directly up from the magazine doors to the guns in the turrets. There seems little desire to defend this ghastly mistake — except to say that the last two ships we have ordered will be fitted with the protection of the two-stage turret, which every ship in our service should have.

Our Ships Always Behind the Times

There seems to be some misunderstanding of the tenor of our article on another point.

"It gives an erroneous impression to speak of the old type of ships and call attention to them in comparison with the new and more modern vessels," says Admiral Dewey. And Secretary Metcalf, speaking in the same vein, says: "Comparisons should not be made between modern battle-ships and old ones. Foreign ships of the same date as ours have similar drawbacks."

We did not, at any time, compare modern ships with our old ones. Instead, we stated definitely that American battle-ships were five years behind the times and had been so continuously. Our earliest battle-ships of the *Oregon* class contain more vital mistakes than any ships of their age or size in the world. Their armor-belts are under water. Their free-board is exceedingly low. The shafts of their eight-inch turret have no armored protection between the base of the turret proper and the protective deck — corresponding closely to an armored knight going into battle protected by a steel helmet and boots, without breastplate or other armor. But their most incredible distinction lies in the fact that they bear the only unbalanced gun-turrets in the world. The weight of the guns and their mounts is not equally distributed around the center on which they turn. When the vessels' thirteen-inch guns are pointed at an enemy, they heel the vessel over three or four degrees, so that in a seaway it would be actually dangerous to point them all together at an enemy. Indeed, upon one occasion, the *Indiana* was in danger of foundering because these unbalanced guns broke loose and banged from side to side.

These were our first experiments with battle-ships. Ever since then we have continued to lag behind the navies of the world in the designs of our ships. The last ships of the American Navy are in exactly the same relative position to the contemporary ships of the foreign navies of the world as were the first. There are two battle-ships just coming into commission, the *Idaho* and *Mississippi*, which have decks lower than the *Oregon* class. England's first Dreadnought was designed over two years ago; she has been in commission over a year. Two years hence Great Britain will have a fleet of eight Dreadnoughts actually in service. We have just begun to build two, and these will not be completed in less than three years.

Congressman Lilley on Bureau Management

Congressman Lilley of Connecticut, a member of the Congressional Committee on Naval Affairs, who has just been making a special study of the condition in our Navy, is quoted concerning our article as follows:

"What that writer says is true. Why, we haven't a ship in our Navy that isn't obsolete. Even the *Vermont* is an obsolete ship. The writer of that article is right; the only thing is that he didn't go far enough. The trouble with our Navy Department is that it has too many general managers. There are seven bureaus, and the man at the head of each corresponds to the general manager of a manufacturing plant. It's like splitting up some big concern's plant into seven and running each separately. How long would the concern stay in business these days? How can there help being absolute waste of money, clashes between bureaus, and extravagance everywhere? Two or three different bureaus have foundries. Two or three have machine-shops. Often they duplicate each other's work, and always anything that is to be done requires to be handled by three or four bureaus, anyway, before it can be finished."

Our Definite Criticisms are Not Denied

It is not essential to answer in detail the criticisms of anonymous persons, some of which contain statements which are grossly false, nor the indefinite, general statement of persons who spoke under their own names. As said before, our article was not one of generalities; it was a definite statement of specific faults in our Navy. It said that our main armor-belts were under water. It said our free-boards were too low to meet other navies upon equal terms. It said there was a great danger in the open shaft reaching from our turret guns down to our magazine doors — a danger which has never existed in any other navy in the world, which has already caused many deaths, and which has escaped by a miracle from causing more. It said, what President Roosevelt had already shown, that our officers reached the higher positions in the Navy too late in life to be effective. It showed that we have had only nine days' battle drill in the last nine years. And it showed that there was not only no disposition to correct these mistakes, but a constant and inevitable tendency, on the part of the system responsible for them, to defend them. Not one charge we made has been successfully denied.

The Bureau System

The chief mistakes in our battle-ships have been pointed out by officers for at least seven years. The article's description of this thing was clear, but it was understated. Buried in bureau files are reports from active officers which cry aloud at the faults and dangers in our Navy. We invite the defenders of the different bureaus to produce these documents.

Let them produce the reports of Lieutenant (now Commander) Sims from China, beginning as far back as 1900, on target practice, on unprotected guns, on low free-boards, on the open turret. Every officer in the Navy has long been familiar with these reports. Let the American people see them.

Let the bureaus show the urgent appeals of Rear-Admiral Remey which accompanied these reports of Sims.

Let them show the protests of Admiral Clark in 1903 on the menace of the open turret. Let them give the full text of the strictures of the special turret board of last fall, which forced the bureaus to adopt a properly protected turret in our last two ships, the 20,000-ton Dreadnoughts, after dozens of lives had been sacrificed by their delay.

Let them show the written protests of officers on the submerged armor-belts.

If the bureaus wish to defend their actions, let them keep to the specifications of the criticism, and not retire to defend themselves behind the mysteries of their profession.

The Ease of Congressional Investigation

A Congressional investigation of the management of the Navy Department will be simple and easy. In half an hour Congress can have in its hands, from bureau files, documents that will damn the Bureau System out of existence. In a week, if the active line officers of the Navy can be heard, revelations will be made of the actual conditions in this department which will astonish the country. That Congress must conduct such an investigation would seem now to be unavoidable. The United States spends $100,000,000 a year for the maintenance of its Navy. President Roosevelt is now recommending that at least $50,000,000 more be put immediately into new battle-ships. It is scarcely conceivable that Congress will longer intrust matters of such tremendous importance to the hands of such an organization as this has now been publicly demonstrated to be.

The American Fleet in Case of War

In the meanwhile, in what situation would the American Navy find itself in case of war with any first-class naval power? In the first place, let us take it for granted that it has — what we believe it does have — marksmanship and personnel unsurpassed, if equaled, in any navy in the world. What would be its chances in battle?

In all but comparatively calm weather — as weather goes at sea — one third of the guns of the American battle fleet would be useless. The enemy would naturally attempt to fight in this weather.

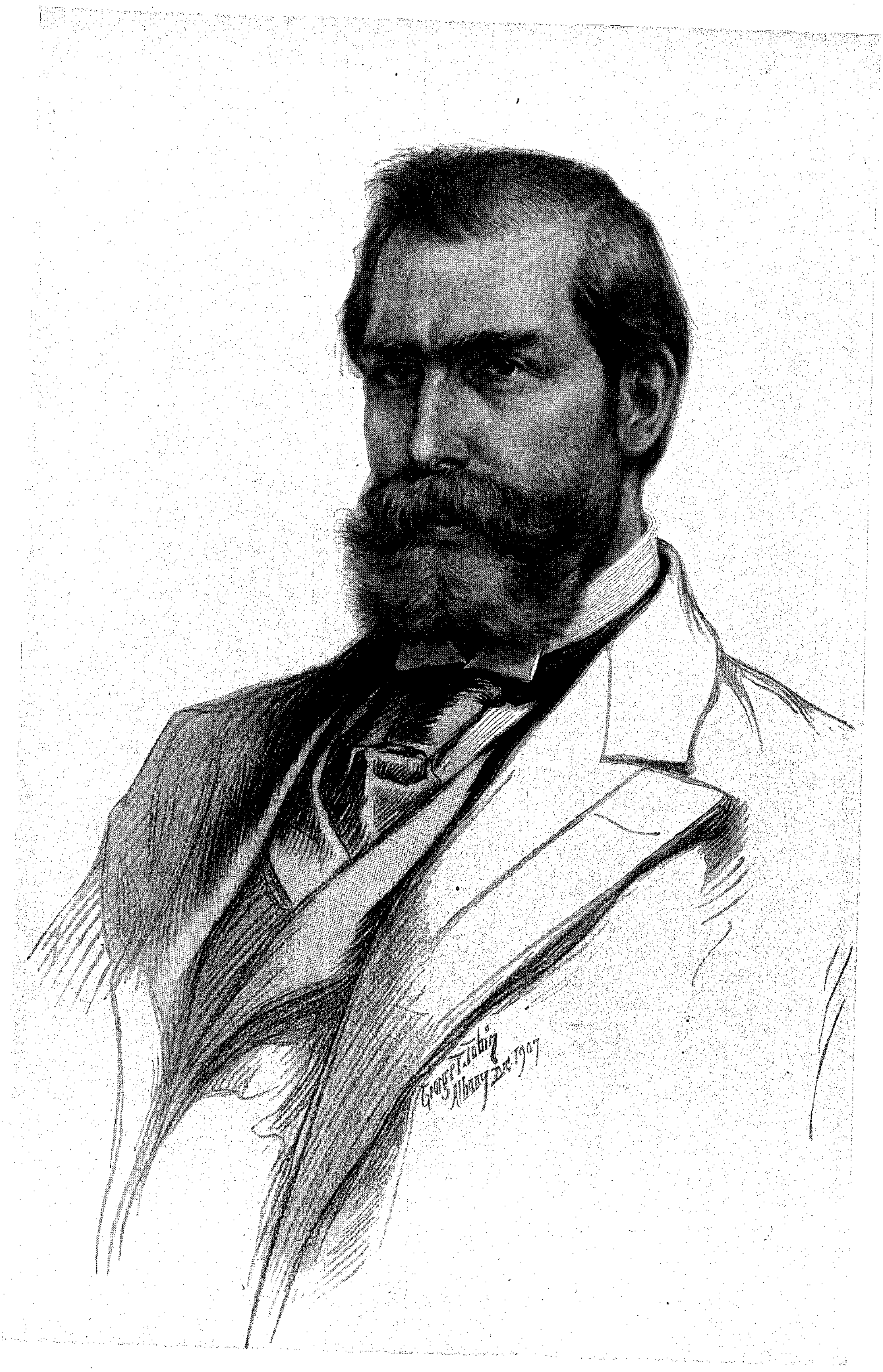
If our fleet should escape or surmount this great handicap, a second danger would immediately confront it. The water-line of its vessels, under most conditions, would be unprotected, because of the absence or extreme lowness of water-line armor. Ships would be liable to destruction by wounds upon this most vulnerable point, while the ships of the enemy would be well protected.

If our ships escaped this danger, they would still be in constant jeopardy because of straight connection down from the turret guns to the doors of the magazine, a condition which, even in target practice, always threatens to blow up every ship in the Navy. The same condition will exist in all but two of the ships now building.

And if, by some miracle, our battle-line escaped from all these dangers, it would still be without any actual practice in the science of naval battle. It would be in exactly the position of eleven individuals brought together for the first time to face a carefully trained foot-ball team. Only, this game of navies, when it comes, is played for stakes inconceivably great.

These are some of the adverse chances which would confront the American fleet in the final test of battle. Can this country longer permit this situation to exist?

In forthcoming numbers of McClure's Magazine further and striking studies of the needs of the Navy will be published.


George T. Tobin
Albany Dec 1907

CHARLES E. HUGHES

FROM A DRAWING FROM LIFE BY GEORGE T. TOBIN